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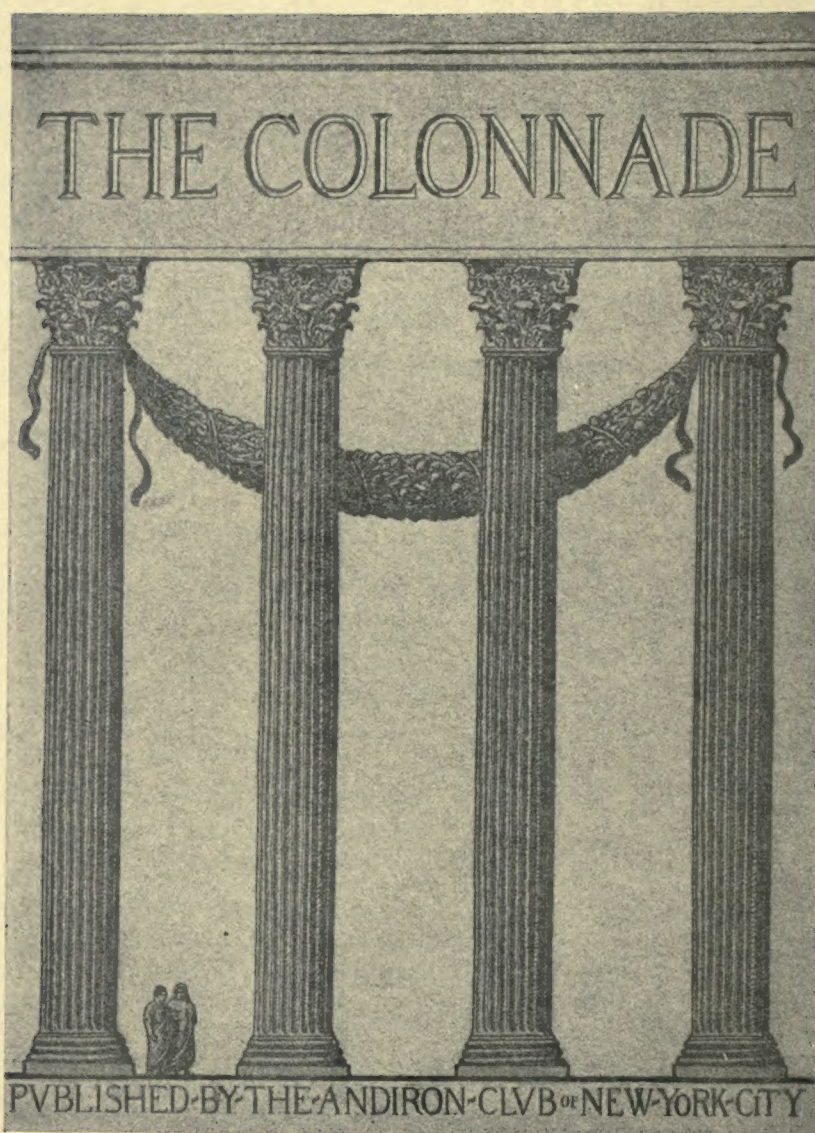


THE COLONNADE  
VOLUME XIV









COVER DESIGN USED ON THE COLONNADE, VOLUMES VII-XIII  
By JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE



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C.

# THE COLONNADE

VOLUME XIV

1919-1922

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## PART I

CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIP  
AND BELLES-LETTRES

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## PART II

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.

*Reprinted from  
the original edition of  
1820*


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218153  
Q. 11.27

Published by  
The Andiron Club of New York City  
Box 84, University Heights, N. Y.  
1922

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THE ANDIRON CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY



CAREY CHARLES DALE BRIGGS, M.A.  
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*Managing Editor and Business Manager*

KENNEBEC JOURNAL PRESS, AUGUSTA, MAINE



## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

ON December 20, 1907, a group of college instructors and undergraduates met before an open fire and planned two institutions: the Andiron Club and THE COLONNADE. The Club, adding to its membership other men of literary, scholarly, musical, and artistic interest—drawn not only from the university in which the Club was born but also from other colleges and universities and from the outside world—has grown year by year to the present Andiron Club of New York City. THE COLONNADE, originally a modest magazine of slight significance save to those who gave it birth, has somehow developed into the present cloth-bound volume: a publication attempting not only some contribution to literature and to scholarship but also, in each volume, the reprinting of some significant body of earlier literature not generally accessible—in the present volume the complete *Poetical Works* of John Trumbull, verse-satirist of the American Revolution.

What is the policy of the Club, the credo of its publication? In our younger days, we were sometimes rash enough to try to phrase it. We spent hours debating its expression and, at subsequent meetings, hours more in poking fun at the resulting platform. We enter now upon our fifteenth year and fourteenth volume, well-nigh disillusioned. At times, all that we dare to say is this: the contributions included in this volume have appealed to us, the members of the Andiron Club, as the sort of things we like; we print them in the belief that, somewhere in the world, they will find readers of like taste. And yet, even a partial statement of our goal may prove of service. Our hope is *not* that we may combine within one volume articles that are merely literary with others that are merely scholarly. Admitting our failure as yet to attain to our ideal, we nevertheless avow that our ambition is rather that we may combine contributions to scholarship that possess literary form with contributions to literature that presuppose in writer and in reader a background of scholarship and of culture. By this avowal, even though we do no more, we may at least serve as a voice crying in the wilderness against learned

works that are unreadable because unliterary and against literary works that, because unlearned, are not worth reading. Our ambition is to serve that reader who, even when he wants in the footnotes, specific reference to sources and authorities, wants in the text something better than "dissertation English"; the reader that knows a ballade from a ballad, a villa from a villanelle; the reader that, meeting the sestet from *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, does not have to be told that the quotation is from Keats, and knows that Chapman's Homer was not an event of the baseball season of 1920. If that be "high-brow," make the most of it! If our programme appeals, will you not come over into Macedonia and help us?

The centenary reprint of the *Poetical Works* of John Trumbull, LL.D., which constitutes Part II of this fourteenth volume of THE COLONNADE, seems to us especially appropriate to such an organization as the Andiron Club. For Trumbull was not merely the principal verse-satirist of the American Revolution. Unlike the author of his model, *Hudibras*, Trumbull united in himself the scholar, the lover of literature, and the gentleman. He was a classicist without pedantry and a modernist without superficiality; a progressive who knew when to conserve, and a conservative who knew when to advance; a satirist who had not lost his human-kind-ness; a reformer who retained his sense of humor; an all but lifelong invalid, yet an all but lifelong public servant. What he and his associates of the Hartford Wits accomplished through *The Anarchiad* and (we believe) through the *Lycurgus Papers*, against the Bolshevism of their day, is an honor to their New England Federalism. What, through the poems here reprinted, Trumbull achieved for educational reform and for American independence, is a permanent contribution to American thought and culture. Were Trumbull now living, the Andiron Club would be seeking him as one of its select group of "honorary" members. Denied this, the Club reprints his complete *Poetical Works*.



As the reprint of Trumbull's poems in the present volume seems to us especially befitting, so too we feel that the reprint already in preparation for Volume XV (a year hence) is highly appropriate to the Andiron Club. The essays in eighteenth-century American newspapers and magazines have been almost neglected, hitherto, by historians of literature and by compilers of anthologies; and yet these essays, notwithstanding the fact that they imitate the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and later British periodical essays, are often significant for originality of literary form, for power in criticism of manners and morals, and for their expression of colonial ideals and culture. In type, they include the letter, the short narrative, the allegory, the criticism of society, the character, and even intimations of the beginning of the novel and of the personal essay of the Romantic period. In criticism of contemporary life, they cover a wide range of subjects: ponderous reflections on the nature of friendship and virtue, prim suggestions on the education of girls, stern advice on the raising of boys, warnings against quacks, exhortations to wear homespun, follies and fashions of women, vulgarisms in the vernacular, appreciations of Shakspeare, Milton, and Sterne, and the ballad, and dramatic criticism. As to numbers, there were, from 1721 to 1804, over four thousand five hundred essays, representing the colonies from Massachusetts to South Carolina, and including, besides contributions by many respectable authors now forgotten, work by Franklin, Hopkinson, Trumbull, Dennie, and Irving. To the examination and transcription of this material, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Scott Quimby have devoted several years; and Mr. Quimby's preliminary reports to the Andiron Club, lead us to believe that both the select anthology of essays which they are compiling for THE COLONNADE and the critical study with which Mr. Quimby will preface the anthology, will be noteworthy contributions to our knowledge of the culture of Colonial America.

To the subscribers and contributors to this volume of THE COLONNADE and to his fellow members of the Andiron

Club, the Managing Editor (on whom, because of the long illness of the Editor-in-Chief, has devolved the completion of this volume) desires to express his thanks for the courteous and sympathetic patience with which they have waited its appearance. On behalf of the Andiron Club, he desires also to acknowledge the Club's particular indebtedness to certain members outside the Board of Editors—to Professor Schwarz, and to Messrs. Fish, van Wyck, and Mindil—for their assistance in the proofreading. To Mr. Mindil especially is the Club indebted for his critical reading of the facsimile reprint of the poems of Trumbull—a task exacting and laborious, which he has performed with meticulous care and, we believe, with eminent success.

It remains, according to the long established custom of the Club and of THE COLONNADE, to chronicle in this editorial introduction, the elections to membership, the election of officers, and, first, the tribute of the Club to the memory of one of the youngest—and most loveable—of its members:

IN MEMORIAM: DANIEL HAWKINS OVERTON, JR.

DANIEL HAWKINS OVERTON, JR., was born at Southold, N. Y., September 5, 1896. Son of a distinguished minister of the Brooklyn Presbytery, he was graduated B.A. from his father's college, Lafayette, in 1917, and S.T.B. from his father's divinity school, Union Theological Seminary, in 1920. Strong of physique, studious, winning of personality, fearless for the right, "he was," writes the Rev. Professor Henry Sloane Coffin, "one of the best loved students in the Seminary, and one who showed great promise." Absolutely democratic, whether directing gymnasium classes in a fashionable school for boys or laboring with pick and shovel in a paving-gang, he was everywhere the beloved leader and companion.

"Mr. Danny," exclaimed one of his fellow-laborers, "you Jesus-man, and *you* work with me!"

"Yes, yes," came the answer; "Why not, Peter?"

Is it any wonder that the basis of Overton's election to the Andiron Club, in February, 1918, was his pen-pictures of life among the poor with whom he labored?

Overton was rarely present at meetings of the Club. His work at theological seminary and settlement house, and then in his pastorate at Mattituck, Long Island, claimed his every moment. His call to



his first (and only) church was the result of a single day of preaching—a clear case, on the part of his congregation, of love at first sight. He began his pastorate on May 22, 1920. His less than a year of ministry was noteworthy for efficient organization and for inspirational power. The officers of the "New Era Movement" testify that, under the direction of Overton, the church at Mattituck attained more of the objectives recommended than did any other church in the outlying districts.

And then, on February 28, 1921, after an illness of but three days, and failure to recover from an operation for appendicitis, he died.

The Andiron Club of New York City, at this its Anniversary Meeting, enters upon its Minutes the foregoing record and tribute to the manly influence, the power for good, the loveableness, of Daniel Hawkins Overton.

ARTHUR H. NASON  
CLINTON MINDIL,

*Committee.*

December 21, 1921.

## ELECTIONS TO MEMBERSHIP

THE CONSTITUTION of the Andiron Club provides that, to be eligible for admission to the Club, the candidate must be a man who is personally acceptable and who has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Club his ability in literature, scholarship, music, or art. Under this provision, the Club has made, since the last issue of *THE COLONNADE*, September, 1919, the following elections to membership:

### NOVEMBER 19, 1919

Albert Stephens Borgman, Ph.D. (Harvard), instructor in English, New York University.

Earl Franklin Wood, M.A. (Harvard), instructor in English, New York University.

Philip B. McDonald, M.E. (Michigan College of Mines), assistant professor of English, New York University.

### DECEMBER 17, 1919

Max Lief, undergraduate, New York University, (B.S., 1921), verseman and journalist.

### MARCH 24, 1920

Horace Fish, story-writer, novelist, dramatist.

## THE COLONNADE

SEPTEMBER 29, 1920

Howard Williams Benjamin, connoisseur of Oriental art.  
 William van Wyck, M.A. (University of Southern California), Pd.M.  
 (New York University), graduate student at the Sorbonne.

OCTOBER 13, 1920

Francis Owen Rice, D.Sc. (Liverpool), connoisseur of porcelain;  
 assistant professor of Chemistry, New York University.

DECEMBER 22, 1920

George Henry Danton, Ph.D. (Columbia), professor of German,  
 Tsing-Hua College, Peking.  
 Wesley D. Zinnecker, Ph.D. (Cornell), associate professor of German,  
 New York University.

APRIL 13, 1921

Samuel Lee Wolff, Ph.D. (Columbia), lecturer in English, Columbia  
 University.

JULY 13, 1921

Henry Loesser, teacher of piano.  
 Edward R. Joyce, M.A. (Columbia), teacher.  
 Henry A. Holmes, M.A. (Wesleyan), director of the American Col-  
 lege of Buenos Aires and fellow in Romance Languages in  
 Columbia University.

DECEMBER 21, 1921

Arthur E. Hill, Ph.D. (Freiburg), professor of Chemistry, New York  
 University.  
 Staley Alfred Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.A., professor of  
 Military Science and Tactics, New York University.  
 Harold Korn, Ph.D. (New York University).  
 Herbert F. Hamilton, Ph.D. (Yale), teacher of English, Evander  
 Childs High School, New York City.  
 James D. Kirkpatrick, M.A. (Yale), teacher of English, Evander  
 Childs High School, New York City.

JANUARY 4, 1922

Padraic Colum, poet, dramatist, formerly editor of the *Irish Review*,  
 Dublin, and one of the founders of the Irish National Theatre.

MARCH 29, 1922

Daniel Webster Hering, C.E. (Yale), Hon. Ph.D. (Western Mary-  
 land College), LL.D. (Pittsburgh and N.Y.U.), professor emerit-  
 us of Physics and sometime Dean of the Graduate Faculty,  
 New York University.  
 Dudley James, connoisseur of Oriental art.  
 Thomas Munro, Ph.D. (Columbia), lecturer in Philosophy, Columbia  
 University.



Edward Conrad Smith, M.A. (Harvard), instructor in Political Science, New York University.

James Higgins Whaley, Jr., undergraduate, New York University, cadet lieutenant-colonel, R.O.T.C.

The constitution of the Andiron Club further provides for the election of honorary members: that honorary membership shall be conferred only as an expression of the Club's highest consideration, and for cause specifically named in the vote of election; and that not more than one person shall be elected to honorary membership in any year. Under this provision, the Club has made, since September, 1919, the following elections:

NOVEMBER 5, 1919

Joseph Spencer Kennard, Ph.D., D.C.L., Litt.D., L.H.D., Doctor of the Sorbonne, "in recognition of his services to scholarship and belles-lettres especially in the field of Italian literature."

NOVEMBER 24, 1920

Anatole Le Braz, Docteur ès Lettres of the University of Paris, Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, professor in the University of Rennes, "in recognition of his services to scholarship and belles-lettres especially in the field of Celtic language and literature, and in recognition of his services to humanity by his promotion of a more intimate understanding between America and France."

DECEMBER 21, 1921

Frederick John Foakes Jackson, D.D., fellow and sometime Dean of Jesus College, Cambridge, and professor in Union Theological Seminary, "in recognition of his services to scholarship especially in the fields of history and theology."

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS

THE OFFICERS of the Andiron Club during the period covered by this volume have been as follows: Dictator (i.e., president and editor-in-chief), until June 1, 1921, Professor Carey Charles Dale Briggs, M.A.; and, from that date, John William Draper, Esq., Ph.D.; Secretary, Clinton Mindil, Esq., M.A.; Treasurer, Professor H. Stanley Schwarz, M.A.; Beadle, Professor Hugo C. M.

Wendel, Ph.D.; Business Manager, Professor Arthur H. Nason, Ph.D.; Board of Management, Royal J. Davis, Esq., B.A., Samuel D. Stein, Esq., M.A., LL.B., and, *ex officio*, the Business Manager, the Treasurer, and the Dictator. The Board of Editors for the present volume is as follows:

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Carey Charles Dale Briggs, M.A. (N. Y. U.), assistant professor of English in New York University.

## ADVISORY EDITORS

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Homer Andrew Watt, Ph.D. (Wisconsin), associate professor of English, New York University.

## FOR FRENCH

Earle Brownell Babcock, Ph.D. (Chicago), professor of Romance Languages and Literature, and dean of the Graduate Faculty, New York University; and, for 1920-1921, director of the Continental Division of the American University Union in Europe.

## FOR ITALIAN

Joseph Spencer Kennard, Ph.D. (Chicago), D.C.L., Litt.D., L.H.D., Doctor of the Sorbonne.

## FOR CLASSICS

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## FOR BELLES-LETTRES

John William Draper, Ph.D. (Harvard), lecturer in English in Bryn Mawr College.

Horace Fish, story-writer, novelist, dramatist.

## FOR ART

J. Gordon Guthrie, designer in stained glass.

## FOR MUSIC

Frederick Sturges Andrews, instructor in Musical Theory, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Arthur Loesser, pianist.



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### MANAGING EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

Arthur Huntington Nason, Ph.D. (Columbia), professor of English  
in New York University and director of the New York University Press.





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# THE COLONNADE

VOLUME XIV

1919-1922

## PART I

CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIP  
AND BELLES-LETTRES

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1922





# THE COLONNADE

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VOL. XIV

1919-1922

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## LA FEMME DANS LE ROMAN ITALIEN<sup>1</sup>

**O**N dirait que la puissance évocatrice de certains mots est d'autant plus grande que les pensées qu'ils suggèrent, les images qu'ils éveillent dans l'esprit de chacun de nous sont plus vagues et plus indéterminées. Ainsi, quand nous disons "L'Italienne," c'est tout un essaim de figures indistinctes et changeantes qui nous apparaissent pour nous engager à soulever le voile de mystère que l'éloignement et l'indifférence ont laissé s'épaissir entre elles et nous.

Que savons-nous des Italiennes? Que sont-elles aujourd'hui, celles dont les aïeules étaient encore des Lombardes, des Napolitaines, des Romaines, des Vénitiennes aux physionomies, aux allures, aux pensées toutes marquées de traits différents? S'est-elle formée déjà, cette conscience féminine qui, comprenant et contenant tous les germes du passé, en a continué l'Evolution vers un idéal unique? Existe-t-il déjà un type définitif né de la fusion de tant d'éléments divers?

Si, en Italie, le roman avait rempli entièrement son rôle, qui est de représenter toute une société comme dans un miroir, et d'en répéter, comme un écho, la confession, il aurait dû fournir des réponses à ces demandes.

Cette figure féminine, tant chantée par les poètes, tant idéalisée par les artistes, il appartenait au romancier d'en fixer les contours; cette âme féminine, dont nous avons entrevu le charme troublant à travers les œuvres des maîtres,

<sup>1</sup> This address, delivered in English at a meeting of the Andiron Club, October 27, 1920, is here reproduced as it was originally delivered, 1904, at a conference of the Sorbonne.

c'était au psychologue à nous en révéler le véritable caractère, car notre curiosité moderne est avide de détails précis et de documents exacts, et cet esprit cosmopolite, qui grandit en nous, chaque jour, a soif de sympathie universelle.

Disons tout de suite que, dans les romans, d'ailleurs très remarquables, que la traduction a popularisés en France, cette révélation de la femme italienne n'est ni complète ni satisfaisante et que cette lacune nous a semblé trop significative pour que nous n'essayions pas d'en préciser la portée.

Les romanciers italiens ont bien prouvé qu'ils ne manquaient ni de talent, ni d'une fine perception psychologique, ni d'un esprit d'observation pénétrant et subtil; s'ils ont tous, ou presque tous, échoué dans la représentation de la femme, il est permis de supposer que cette partie de leur tâche présentait des difficultés insurmontables même pour les plus habiles.

La première de ces difficultés était de faire un choix parmi tant de modèles diversifiés par les antécédents biologiques, historiques et économiques les plus variés; la seconde, de fixer, en une œuvre d'art, des types qui se transforment encore chaque jour, sous la poussée d'une évolution longtemps retardée et qui se hâte maintenant en une course effrénée, pour rattraper le temps qu'elle a perdu. Difficultés multipliées d'ailleurs par la nécessité de débrouiller la position encore mal définie de la femme dans chacun des groupes italiens qui, se mêlant et se confondant depuis peu, achèvent de former une société compacte, une nation unique.

Quand, il y a cent ans, le roman italien naquit, on était en pleine crise romantique, dans une période de lutte, pendant laquelle le rôle de la femme devait être et fut nécessairement passif: non seulement elle n'était pas préparée à se mêler aux événements, mais, de plus, l'habitude de compter sur elle et avec elle s'était perdue depuis longtemps. Il y eut de brillantes exceptions, quelques âmes héroïques affrontèrent la persécution et la mort, ou, plus sublimes encore, envoyèrent à la prison, à l'exil et à l'échafaud ceux qu'elles aimaient le plus, mais ces dévouements n'obtinrent

pas alors l'hommage qu'ils méritaient, et la littérature contemporaine ne sut pas en tirer parti.

Sauf une brillante exception, celle d'Ippolito Nievo, la femme italienne, romanesque et héroïque, telle que le romantisme patriotique l'avait faite, n'a pas été représentée dans les romans du temps.

La lutte qui commença ensuite, moins sanglante mais non moins acharnée, sous la forme plus moderne de la conquête du pain quotidien, trouva la femme mieux préparée et plus consciente de ses droits.

Travailleuse patiente et courageuse, elle ne s'embarassa guère de théories féministes, ne se paya pas de mots, ne prit pas de front l'opposition systématique et dénigrante des concurrences masculines, mais elle se poussa partout où un travail lucratif était possible; elle s'insinua partout où il y avait un droit à revendiquer. Les ateliers, les bureaux, les comptoirs se peuplèrent d'employées, de fonctionnaires, tandis que, sur les bancs des écoles, le nombre des élèves décuplait en vingt ans. A la seconde génération, c'est dans la chaire de l'instituteur, dans celle même du professeur d'université que nous retrouvons cette avant-garde féminine, en tête des bataillons serrés qui, pied à pied, jour par jour, se pressent pour atteindre une position qui réponde mieux aux besoins intellectuels, à la dignité personnelle de la femme. Même dans le mariage, qui n'est plus le seul espoir de la jeune fille instruite et vaillante, l'épouse jouit, par son travail dont le gain représente un apport souvent nécessaire, d'une autorité que ses aïeules n'auraient pas même osé rêver.

D'autre part, l'Italienne développa son goût naturel pour les arts et les lettres. On la vit s'affirmer, devenir une activité agissante et, ne se contentant plus d'inspirer et d'encourager les artistes, mettre la main à l'œuvre elle-même pour obtenir sa part de renommée et de profit.

Femmes auteurs, femmes journalistes, femmes éducatrices contribuent aujourd'hui aux nouveaux courants d'idées et exercent une influence sur les affaires. De tous côtés, l'initiative féminine fait surgir des institutions de protection, d'éducation, d'hospitalisation pour les enfants et



les vieillards; elle se risque même, dans un pays où la lutte contre l'alcoolisme ne s'impose pas, à tenter une courageuse campagne contre la prostitution. En un mot, la femme italienne a suivi l'exemple de ses sœurs latines et anglo-saxonnes, elle n'a pas fait moins qu'elles, en un temps plus court et malgré des circonstances particulièrement défavorables. Pourtant elle n'a pas obtenu, de la littérature en général — c'est-à dire de l'opinion moyenne — ni du roman en particulier — qui pourrait bien représenter l'opinion des gens du monde — que la place qu'elle a su conquérir soit reconnue avec bienveillance ou, tout au moins avec impartialité. Soit parti pris méprisant, survivance des traditions anciennes, ou incapacité de pénétrer au delà d'une impression superficielle, le romancier italien a continué à nous représenter l'Italienne sous les traits d'une créature trop simple pour être vraie, trop inférieure pour être attachante, et surtout trop semblable aux modèles étrangers pour n'être pas conventionnelle.

Ainsi, pendant que les statistiques officielles et les constatations désintéressées fournissent des témoignages irrécusables du développement intellectuel, du progrès moral, de l'affinement de l'Italienne moderne, les héroïnes des romans sont encore très souvent représentées sous des traits grossiers ou rudimentaires.

En général, on n'a vu en elles qu'un être pervers et mal équilibré, dominé par une seule fonction de son organisme, hanté par un seul désir, incapable d'éprouver autre chose qu'un seul sentiment et qui, par suite, n'est apte qu'à suggérer une seule émotion. Inutile d'analyser les autres aspects de son caractère, inutile de discuter les nombreux problèmes qui se rattachent à elle.

De là, dans les romans italiens, cette continuelle répétition de l'éternelle situation, toujours ressassée, jamais épuisée; de là, cette ressemblance monotone de tous les personnages féminins, copiés d'après nature, mais vus à travers des préventions aveuglantes.

Nous aurons même à constater, au cours de cette étude rétrospective, cet étrange phénomène que c'est le naturaliste

qui fait le moins *vrai*: il arrive au poète de compléter, par une intuition géniale, ou au penseur de corriger, à l'aide de l'élément subjectif qu'il ajoute à son observation, ce qu'il y a de mal vu ou de mal compris dans son œuvre; cela n'arrive pas au naturaliste qui, de parti pris, n'a voulu se fier qu'à son expérience. Et cela, parce que le naturalisme, pour donner ses fruits, exige une possession complète de l'objet qu'il décrit, et qu'il n'y a en Italie — même chez les femmes auteurs — qu'une connaissance superficielle, une compréhension incomplète de la nature féminine et de la psychologie de la femme.

Cette incapacité de l'Italien à comprendre la femme est l'effet de causes nombreuses, qui ne sont pas spéciales à l'Italie, mais y sont seulement plus saisissables que dans des pays dont l'initiation aux complexités de la vie moderne est moins récente.

L'habitude, transmise par les Orientaux aux Italiens, et que l'influence longtemps prépondérante de l'Espagne n'a pu que renforcer, de tenir leurs femmes — même les plus aimées — à distance de leurs pensées, n'a pas peu contribué à fausser ou à obscurcir leur jugement. Les rapports de galanterie mis à part, l'Italien d'autrefois ne sentait aucun besoin d'associer sa compagne aux soucis, aux intrigues, aux satisfactions de sa vie politique ou littéraire. Le pli est pris désormais, les femmes se sont déshabituées d'une participation constante et active aux affaires, aux études, aux amusements de leurs maris et de leurs fils; l'homme, même le plus sentimental ou le plus passionné, ne songe guère à demander à une femme cette sympathie plus haute qui est l'écho de la pensée plus pure.

L'écrivain, ainsi que ses lecteurs, s'est trouvé dépourvu de cette connaissance intime de la femme qui devrait commencer au berceau, sous les caresses de la mère, et se continuer, tout le long de la vie, dans une communion des intelligences et des pensées, se cherchant, se pénétrant et se fondant en une union qui, loin d'émousser la sensualité, l'ennoblirait et la compléterait. Pour réaliser cet accord, il faudrait se débarrasser entièrement de cet atavique dénigre-

ment de la chair qui, si longtemps, a confondu, dans les consciences chrétiennes, la terreur du péché avec l'idée de l'amour; il faudrait que la position de la femme, dans la société en général et dans l'intime conscience de chacun, fût plus nette et répondît mieux à l'état actuel de notre évolution; que toute trace du passé égoïste et sensuel s'effaçât de nos mœurs; que les rapports entre individus de différents sexes se détendissent, s'assouplissent en un fonctionnement moral; qu'il n'y eût plus la hantise de l'attaque et de la défense, pour brouiller et dénaturer les situations les plus simples; que la femme ne fût plus toujours sur le qui-vive, comme une bête traquée; que l'homme ne mît plus tout son orgueil à se poser en chasseur.

Nous sommes encore loin de cela en Italie! Mais l'évolution morale qui doit nécessairement faire suite aux progrès économiques et intellectuels rendra les rapports entre les individus plus complexes et en même temps plus nets, les relations sexuelles plus normales et plus franches.

Alors cette *avarice morale* qui, dans une société encore barbare, empêche chaque membre de jouir du bonheur des autres, et qui fait croire à l'un des sexes qu'il perdra tout ce que l'autre pourra gagner, devra forcément disparaître de l'esprit italien, comme elle est en train de disparaître de la conscience mieux développée des nations qui, depuis plus longtemps, apprennent à se soumettre à des principes conformes à un esprit nouveau de justice sociale.

On comprendra, alors, que le relèvement de la femme est un facteur de progrès trop important pour ne pas mériter toute l'attention de ceux qui font profession d'étudier la société et le cœur humain.

Alors aussi, la conscience d'un grand rôle à jouer éveillera en elle le sentiment de la responsabilité, stimulera son énergie et toutes ses aptitudes à l'action utile, au travail qui ennoblit. Pour avoir compris et aimé les grandes idées, elle n'en sera pas moins une créature aimante et passionnée — cela est dans sa nature de méridionale — mais cet amour, cette passion, ce dévouement, elle les placera mieux, et l'homme qui en sera l'objet les appréciera mieux, ayant eu plus de peine à les conquérir.



Le roman trouvera alors, dans cette société mieux développée et meilleure, les éléments psychiques et esthétiques qui lui conviennent, et des sujets d'étude répondant mieux à nos curiosités. Il pourra résumer, en une œuvre d'art, la complexité de notre vie moderne et donner à la femme le rôle qu'il lui appartient d'y jouer.

Cherchons d'abord à voir, s'il se peut, ce que le roman a fait jusqu'ici pour encourager et pour diriger cette ascension de la femme, et comment il en a retracé les étapes.

Au-dessus de toutes les diversités de tempérament, de toutes les distinctions d'école et de toutes les conceptions morales et esthétiques, nous allons tâcher de suivre cette figure de la femme; elle se développe, s'accroît, se personnalise peu à peu dans le roman, à mesure que, dans le milieu social d'où l'auteur tire son inspiration, la femme elle-même sort du limbe de l'asservissement traditionnel, de l'apathie intellectuelle et de l'absorbante luxure du passé.

En tant qu'étude de mœurs et que document humain, le roman commence très tard en Italie.

Il ne pouvait pas, d'ailleurs, naître plus tôt, car ce serait un fait inouï dans les annales de la littérature que la représentation d'une chose en eût précédé l'existence réelle. Par la même raison qu'il a fallu tout un monde chevaleresque et féodal pour inspirer la chanson de geste, toute une bourgeoisie florissante d'alertes commères et de galants délurés pour faire naître le fabliau, il faut au roman, pour grandir et prospérer, une société assez avancée pour qu'elle ait le désir de se connaître, et des personnalités assez marquées pour qu'elles se détachent en traits saillants. Cette société, dont le type est fixé et qui sera désireuse de se mirer dans un roman, capable de s'y reconnaître et de reconnaître les siens, n'existe en Italie que depuis vingt ans.

Plus loin, dans le passé, il y avait des groupes, des sociétés locales, que les premiers romantiques ne surent pas reproduire. Leurs types de femme sont d'un conventionnalisme écœurant; ce sont des fantômes abstraits, des personnifications de vertus ou de vices dépourvues de vie et de relief. Ni Manzoni, qu'une austère conception de la morale chrétienne poussait à retrancher impitoyablement de

son œuvre toutes les images et les expressions de l'amour, et qui renonçait ainsi — du même coup de ciseau — à montrer la femme autrement que de profil ou en buste; ni aucun de ses disciples, qui s'égarèrent à la poursuite des visions romanesques d'outre-mer, ne surent voir, ni comprendre l'effort que faisait alors, de tous les côtés, la femme italienne pour sortir de l'ombre et de son sommeil séculaire.

Seul Nievo a vu et a représenté dans un chef-d'œuvre, si prématuré qu'il ne fut pas compris, des figures de femmes pleines de vie et de vérité. Mais ces *Confessions d'un Octogénaire* n'eurent pas de lendemain, et l'école romantique se traîna, languissante et ignorée, sans fournir pour notre galerie de types italiens un seul portrait à citer.

Parmi les manifestations nombreuses d'une activité renouvelée qui vivifia toute la Péninsule après 1870, nous voyons fleurir le roman.

Le dogme naturaliste s'affirma alors en des œuvres sérieuses, et des types de femmes y parurent fortement ébauchés; ces figures, qui rappellent les Primitifs, sont comme rigides et vues de face, dans les premiers en date parmi ces *Véristes*, et chacun des nouveaux venus les reprit ensuite pour y ajouter quelques traits, y apporter quelque modification, éclairer les accessoires, changer le décor, sans parvenir à transformer le vieux tableau en une peinture achevée.

Il n'y avait ni pénétration intime, ni analyse; rien que la reproduction exacte d'une réalité observée par les écrivains, artistes de naissance que les mauvais modèles ne pouvaient entièrement pervertir. Car, à ce moment-là, l'influence prépondérante des naturalistes français tendait à dérouter le roman italien, en le faisant dévier vers une mode d'interprétation du vrai qui ne convenait pas à son génie national et s'adaptait mal au degré de son développement littéraire et social. Les hardiesses voulues, les grossièretés préméditées que Zola prodiguait alors à un public blasé; les subtilités pathologiques, les cas troublants qui représentaient bien une société mûrie jusqu'à la décadence, ne répondaient en rien aux véritables besoins du roman italien. Une vogue factice faisait illusion. L'opinion publique,

comme une boussole affolée, égarait le romancier, en lui faisant croire que son indulgence pour les moins pardonnables offenses des étrangers s'étendrait aussi aux imitations qu'il en ferait.

Pour que l'impulsion alors donnée devint une force permanente, il aurait fallu en diriger le mouvement dans la direction qui convient au génie italien; tout en acceptant la doctrine naturaliste, il aurait fallu en transformer l'esprit de telle sorte qu'elle pût se prêter à rendre les impressions directes des objets sur les tempéraments italiens.

Voilà ce que tentèrent de faire quelques naturalistes d'alors.

Ils comprirent la nécessité de ne décrire que ce qu'ils avaient vu de leurs yeux, éprouvé par eux-mêmes, et cela seul que leurs lecteurs pouvaient saisir clairement et vérifier par leurs souvenirs personnels. Dans ce but, il fallait ne tracer que des tableaux simples et reconnaissables, des types fortement caractérisés. Ils se dirent que tout cela ne pouvait se trouver que dans les coins de pays où la civilisation n'avait pas encore pénétré où, choses et gens, tout avait encore cette antique simplicité de lignes, ces couleurs vives, ces attitudes immuables qui, familières à leur souvenir, seraient propres à évoquer chez leurs compatriotes ces réveils de mémoire, ces élans de tendresse qui sont les auxiliaires précieux, les collaborateurs indispensables du succès d'un roman. Ils devinèrent que ces survivances des vieilles sociétés, que ces mœurs archaïques étaient en même temps assez connues et assez nouvelles pour intéresser, sans rebuter par les difficultés qu'aurait offertes une reconstitution exotique. Leur instinct artistique leur suggéra qu'il fallait, à ces tableaux, un style d'une simplicité rude, gardant l'énergie des dialectes tout en se mettant à la portée de tous, une composition fragmentaire et heurtée, originale à force d'être vraie.

C'est en se conformant à cette conception hardiment vériste et simple que Verga a créé sa Sicilienne.

C'est la femme biblique, orientale et passive, au geste lent, à l'attitude naturellement hiératique, incapable de concevoir une idée de révolte contre les dures conditions de son



état, faute de savoir, par comparaison avec quelque autre mode d'existence, en apprécier l'écrasant abaissement. Plutôt fataliste que résignée, car la résignation implique une volonté consciente, abdiquant devant une volonté supérieure, enchaînée par la superstition à de nombreuses pratiques extérieures, plutôt que soumise à une foi religieuse, chaste par humble asservissement au maître, plutôt que par respect pour elle-même ou par obéissance à quelque principe, elle a pourtant la beauté et la pureté des êtres qui sont en contact direct avec la nature, en accord parfait avec leur milieu. Sa physionomie morale se fond et s'harmonise avec le monde moral qui l'entoure, comme sa forme visible complète et embellit la scène où elle se meut. C'est une figure pâle sous le hâle et souvent émaciée par la misère, que deux grands yeux noirs éclairent sous l'embroussaillement des cheveux crépelés. C'est un corps plié aux plus dures fatigues, qui laisse deviner, sous les haillons, la sveltesse des membres un peu grêles; c'est une lourdeur du geste qui prend de la majesté sous la grande lumière du ciel de Sicile, ce sont des intonations chantantes de la voix un peu grave, qui s'harmonisent avec la chanson de la grève sur la plage ensoleillée. Rien de banal, rien de vulgaire, dans cette ignorance complète; rien de mesquin ou d'abject dans cette inconscience de la femme qui subit le mâle comme une fatalité, comme une inéluctable nécessité de la vie, et qui, parfois, se laisse entraîner, dans quelque terrible rage de jalousie ou de vengeance, à commettre le crime passionnel et inutile qu'elle n'avait pas su vouloir *avant*, qu'elle ne comprendra plus *après* qu'elle aura surmonté la crise.

Comment rendre, sans en dénaturer la naïveté agreste, la délicatesse sauvage, dans une situation qui serait la honte pour une créature moins primitive, cette délicieuse figure de Diodata? La fille de ferme de *Mastro Don Gesualdo* a tout donné d'elle-même à son maître, et la fleur de sa jeunesse, et le travail de ses bras, et la tendresse, humble et dévouée, qui brille dans ses grands yeux doux de chien fidèle implorant une caresse de la main qui le frappe. Pas un cri de révolte ne lui échappe, quand elle apprend de lui qu'il

va se marier. A peine si elle ose pleurer. Obéissante, elle épousera le mari borgne que le maître lui donne; reconnaissante, elle acceptera la somme d'argent qu'il lui offre pour élever les deux garçons qu'elle a eus de lui: elle pleure de le quitter, mais pas une goutte de fiel ne se mêle à sa douleur. N'est-ce pas le *Maître* qui a voulu cela autrefois? N'est-ce pas le *Maître* qui veut ceci aujourd'hui? Et quand il sera malade, abandonné de tous ses parents intéressés et avides, ce sera encore Diodata qui, dans son humble tendresse, lui donnera le plus précieux de tous les dons: une pitié désintéressée, un regret sincère.

Assez semblable à cette Sicilienne, la femme Sarde de Grazia Deledda a la même passivité fataliste et la même endurance à la peine, avec, seulement, de rares élans de révolte. Mais, ici, un profond sentiment de sa propre dignité a survécu, à travers des siècles de barbarie, dans sa conscience de mère et d'épouse, grâce aux mœurs patriarcales de ce petit monde de pasteurs et de cultivateurs. Ce type de femme, à demi-barbare, anachronisme piquant et réalité incontestable, a été souvent repris avec succès. Le lecteur aime à retrouver, dans le contraste entre cette survivance encore barbare du passé et notre état actuel, la preuve palpable du chemin parcouru. L'écrivain qui a la bonne chance de fixer ainsi, en une représentation artistique, une figure qui va disparaître, peut donner à la reproduction la plus exacte du vrai un charme d'imprévu et de surprise qu'il n'est pas souvent accordé aux naturalistes d'atteindre. La très réelle originalité de ses modèles a en outre l'avantage de le préserver de la tentation, trop fréquente parmi les romanciers étrangers, de recourir à la grossièreté d'un détail obscène ou à une grivoiserie de mauvais ton, pour arrêter l'attention d'un lecteur qui pourrait être rebuté par la monotonie d'une description trop bien connue d'avance. Quelles que soient, d'ailleurs, les faiblesses de ces naturalistes italiens, vraiment affranchis de toute imitation, il faut leur reconnaître ce mérite, qui n'est pas petit, de n'avoir jamais profané leur art à peindre le laid pour le laid, le sale par amour pour la crapule. Leur vérisme, très vrai, n'est gros-

sier et brutal qu'autant que cela est strictement nécessaire à la vérité: il ne l'est jamais pour flatter les malsaines curiosités des lecteurs, ni pour encourager ce snobisme littéraire qui affecte des goûts morbides et recherche des expressions équivoques.

L'Italie n'étant pas le pays des formules uniques, ni même des emballements durables, le petit cénacle des *Véristes* se dispersa bientôt. Chacun, suivant ses tendances ou ses aptitudes, sans abandonner le principe fondamental de l'observation objective, voulut y ajouter un élément personnel.

Federigo De Roberto, dont l'esprit est fortement nourri d'études scientifiques, a élargi le tableau de la société sicilienne, afin de donner dans *Les Vice Rois* toute l'histoire naturelle, politique et même psychologique d'une famille.

Cette reconstitution, très complète et très intéressante, d'un temps si proche du nôtre et pourtant si différent, offre à notre étude une véritable galerie de types féminins, gâtés seulement par la prépondérance de l'observation physiologique. Il y a, entre autres, une sainte et une messaline qui ressemblent trop à deux hystériques.

Dans un autre de ses romans, *Illusion*, il croit nous avoir raconté, tout au long, la vie d'une femme quand, en réalité, il ne nous a énuméré que la série — un peu longue, il est vrai — de ses aventures amoureuses, depuis l'éveil précoce de la fillette mal élevée, jusqu'à la déchéance ridicule de la femme à cheveux blancs qui, sans cesse ni trêve, a toujours couru après l'Illusion de l'amour, à travers toutes les plus brutales réalités de la luxure.

Mathilde Serao, nature d'artiste facilement impressionnable, s'est parfois laissée aller à désertier les rangs du naturalisme, mais elle est toujours restée fidèle à ce que, du premier jour, elle a regardé, comme la conception fondamentale de la psychologie féminine: la passion considérée comme le seul mobile de toutes les actions, comme la source de toutes les joies et de toutes les douleurs.

Carmela Minimo, la danseuse sans charmes et sans beauté, elle nous la montre comme une véritable mendicante d'amour, avec quelque chose de plus humble que l'humilité



même: l'inconscience absolue de tout droit, l'absence complète de tout orgueil. Si elle est restée chaste, c'est bien par hasard, faute d'avoir été recherchée. Mais parce qu'elle a vécu dans la grande ville de Naples, luxurieuse et dépravée, parce qu'elle a respiré l'air, alourdi de sensualisme et de malsaines rivalités, des coulisses du San Carlo, son premier amour (amour qui aurait été honnête et sentimental, étant donné sa nature passive et tendre) se fourvoiera en d'étranges compromis.

Le beau viveur Trezi, qu'elle adore à distance, a eu l'air, un soir, de se moquer de son honnêteté; là-dessus, dans un désir maladif de se conformer à l'idéal de son idole, peut-être aussi dans l'espoir de se rapprocher de lui, elle se laisse tomber, sans plaisir comme sans dégoût, entre les bras d'un courtaud de boutique. Celui-ci lui offre des soupers économiques, dans les restaurants en vue, et une tendresse frelatée qui froisse tout ce qu'il y a de délicatesse en elle, tous ses scrupules de dévote, sans lui inspirer assez d'énergie et de courage pour rompre. Abandonnée par ce premier amant, elle en prendra un second, seulement parce qu'un coup d'œil distrait, un sourire ambigu sur les lèvres de l'adoré ont paru l'encourager dans cette voie.

Mais tout à coup la scène change, la femme se relève, la poupée disparaît: Trezi est mort; il s'est suicidé pour échapper aux conséquences de sa vie déréglée; son cadavre est là, abandonné de tous, dans une misérable chambre de garni infect. Carmela l'a su et, sans hésiter, sans rien considérer, elle est venue pour pleurer sur ce mort qui est *son* mort. Le droit qu'elle revendique ainsi de veiller seule auprès de ce cadavre, la joie unique qu'elle s'accorde de baiser ces lèvres froides qui, vivantes, n'eurent pour elle qu'un sourire dédaigneux et qu'un mot bêtement cruel, elle les a payés de toute son existence brisée et humiliée, elle les a payés de l'espoir en son salut éternel, et telle est la puissance de son amour qu'elle ne regrette rien.

Cette passion intense, échappant à la raison, au bon sens même, enchaînant la volonté de telle sorte qu'une existence entière, lancée à la dérive, glissera au naufrage comme

une barque désarmée et sans gouvernail, c'est l'apport de Mathilde Serao à la représentation naturaliste de la femme italienne. L'objet de cette passion peut changer, mais la force aveugle, la puissance dévastatrice restent les mêmes; témoin *Soeur Jeanne de la Croix*, la méridionale mystique, si vigoureusement dessinée par notre auteur.

Ce qu'elle a toujours aimé, cette vieille petite nonne qui sort tout ahurie de son couvent supprimé, ce n'est pas tant sa religion que les pratiques de son culte, ce n'est pas tant sa foi que la douceur, la dignité, la paix de la vie monastique. La clôture, le voile, l'agenouillement perpétuel, le silence absolu, tout cela représente dans son esprit, étroit et passionné, une supériorité, une gloire, dont elle s'efforcera jusqu'au bout de conserver l'illusion. Incapable de lutter contre les misères de la vie, elle s'épuisera en efforts pour entretenir la blancheur de sa guimpe, l'ampleur de son manteau noir, tandis que, dans son ignorance du monde et dans l'aveuglement de cet orgueil qui l'élève au-dessus de la réalité, elle glissera à des occupations vraiment avilissantes et elle acceptera des compromis vraiment louches. Ainsi, pour gagner le prix d'une robe noire, elle va ingénument se mettre en service auprès d'une femme entretenue et, pour la même raison, surprise par une descente de police dans un asile de nuit, elle refusera de dire son nom en religion. Hypnotisée par cette hallucinante préoccupation, elle tombera dans la misère noire, sans abdiquer. La dernière fois que nous apercevons sa petite figure falotte, elle est assise à la table que la charité publique a préparée pour les pauvres, et là, en compagnie des plus abjects mendiants, acceptant l'aumône que son humilité conventuelle ne lui fait pas trouver amère, elle relève son front ridé pour donner à l'aristocratique dame patronnesse son nom de religieuse, comme une duchesse tendrait sa carte blasonnée.

Détachons des œuvres d'une autre femme, de Neera, un autre type observé et rendu d'après cette méthode naturaliste, modifiée et affadie.

Il ne s'agit plus, ici, d'une agglomération patriarcale, de caractères primitifs et vigoureusement distincts, mais

d'un vieux monde, alourdi de préjugés, engourdi dans l'inertie, qui s'éveille et s'étire, sous le souffle des idées nouvelles. Un peu ébloui par des changements dont les avantages paraissent douteux, un peu ahuri par des exigences de fraîche date, très dérouté et scandalisé par le renversement de certaines vieilles habitudes et ne saisissant encore que vaguement l'utilité des réformes qu'il n'a acceptées qu'à contre cœur, le petit monde bourgeois d'une misérable sous-préfecture du Piémont va nous être montré, pesant de tout le poids de sa routinière inconscience sur une existence de femme.

Elle n'a pas dix ans, la petite Thérèse, que déjà toute la nichée de ses frères et sœurs, et son insignifiante mère, et son bourru de père, le rond-de-cuir égoïste et brutal, ont pris l'habitude de compter sur elle pour tous les soins du ménage. Cela paraît tout naturel à la petite fille elle-même, autant qu'aux autres. La domesticité familiale, le travail écrasant, l'obéissance passive, tout cela, et plus encore, répond pour elle à une traditionnelle conception des devoirs de la femme. Personne, autour de la petite ménagère, ne s'est jamais demandé s'il n'y avait pas pour elle une mission plus haute à remplir, surtout si elle n'avait pas quelques droits à revendiquer, ou quels législateurs, investis d'une mystérieuse autorité, avaient ainsi décrété, fixé et sanctionné l'inégalité entre les deux moitiés du genre humain. Que ce petit être, en s'éveillant à la vie, ait droit à sa part de bonheur, à quelques bribes d'amour, à un semblant d'indépendance, voilà ce que l'on ne fera jamais croire à ces employés, à ces boutiquiers, à ces fonctionnaires et à tous ces gagne-petit, ignorants et prud'hommesques, qui grouillent dans une petite ville de la plus routinière province du royaume.

Thérèse, d'ailleurs, est la première à trouver très juste — quoique un peu dur — que, pour avantager la position de son frère aîné, son père la condamne au célibat en refusant également de déboursier sa petite dot ou de la laisser se marier sans argent, ce qui serait une déchéance à ses yeux de plumitif vaniteux. Thérèse refoule son amour, résiste aux prières de son amoureux, qui passerait outre et prendrait sur lui toutes les conséquences matérielles de la révolte,



et elle continue à obéir, à souffrir, à se rapetisser moralement et intellectuellement. Sa santé s'altère; et l'homme qu'elle aurait aimé, dont elle eût fait le bonheur, dont elle eût fait le courage, s'égare dans les embûches d'une existence sans devoirs ni responsabilités. Rien de poignant comme le spectacle de ce naufrage de deux individualités qui, dans le développement normal de leurs destinées, auraient pu accomplir une haute mission bienfaisante et sereine, et que la fausse interprétation de l'idée de devoir a perdues, en dispersant leurs énergies, en gaspillant leurs chances d'avenir pour ne produire qu'une douleur inféconde.

Lydia, une autre des héroïnes de Neera, est la contrepartie de Thérèse et vit dans un milieu et sous des influences toutes différentes. Un peu moins passive que Thérèse, Lydia n'en est pas moins la victime de l'impitoyable écrasement de son moi par le monde extérieur. Ses essais de révolte, inefficaces mal dirigés, ne sont qu'une autre forme de cette faiblesse morale, de ce manque de préparation à la lutte, qui est le caractère distinctif de la femme italienne peinte par Neera. Lydia, sous son air émancipé, sous ses apparences de bravoure, n'en est pas moins atteinte de cette aboulie, de cette maladie de la volonté qui ne permet pas de discerner les désirs véritables qui devraient être les véritables besoins d'un individu sain, dans une société normale. Elle est la détraquée que doit nécessairement produire une société désorganisée par la crise de croissance qu'elle vient de traverser. Elles sont abolies, les vieilles coutumes de courtoisie respectueuse, de sentimentalisme chevaleresque qui, avec les habitudes de réclusion, s'interposaient, comme un coussin de plumes, mou et embarrassant, entre la fragile vertu de la femme et l'instinct brutal de l'homme; abolis aussi, l'épouvantail du feu éternel, l'angoisse du confessionnal, qui étayaient autrefois le sentiment religieux jusqu'à en faire un rempart contre la luxure; aboli, le point d'honneur chatouilleux qui mettait la pointe d'une épée entre la convoitise masculine et la coquetterie féminine; tout ce qui retenait, tout ce qui entravait est aboli, et rien encore de ce qui doit relever et raffermir n'est là pour le remplacer.

Lydia, il est vrai, est affranchie du joug clérical; mais elle ne connaît ou ne reconnaît aucune autre loi de morale humaine; elle a appris à se rire du mal mais pas encore à aimer le bien; elle sait mépriser tout ce qui est formule vaine, elle ne sait pas encore respecter ce qui est simplement beau. Une plus grande liberté d'allures et de langage a favorisé, avec l'éveil de son esprit, celui de ses sens, encouragé en elle des convoitises, des curiosités malsaines, sans que les facultés plus nobles de son intelligence aient rien gagné. Sa tête, pleine d'idées confuses, ne contient pas une pensée sérieuse, son imagination, farcie de sentiments vagues, ne sait pas s'envoler, son cœur ne sait pas aimer.

Ainsi désarmée, la jeune fille est lancée dans une société brillante qui lui montre comme but unique le mariage, comme moyen pour y parvenir la séduction, comme résultat final la permission de faire elle-même ce que, avec envie, elle voit faire aux autres.

Est-il besoin de la raconter, cette histoire qui est celle de tant d'autres? A sa répugnance pour ce qui lui semble un bonheur trop banal dans le mariage, répugnance qui lui fait choisir le célibat agrémenté de flirts, succèdent l'exaspération d'un amour-propre froissé par la désapprobation, l'irritation d'une vanité qui se heurte aux conventions mondaines, enfin un vent de folie qui souffle dans ce cerveau, détraqué par la hantise d'une exaspérante tension à vide, et sur des sens toujours surexcités, jamais assouvis. Le suicide vient au bout de tout cela, pour éviter la chute dans la fange.

Si, à travers cette vigoureuse représentation d'un monde et d'un type, nous cherchons la thèse que Neera a dû certainement entrevoir, nous sommes frappés de voir l'auteur tourner court et se perdre en une revendication assez vague du droit de la femme à l'amour. On aurait pu croire qu'une vision si nette de la position faite à la femme par les mœurs italiennes devait aboutir, chez une italienne de talent, à une protestation féministe, mais Neera a pris soin de nous avertir qu'elle ne voulait pas tirer de conclusion générale des faits qu'elle a analysés. En cela,

elle est d'accord avec la majorité des romanciers de son pays. On trouve bien, il est vrai, que l'homme s'est fait la part trop belle et qu'il faut jeter en pâture aux réclamations de la femme quelque bribe du festin. Qu'on lui donne la liberté d'aimer et qu'elle nous tienne quitte du reste ! Etrange façon de plaider une cause, que de la ravalier ainsi ! Ces prétendus défenseurs, ces soi-disant avocats, dans leur incapacité à comprendre la situation de leur client, sont tout près d'ignorer les plus saints de ses droits, de faire bon marché de ses meilleures raisons, pour ne s'attacher qu'à la plus contestable de ses revendications, et ne s'appuyer que sur les plus discutables arguments.

Le fond de la pensée, chez tous ces romanciers — car c'est d'eux seulement qu'il faut parler ici — c'est que la femme étant faite pour l'amour et rien que pour l'amour, il est inutile de l'étudier à aucun autre point de vue, il est superflu de réclamer pour elle d'autres droits. Liberté, indépendance économique, autorité, justice même, tout ce qui fait la dignité, la gloire des existences masculines, tout ce qui contribue à élever les consciences, à éclairer les esprits, à maintenir l'équilibre des facultés physiques et mentales, tout ce qui, enfin, s'appelle bonheur et mène au progrès, tout cela est pour le sexe fort !

Pas un de ces auteurs ne semble mettre en doute cette inéluctable conclusion, quoique tous n'y arrivent pas par le même chemin. Les uns, comme De Roberto, prouveront que cet état de choses est le résultat d'une longue sélection qui a développé, chez la femme, à l'exclusion de toutes les autres, la capacité d'aimer. D'autres, comme Mathilde Serao, n'auront vu, dans l'âme féminine, que la passion ; d'autres encore, comme Capuana et Rovetta, nous peindront les femmes sous les traits d'un animal pervers, dépourvu de tout sens moral, faisant le mal par plaisir, dans un besoin instinctif d'affirmer sa puissance sur la bête qui est dans l'homme, digne femelle du gorille lascif et cruel que les naturalistes français ont mis à la mode autrefois.

En fin de compte, ces adeptes du vérisme italien ne semblent pas avoir échappé au sort commun de tous les gens



à système, dans la représentation de la femme. Pour n'avoir tenu compte que de l'apparente vérité qui frappait leurs yeux et qu'ils pouvaient contrôler de leurs expériences, ils ont négligé toute cette vérité plus grande et plus réelle, qui se laisse deviner au delà des actes, au delà des paroles, dans le sanctuaire même des âmes, dans le mystère des consciences. Faute de cette intuition, faute de cette divination qui aurait ajouté un sens plus profond, une portée plus haute à leur représentation de la vie matérielle, ils n'ont jamais pu atteindre à la puissance efficace qui permet les véritables créations.

Les personnages de la vie réelle ne nous intéressent pas seulement par ce qu'ils nous montrent de leur personnalité, mais bien plutôt par ce que nous nous plaisons à deviner en eux. Si le roman veut rendre la vie, il faut qu'il apprenne à suggérer, comme elle, au delà du visible, l'invisible, au delà du connu, l'inconnu.

Il appartenait aux psychologues de faire faire au roman un pas de plus vers cette expression complète de la vérité qui semble être son but suprême.

L'esprit italien, très ouvert aux influences étrangères, très prompt à suivre les impulsions reçues avec une indépendance entière de toute entrave routinière, ne manqua pas de prendre part au mouvement général qui fit glisser le roman, du réalisme objectif à une sorte de réalisme subjectif, fait, pour une petite part, d'observation et dans une proportion beaucoup plus grande, d'interprétation. La méthode restait la même, mais elle appliquait aux phénomènes psychiques le même scalpel et le même microscope qui avaient servi à diagnostiquer les cas pathologiques. Il suffisait que, sur cette étude, ainsi élargie, de la nature humaine si complexe, un rayon de génie vienne luire, soit intuition poétique, soit profondeur de synthèse philosophique, soit imagination ailée, pour que l'œuvre brille d'une beauté inattendue. Qu'un philosophe comme Fogazzaro, habitué à généraliser, à tirer des conclusions de l'examen des petits faits particuliers, ou qu'un poète, habile, comme d'Annunzio, à embellir toute chose de l'étincelante magie de sa rutilante palette, s'essaient

à faire du roman psychologique, l'œuvre grande et belle ne pouvait pas manquer de se produire.

Allons-nous trouver ici, dans ces œuvres supérieures, le type achevé, le portrait en pied, la représentation complète de l'Italienne?

Philosophe, Fogazzaro l'est avant tout, pardessus tout, non pas seulement parce qu'il a écrit de très remarquables essais philosophiques, mais parce qu'il n'y a pas un mot, dans toute son œuvre, qui ne porte l'empreinte de cette activité inquiète de la pensée qui s'efforce de concilier les aspirations spiritualistes et mystiques de son âme avec les doctrines positivistes qui ont pénétré dans son intelligence. Philosophe, il l'est comme Pascal, douloureusement, et il s'épuise à faire accorder les théories de Darwin et de Spencer avec ce que la foi du chrétien veut croire encore. Il a trouvé une jolie formule, lorsqu'il a appelé les lois de la sélection, de l'adaptation, de la dégénérescence, le *modus operandi* de la Divinité. Mais la formule ne l'a pas satisfait, car rien ne satisfera cet esprit affamé de certitude et ébloui d'idéal.

Ce dualisme se fera sentir dans la façon dont Fogazzaro entend son art, aussi bien que dans son interprétation du cœur féminin; ce double courant d'idées lui apprendra à respecter le réel, sans ébranler sa conviction en la supériorité de l'idéal; il lui fera adopter le vérisme, qui, dans les descriptions et pour l'exactitude de certains détails, est la base même de son esthétique, mais il lui enseignera à ne pas s'y attarder, à ne poser le pied sur la solide réalité que pour mieux s'envoler, et d'un essor très hardi, dans les régions de l'imagination poétique. Ainsi, quand il a fixé, d'un trait bien caractéristique, la physionomie d'un personnage, ou quand il a photographié un coin de paysage, il reconstruit le reste en l'idéalisant. Le résultat est, le plus souvent, que cette vérité relative nous frappe plus fortement que la plus minutieuse reproduction.

L'excellence de ce procédé n'est nulle part plus sensible que dans la création de certains types féminins, ébauchés avec une vigueur peu commune et une remarquable intuition

suggestive des mobiles secrets de leurs actions, et puis laissés au second plan, comme par une coquetterie de l'auteur. Ces figures, dans la pénombre, acquièrent un relief étonnant qui, parfois, manque aux premiers rôles qui paraissent en pleine lumière. Rappelons, par exemple, la Marchesa Scremin du *Petit Monde d'aujourd'hui*,<sup>2</sup> dont nous ne voyons que la douleur maternelle chrétiennement supportée, et dont nous n'entendons que quelques paroles entrecoupées, mais qui pourtant, grâce à ces quelques traits bien marqués, s'achève dans notre esprit et devient un véritable portrait. Comme pendant, citons aussi une autre vieille dame, la douairière Maironi, du *Petit Monde d'autrefois*,<sup>3</sup> si âpre et si rusée, si blanche et si grasse.

Les passages peints d'après nature donnent de la consistance à ceux qui sont imaginés. Le geste, le ton, la parole vus et observés avec exactitude, mais interprétés subjectivement, donnent à tout ce que l'auteur a mis du sien dans ses personnages, un air de sincérité qui en fait l'unité. Il arrive parfois, bien que rarement, que le personnage ainsi composé d'éléments divers reste vague, faute d'avoir été assez élaboré dans l'esprit de l'auteur, ou parce qu'il y a prévalence d'une partie sur l'autre et que le mélange ne s'est pas fait. C'est le cas, pourtant, de Marina, dans *Malombra*, type de femme troublant, dans lequel on ne comprend pas bien où finit l'hallucination morbide, où commence la passion. Et c'est aussi le cas de Piero Maironi, le mystique tourmenté par les révoltes de la chair.

Ces défauts sont produits, dans l'œuvre de Fogazzaro, par les mêmes causes que ses plus grandes beautés : son insatiable ardeur à saisir tous les côtés d'une question, sa sincérité dans la recherche de la vérité, sa bonne foi prête à tout dire, même ce qui choque son sentiment intime, quand il juge cela nécessaire à l'interprétation d'un caractère.

Démonter un organisme avec l'impartialité d'un savant ; analyser toutes les causes logiques et naturelles qui l'ont fait ce qu'il est, puis démolir toute cette étude par une

<sup>2</sup> *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*.

<sup>3</sup> *Piccolo Mondo Antico*.



affirmation d'un spiritualisme inébranlé; jongler avec les lois de la biologie et de la physiologie, et, après cela, proclamer sa foi en un inconnu qui domine tout, brouille tout, de façon à déjouer toutes nos prévisions de myopes; savoir les tares, les faiblesses, les dégénérescences de la bête humaine, sans jamais perdre de vue l'ange qui l'aiguillonne, voilà ce que, par deux fois au moins, Fogazzaro a accompli et, par deux fois, dans un type de femme. L'une d'elles est Hélène de San Giuliano de *Daniele Cortis*.

Quoi de plus vériste, de plus impitoyablement observé que tout le milieu où elle a grandi, où elle continue à se mouvoir? Des détraqués, des inconscients et même de véritables canailles composent cette société où l'oncle Lao seul, avec son intelligence bornée et sa droiture virile, rappelle les traditions des temps plus honnêtes et plus rudes. Pourquoi Hélène serait-elle meilleure, et plus chaste, et plus noble que ceux qui l'entourent? De quelles tendances a-t-elle hérité? De quels exemples? Quels conseils a-t-elle reçus? Mariée à un homme indigne, dont elle ne peut que rougir, poussée par la tacite approbation de tous les siens vers la faute qu'elle n'a pas commise, mais que des esprits bas croient deviner ou prévoir dans sa tendresse pour Daniele Cortis, pourquoi va-t-elle se briser le cœur dans un sacrifice que nul ne comprend, que personne ne demande d'elle? Pourquoi, renonçant à l'amour à la paix, à la sécurité même de sa vie, s'en ira-t-elle partager l'exil, la misère, la honte du mari qui n'a sur elle aucun droit?

Ne demandons pas à Fogazzaro de nous l'expliquer en un petit sermon moral, mis dans la bouche d'un personnage qui lui servirait de porte-voix; il est bien trop artiste pour cela, il a voulu montrer que notre science n'est rien, et qu'il lui faut s'incliner devant cette énigme de la conscience humaine, levier immense dont nous cherchons en nous-même le point d'appui et qui pourrait bien, une fois ce point d'appui trouvé, soulever et déplacer le monde matériel tout entier.

L'autre type de femme que nous admirons dans Fogazzaro, c'est Louise Maironi, du *Petit Monde d'autrefois*, la création la plus vivante, non seulement de toute l'œuvre de notre auteur, mais peut-être de tout le roman italien.

L'étude de cette femme n'est pas limitée à une crise de sa vie, ni à une série de ses sentiments; nous sommes admis à connaître, de Louise, toutes les tendresses qui, dans son cœur passionné, débordent en affections diverses, sur tous ceux qui l'approchent. Il y en a pour tous, pour sa mère, qui ne la comprend guère, pour son brave homme d'oncle, pour sa délicieuse fillette, pour tous ceux qui ont besoin d'être encouragés, soutenus ou consolés par cette vaillante. Nous pénétrons aussi dans sa pensée, et voyons à l'œuvre cette activité intellectuelle, qui, pour être toujours influencée par son cœur, ne lui est jamais assujettie; car elle juge les personnes qu'elle aime, les idées qu'elle admire, avec une perspicacité et un bon sens qui donnent du caractère et de la solidité à sa physionomie morale, tandis que la clarté et la fermeté de ses opinions sur les grandes questions abstraites de devoir, de justice, de religion en font une individualité très marquée. Aussi, quoique très sagement amoureuse, elle souffrira, en créature spiritualisée, des divergences qui existent entre sa pensée et celle de son mari.

Toute sa tendresse pour lui ne l'empêchera pas de soutenir contre lui — chrétien jusqu'au mysticisme — le droit de la libre volonté et de la justice immédiate et humaine.

L'histoire de son amour, ce n'est pas *seulement* mais c'est *surtout* celle de sa conscience, d'abord triomphante dans la plénitude de vie, dans le sain épanouissement de son activité bonne et féconde, dans le bel équilibre de sa vaillance et de l'idée qu'elle se fait des nombreux devoirs qu'elle accepte, des fins de l'existence qu'elle devine si conformes à son idéal de vertu. Puis, viennent les doutes troublants, les incertitudes douloureuses, quand, pour obtenir un peu de cette justice dont elle a soif, il lui faut froisser des sentiments qu'elle essaye en vain de comprendre, quand il lui faut choisir entre son idéal et celui de Franco, entre ce qu'il croit être juste et ce qu'elle sait être une injustice.

Vienne la douleur, l'affolante douleur de la mère qui, voyant mourir son enfant, se demande si elle n'a pas à se reprocher cette mort: que, là-dessus, l'éloignement du mari bien aimé s'aggrave d'un malentendu amer, et nous verrons

cette âme, atteinte dans les affections qui faisaient sa force, s'affaïsser sous le poids de sa douleur qu'aucune croyance ne l'aide à supporter. Son intelligence, sous le coup terrible, semble s'engourdir, vaciller dans son désespoir, jusqu'à glisser au spiritisme. Sa confiance en elle-même ayant disparu, elle est sur le point de renoncer à tout, de renier l'amour, de se refuser aux devoirs de la vie, quand l'auteur coupe le nœud gordien de la situation par un réveil soudain de l'affection conjugale, par une flambée de bon et puissant amour, où le sentiment et les sens se mêlent, et emportent tous les scrupules, les doutes, les malentendus, dans un accord parfait de deux corps et de deux âmes.

Cette importance donnée au sentiment religieux dans une âme de femme, était presque une nouveauté en Italie. On la discuta peu, mais Fogazzaro y revint, car, malgré l'indifférence du public, le sujet lui paraissait aussi attachant qu'inépuisable.

L'irréligion est, en Italie, fort peu batailleuse, en tant que principe philosophique; elle ne l'est pas beaucoup plus comme opinion politique. Elle est, pour cela, trop inhérente au tempérament national, trop directement descendue de la pensée des grands ancêtres; elle répond trop aux aspirations d'un peuple piqué au flanc par l'obsédant aiguillon de l'énervante revendication du pouvoir temporel. Elle est, surtout, trop assurée du triomphe, dans un état que tout pousse à la révolte contre l'église, pour ne pas savoir attendre patiemment que l'opinion publique suive, en masse, la voie où s'est engagée l'élite des penseurs. Là-dessus, certains observateurs superficiels ont pu croire que l'absence de discussion et le ton de détachement généralement adopté répondaient à un état d'âme commun à tous les Italiens, ce qui n'est vrai qu'en partie; surtout, ils ont cru comprendre que le silence timide et effarouché des femmes était invariablement le résultat de leur indifférence en matière religieuse.

Certes, chez le plus grand nombre d'entre elles, l'habitude, imposée par la mode, encouragée par les prudentes convenances sociales, de paraître désintéressée ou d'affecter



l'ignorance, a produit son effet. Certes, beaucoup de femmes italiennes sont véritablement désintéressées et ignorantes sur ce point. Pour d'autres encore, la routine des pratiques suffit à les bercer d'une confiance somnolente, d'une quiétude volontairement aveugle; mais il y a, parmi elles, comme il y en a toujours eu, quelques esprits plus réellement forts, qui conservent et alimentent le doute et stimulent l'inquiétude, féconde en réflexions et en souffrances. Et ces esprits-là doivent posséder une force peu commune pour résister au courant. La femme surtout, si récemment émancipée de l'esclavage, doit faire effort pour se soustraire à la prépondérance de la pensée masculine, à l'influence des opinions reçues. Soit qu'elle reste religieuse dans un milieu sceptique, soit qu'elle défende sa liberté de conscience dans un milieu bigot, elle fait preuve d'assez de courage pour devenir intéressante aux yeux du psychologue. Celles qui s'efforcent de retenir dans la foi le mari ou l'amant, que le positivisme scientifique séduit, peuvent espérer trouver des auxiliaires; mais celle qui affronte la désapprobation et le blâme, qui risque sa tendresse pour affirmer son indépendance intellectuelle, celle-là est de la race des héroïnes et des martyres.

Fogazzaro a deviné cette crise de l'âme que traversent les femmes intellectuelles autour de lui, et il en a retracé les phases avec une intuition de poète à laquelle se mêle un peu de la piété de l'apôtre.

Sans trop permettre à son esprit religieux de faire pencher la balance du côté où l'entraîne sa conviction, sans fausser la logique et l'observation au gré de ses désirs, il a montré toutes les alternatives, les doutes, les tourments de cette lutte, si cruelle dans sa complexité. De son Hélène de Sangiuliano, de Louise Maironi et de Jeanne Desalle, il a fait trois créations uniques dans la littérature moderne de l'Italie. Elles représentent la tentation du péché, l'appel des tendresses humaines, la voix de l'instinct en opposition avec le piétisme héroïque, ou l'exaltation mystique de Daniele Cortis, de Franco Maironi et de Piero qu'elles aiment; mais, dans ce contraste, elles restent d'une parfaite vérité humaine, et l'auteur ne les fait jamais viles, mesquines, ou

bassement sensuelles, pour soutenir la cause du spiritualisme. Au contraire, on dirait que, mis en garde contre la prévention qu'il aurait pu avoir envers ces incarnations du péché, il a voulu en caresser les contours avec une délicatesse plus tendre, avec un amour plus apitoyé pour la brebis égarée qui cherche sa voie.

De toutes les incarnations de la femme dans le roman italien, c'est celle de D'Annunzio qui a le moins emprunté à la vie réelle.

Que le romancier poète ait fait, un jour, profession de suivre le dogme réaliste, qu'il ait même composé tout un recueil de contes et un roman d'après cette formule, cela ne prouve rien : il a pu se tromper, comme tant d'autres, sur ses véritables aptitudes, il a pu vouloir surprendre le public par un tour de force. Mais que, dans son esprit de poète, de créateur d'images, le vrai, même quand il daigne l'observer, se transforme et se transpose jusqu'à n'être plus reconnaissable, parmi les éléments de pure imagination, c'est ce que tous ses lecteurs ont pu voir. Paysages de rêve, peuplés de figures symboliques, de sons et de couleurs ; évocations de l'insaisissable beauté, de l'intraduisible harmonie, tout y est et tout provient de la même imagination puissante qui méprise le réel et ne le comprend pas. Les femmes qu'il a entrevues, à travers le prisme de sa vision érotique, irisées par son insatiable désir de volupté raffinée, sont des images reflétées par sa pensée, bien plutôt que des êtres vivants.

Ne nous en plaignons pas trop, car, telles qu'elles sont, quelques-unes de ces créations poétiques sont charmantes. Peut être même les plus éthérées, les plus vaporeusement embrumées dans ce rêve sont-elles les plus attirantes, par ce charme-même, d'inachevé et d'irréel, qui stimule l'imagination et désarme la critique. Je pensais, en parlant ainsi, aux *Vierges aux rochers*.

Il nous faut remonter jusqu'au début de sa carrière pour trouver, dans une œuvre exubérante et forte, vibrante de ce sensualisme artistique qui est l'essence même de son talent, des figures de femmes entrevues par D'Annunzio.

Elles ne sont pas, il est vrai, vivantes de la vie réelle, mais très saississantes cependant, comme incarnations d'un idéal tout esthétique et sensuel.

Autour de *L'Enfant de Volupté*,<sup>4</sup> se disputant son cœur et ses désirs, trois formes féminines, trois ombres où se reflètent son imagination pervertie, ses songes d'art, son goût pour les délicatesses mondaines, se dressent comme trois figures dans un triptyque ancien.

L'une est Maria Fleres, la dame de ses pensées les plus hautes, la musicienne, l'artiste qui fait vibrer en lui un sentiment presque chaste, tellement il s'exhale d'elle une influence purificatrice; elle est l'écho de ce qu'il y a encore d'intact en lui, le reflet d'une lumière qui s'éteint dans ce cœur blasé avant l'âge. L'amour que Maria inspire à Andrea Sperelli, c'est le dernier battement d'aile d'un idéal qui va tomber dans la fange, c'est, en lui, le dernier sentiment noble que la luxure viendra étouffer et corrompre.

Elena Muti, la courtisane perverse, la grande dame altérée de sensations inédites, qui se refuse après s'être donnée par un raffinement de dépravation cruelle, qui se promet encore pour se faire mieux désirer, est comme l'ombre, projetée au dehors, de la plus inavouable luxure qui hante le cerveau de son amant.

Entre ces deux amantes, d'Annunzio montre l'amie chastement amoureuse, Francesca d'Ateleta, suave figure de grande dame, qui sait refouler ses larmes et déguiser son amour sous le masque d'une camaraderie indulgente. Profil à peine ébauché, comme si la délicatesse des idées qu'elle représente était effacée dans l'esprit de son ami par d'autres émotions.

Rien de plus vague que la psychologie de ces femmes que l'auteur n'a voulu voir qu'à travers les nerfs de son héros, qu'il n'a voulu considérer que comme des émanations de son moi et des réverbérations de sa pensée. Pourtant elles ressortent singulièrement, ces trois figures, elles ont le relief des ouvrages de maître. Par quel miracle de l'art, ces fantômes qu'aucun souffle de véritable émotion n'anime, peuvent-ils avoir ainsi l'apparence de la vie?

<sup>4</sup> *Piacere*.



Cela vient peut-être de ce que le poète qu'est D'Annunzio, et l'érudit qu'il veut être, ont saisi la note caractéristique, le trait significatif qui marque la race, révèle l'origine, l'hérédité, fixe dans le temps et dans l'espace une figure, même la plus idéalisée. Les femmes de D'Annunzio sont, malgré le vague de leur personnalité psychique, malgré la nébulosité de leur contour, de véritables Italiennes et des Italiennes de nos jours. Sous le déguisement du costume tailleur de Redfern, sous le cosmopolitisme des phrases anglaises et des termes de sport, malgré la tasse de thé si savamment préparée, Elena Muti est l'héritière directe des Borgia et des Médicis, par cette nuance même de la perversion, plus cérébrale encore que sensuelle, par ces goûts artistiques innés en elle et alimentés par un insatiable besoin de sensations esthétiques. Elle est du pays où les poignards ont été, de tout temps, ciselés comme des bijoux, pour charmer les yeux des meurtriers.

Elle est bien italienne aussi, cette donna Maria Fleres, statue antique, casquée d'une opulente chevelure noire, sur qui les vêtements modernes semblent se draper en plis marmoréens; italienne, surtout, dans cette façon vibrante et passionnée qu'elle a d'interpréter la musique, d'évoquer en images plastiques les sensations qu'elle en reçoit. En dépit de la noblesse et de la pureté acquises de ses sentiments, son tempérament de méridionale fera irruption dans toutes les formes de sa tendresse, elle sera, tour à tour, mère, amie et amante, avec la même chaleur d'âme un peu ingénue, le même entraînement qui la livre sans défense à la trahison d'Andrea, mais qui la rend sacrée aux yeux de Francesca.

C'est qu'elle a toutes les noblesses, cette Francesca D'Ateleta. Il suffirait de bien saisir le contour, à peine indiqué, et les nuances exquises des tons, estompés à peine, de ce portrait, pour entendre les différences subtiles, mais essentielles, qui distinguent la grande dame italienne de toute autre. C'est quelque chose de plus personnel et de moins recherché dans le ton et dans les manières, de plus large dans le geste, de plus libre dans l'allure, de plus marqué dans le sourire, de plus hardi dans le regard; c'est

aussi une instinctive horreur pour tout ce qui est banal ou vulgaire, une appréciation plus spontanée du beau dans l'art, de l'harmonie dans la nature, de tout ce qui fait l'élégance et la distinction de la vie. Il a fallu des siècles de poésie courtoise, d'amour sublimé dans *La Vita Nuova*, et dans les chants des Pétrarquistes; il a fallu la vie brillante des cours, l'éducation esthétique, transmise de génération en génération, par la vue des chefs-d'œuvre; il a fallu le tribut d'admiration et d'amour, payé par tant de peuples, pour produire cette fleur de grâce et de distinction, ce parfum à la fois très capiteux et très délicat qui émane de la *Signora*.

Et Francesca d'Ateleta a, par excellence, cette intraduisible *gentilezza* italienne. C'est une politesse sincère, exprimant des sentiments vrais, avec l'art qui ferait accepter les mensonges, une pitié tendre qui se voile d'un sourire, par crainte de froisser, une sympathie qui se laisse deviner, quelque chose de très difficile à traduire en paroles, mais de délicieux à sentir, dans la grâce, attirante sans affectation et réservée sans raideur, des femmes d'élite qui savent unir aux traditions du passé le charme du raffinement moderne.

Mais il y a, dans l'œuvre de D'Annunzio, un caractère de femme plus complet et plus grand, parce que l'auteur y a mis quelque chose de plus que son talent : un peu de son cœur. C'est — on le devine — de Foscarina que j'entends parler.

Elle est, cette grande tragédienne, comme macérée dans le parfum des belles choses d'art qu'elle a interprétées; elle est comme imprégnée des amours qu'elle a subies, embaumée de l'encens qu'on a brûlé pour elle. Il y a en elle, comme dans l'antique Venise dont les crépuscules rutilants et l'automne doré lui servent de cadre, le charme infini des choses qui vont passer.

Cette beauté évanescence de ce qui a été beaucoup aimé, et de ce que l'on s'attend à voir disparaître, D'Annunzio l'a chantée en un merveilleux poème en prose, en une de ces symphonies, enivrantes de sensations très vives rendues avec une délicatesse inouïe, que nous avons pu trouver déjà dans quelques-uns de ses ouvrages. Mais ce qui nous enchante ici, ce qui fait de cette création une innovation pleine

de promesses, c'est que tout cela n'est que l'accompagnement d'un chant d'amour, de douleur et de sacrifice. Ce thème tout nouveau chez l'auteur nous surprend encore d'autre part par un caractère plus frappant d'italianisme.

Foscarina est Italienne, et sa passion est italienne. Dans le plus atroce déchirement de cette âme, qui a voulu le sacrifice par amour, nous retrouverons cette ampleur du geste, ce souci de la beauté, ce frisson de poésie vécue, cet oubli du réel dans la vision de l'idéal, cette révolte de la chair longtemps triomphante, qui nous frappent comme des traits d'une incontestable originalité, mais aussi comme une image très fidèle de ce que, par expérience ou par observation, nous connaissons de l'âme féminine italienne.

Le poète, encore, une fois, a précédé l'observateur, dans la découverte des mystères du cœur.

N'aurait-il pas aussi indiqué le chemin à suivre? Ne serait-ce pas là la formule qui permettra de déchiffrer cette énigme de la conscience nationale encore incomprise? Faudrait-il, pour peindre la femme italienne, négliger tous les traits qui la font ressembler aux autres, et ne s'attacher qu'à ce qui la différencie et la particularise?

C'est ce qu'un avenir très proche nous montrera, car dans la vigoureuse poussée de l'activité littéraire en Italie, les œuvres se suivent de près et, peut-être, déjà au moment où nous parlons, elle fleurit et s'épanouit en quelque forme imprévue et charmante, cette fleur de grâce et de beauté: *La Femme italienne idéalisée dans le Roman italien*.

JOSEPH SPENCER KENNARD



## FRAGONARDESQUE

**D**ID he tell his love-tale to you  
On his knees?  
Did he pay those kisses due you,  
Sweet marquise?  
Ah, those summer-evening hours  
All too fleet,  
When the rose-leaves fell in showers  
At your feet!  
On the velvet sward is lying  
Silent lute;  
And the blackbird's song, slow-dying,  
Now is mute.  
Will he swear his love-vow later,  
When appears  
(O'er the statue of the satyr  
Gay, that leers)  
A great silver-mellow bubble  
Of a moon?  
Lady, kisses are no trouble!  
All too soon  
Will he slake his passion's fire  
Of the night,  
Losing all his wild desire  
In the light  
That Aurora brings Apollo  
With the rein,  
When her golden coursers follow  
Him again.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

## SHADOWS

WHERE my still lamp-flame's poppy-bloom  
Lights the still evening steadily,  
In the bright comfort of my room  
I sit with my embroidery:  
All of my own sleep safe and near —  
Why do my hurried feet retrace  
The shaded room in sudden fear,  
To know secure each sleeping face?  
(Oh, crossing, pacing hopelessly,  
From vacant chair to vacant bed  
Some broken woman mourns the dead  
Whom even dead she may not see.)

Across the street-lamp's lighted ring,  
Perhaps to make the way less long,  
Some harmless lad, night-wandering,  
Goes calling out a foolish song:  
My hand flings out to blot the light,  
My heart leaps, causelessly afraid —  
Yet why should Fear, on this calm night,  
From that old foolish song be made?  
(But some poor woman shuddering,  
Crouched in the room that dares no light,  
Below her window hears tonight  
The wolves of riot howl and sing.)

My day has passed, assured, serene,  
In merriment and gentleness;  
For how across its calm routine  
Could lie a shadow of distress?  
Yet all the softly passing day  
Has quivered in a horror-breath  
As though, beneath its seeming, lay  
Despair and agony and death —  
(God, help those in extremity,  
Whose grief and terror like a breath  
Throw shadowings of fear and death  
Over my peace and over me!)

MARGARET WIDDEMER

## SPENSERIAN BIOGRAPHY

### A Note on the Vagaries of Scholarship

**D**URING the last twenty or thirty years, Spenserian scholarship, measured quantitatively at least, has certainly reached a high-water mark. There have been several respectable editions of the poet's works, prefaced, introduced, annotated, and appendicized; there have been volumes large and small, on the *Faerie Queene*, on individual books of the *Faerie Queene*, and on the minor poems collectively and severally; and there have been at least a hundred short monographs in the learned periodicals. This remarkable activity seems to be occasioned in part by Spenser's inherent greatness, in part by the exhaustion, supposed or actual, of Elizabethan drama as a field for research, and a consequent turning to the non-dramatic literature of the period, and in part by the growing interest in Spenserian influences, especially in the Eighteenth Century; and, when the movement was once underway, the romantic lure of a forest of theories where any scholar-errant might break a lance for a pet notion without much probability of his being proved definitely wrong, had its certain effect on some of the doughtier souls. As a result, Spenserian research is the habitat of the *Tendenzschrift*, of learning-with-an-ulterior-motive. Spenser, with charming facility, has been "proved" an Imperialist, a Socialist, an Anglican, and a radical Puritan. Such a conglomeration gives one pause. Furthermore, not only have theories been constructed in the flimsiest fashion, building inference upon hypothesis to a dizzy height of ultimate conjecture; but, even more disturbing, some of the scant basis of seeming fact, accepted by even the most conservative scholars, has been swept from under foot; and again, the turning up of a chance bit of new evidence has proved that a theory, long since branded as dubious, was actually correct. Thus even the most careful investigators are sometimes put to rout: in fact, one can often reach only tentative conclusions based on the nice evaluation of interlocking or opposing probabilities. Those who are less disturbed by these qualms continue meantime to tilt wind-mills in Arcadia, while their



more fearful brethren execute painful excursions over a small acreage — with the unhappy chance of ending just where they began.

The corpus of Spenser's writings is largely to blame. Even waiving the uncertainty of his canon, the critic finds his indubitable works loose allegories, decentralized in plan, incoherent in allegorical relationships, and equivocal in interpretation. What keys we have are of little use. The enigmatic glosses to the *Shepherd's Calendar* are as much a puzzle as a help. The Spenser-Harvey correspondence and the letter to Raleigh on the *Faerie Queene* raise more questions than they answer. We are assured that the *Faerie Queene* is Queen Elizabeth, that Belpheobe, moreover, is Queen Elizabeth; and the royal virgin is mentioned also *in propria persona*. Perhaps Redcrosse stands for the same person as Arthur; and the Blatant Beast may be first cousin to Archimago. Is Duessa Mary Queen of Scots, or the Church of Rome, or something or someone else? Conjecture starts rampant; and we find ourselves trying to interpret the *Faerie Queene* either in the light of Spenser's political and religious opinions, of which we know little in detail, or in the light of particular intrigues of Elizabeth's court, which we cannot be sure apply: in the one case, we are solving one unknown quantity by equating it with another; in the other, we are equating two quantities which may not equal each other at all. Certainly Spenser's biography, the events of his life and the details of his mental outlook, would answer many puzzling questions. It was the discovery that Spenser was secretary to the Bishop of Rochester that gave definition to his religious attitude; and a few more such windfalls would bring scholarship a long way toward an accurate interpretation of the *Faerie Queene*. Spenser's biography is the *crux* of the matter, and biography is the field in which Spenserian investigation has advanced more than in any other. To review this advance, therefore, seems worth while, and to make a rapid summary of recent contributions to the chief problems. The present paper offers no new facts or theories: it aims rather to give a

comparative view of those already offered; and, indeed, when the bibliography of a subject has reached such a complexity that one scholar can publish a whole book on *The Shepheardes Calender* quite oblivious to a discovery some years before that threw a flood of light upon its meaning, and when an eminent Elizabethan can seriously rehearse a biographical myth that had been quite exploded two years earlier, then surely there is some excuse for a rapid survey of the state of learned opinion.

The dark biographical hints contained in several of Spenser's minor poems have proved an irresistible lure to many scholarly theorists. The interpretation of the *Muiopotmos*, for instance, has called forth ingenuity that would be more convincing, if it were not so varied in results. In 1910, J. C. Smith equated the Spider with Spenser.<sup>1</sup> During the same year, Nadal declared that the poem had no allegorical sense at all, and was a mere recension of Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*.<sup>2</sup> Manly dissented sharply;<sup>3</sup> and Long tried to make the Spider Lady Carey, and Clarion Spenser.<sup>4</sup> In 1916, Miss Lyons undertook to disprove everything that both Nadal and Long had said, and found the poem an allegory of Raleigh's life.<sup>5</sup> Meanwhile, Reed Smith had accepted Nadal's theory, and added the influence of Ovid to that of Chaucer;<sup>6</sup> and Emerson had accepted Long's theory, and built upon it an interpretation of the *Visions*, declaring that Spenser intended to "relate the whole to Lady Carey."<sup>7</sup> Have the minor poems any biographical influence? If so, what is it? The *Muiopotmos* surely presents a maelstrom of uncertainty.

In the case of the *Amoretti*, the majority of scholars do not find very much biography. Sir Sidney Lee long

<sup>1</sup> *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, V, 279 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXV, 646 ff.

<sup>3</sup> *Mod. Phil.*, IX, 217 ff.

<sup>4</sup> *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, IX, 457 ff. Long gives a more complete survey of the early history of the problem.

<sup>5</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXXI, 90 ff.

<sup>6</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XXVIII, 82 ff.

<sup>7</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXXII, 306 ff.

since pointed out that Elizabethan sonnet-sequences are too highly conventionalized and too imitative of foreign models to contain a great deal of authentic biography; and his conclusions, as applied to Spenser, have been largely accepted by Kastner,<sup>8</sup> J. C. Smith,<sup>9</sup> Fletcher,<sup>10</sup> and others, who have pointed out prototypes for passages short and long, in the English, French, Latin, and Hellenistic Greek. Long dissents sharply; but there seems no doubt that, whatever biographical facts, if any, lie behind the *Amoretti*, Spenser conventionalized them very freely; and it is certainly unsafe for us to read into them any very definite meaning.

Of all the minor poems, however, the one over which the battle has been fiercest is *The Shepheardes Calender*, and especially over the question of Spenser's "Rosalind," her connection with alleged origin of the Spenser family in North-East Lancashire, and with the place of writing of the *Calender* itself. The Rosalind-saga has a long history, well worthy of summary. The lady appears, it will be remembered, as "The Widdowes daughter of the glenne," who had apparently jilted Spenser in favor of another. "E. K.," who doubtless speaks for the author, calls her "a Gentlewoman of no meane house," and suggests that Rosalind is an anagram of her real name. Some two hundred years of learning have produced a dozen conflicting solutions.<sup>11</sup> In the latter Seventeenth Century, Aubrey, on the evidence of a dubious tradition, made her a kinswoman of Sir John Dryden's, and placed her in the Cotswold Hills. In 1758, Church postulated a Rose Linde, and located her in Kent because of the presumed frequency of that surname in the Kentish records. Malone turned the anagram into Eliza Horden, also of Kent. In 1850, Halpin resolved it into Rose Daniel, wife of John Florio and sister to the poet; but there is no record that Mistress Florio's maiden name

<sup>8</sup> *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, III, 268 ff; IV, 65 ff.

<sup>9</sup> *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, V, 273 ff.

<sup>10</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XVIII, 111-113. See also *Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXVI, 521, and *Am. Jour. of Phil.*, XXXIV, 125.

<sup>11</sup> A longer summary of this material appears in Higginson's *Shepheardes Calender*, Col. diss., 209 ff.



was Daniel or that Samuel Daniel had a sister called Rose. Fleay identified Rosalind with Rose Dinley, and tried to show her one of the Dinleys of Worcestershire.

Meanwhile, a new supposition, interlocking with others, was gaining acceptance. In 1842, F. C. Spencer, on the authority of a tradition, identified the poet's family with the Spensers resident near Pendle Hill in North-East Lancashire. Craik was inclined to accept the evidence in 1845; Collier passed it on in 1873; and Church, in 1879. Grosart promulgated Spenser's Lancashire connection as a fact, proceeded to identify Rosalind with the Dinley family of that region, and wove a pretty romance about Spenser's return to the ancestral home after leaving the University, about his love affair with Rosalind, and his composition of the *Calender* in the "north-parts"—which Grosart took to mean the Pendle region. All this he supported by pointing out that the Lancastrine Spensers commonly spelled their names with an *s*, that the *Calender* reflects Lancastrine scenery, and that it shows the influence of Lancastrine dialect.<sup>12</sup> His work passed as accurate scholarship for a generation; but, in 1908, Long pointed out that the Elizabethans spelled their names erratically at best, that the scenery might fit a hundred other spots as well as the Pendle country, or that it might be an utter figment of the imagination; and he showed, by taking the words beginning with A and B in Grosart's list, that the dialect as a whole was not peculiarly Lancastrine.<sup>13</sup> More recent investigation of all the words involved shows that most of them seem to have been taken from Middle English or Middle Scots, and a number from dialects, chiefly northern, but more often from Yorkshire than from Lancashire. There are also a few foreign loans and a few coinages and variants, caused apparently by the exigencies of the verse.<sup>14</sup> Long's constructive argument, which tries to substitute Eliza North, daughter of the translator of Plutarch, for Rose Dinley, and to locate the courtship and the composition of the *Calender*

<sup>12</sup> Higginson, 293 ff.

<sup>13</sup> *Anglia*, XXXI, 72 ff.

<sup>14</sup> See Draper in *Jour. of Eng. and Ger. Phil.*, Oct., 1919.

in Cambridge, is not very convincing: in 1579, Thomas North was certainly alive; and, even if we follow Long in making "Widdowes daughter" mean widower's daughter, yet we have no certain proof that Mrs. North was dead at the time. Furthermore, if the poem was composed in Cambridge, why did Spenser use only three East Anglian expressions, and two of those wrong?

One further theory has been advanced, first by Keightley in 1859,<sup>15</sup> later, with variations, by Fletcher:<sup>16</sup> Rosalind was a creation of Spenser's pure imagination: the glosse either does not mean what it seems to say, or was written intentionally to mislead. Lee's theory that the heroines of the Elizabethan sonnet-sequences are stuff o' dreams, has borne this out; the contemporary fashion of Platonic love certainly strengthens the case; and the discovery by Kluge,<sup>17</sup> Reissert,<sup>18</sup> and Mustard,<sup>19</sup> of extensive borrowings, as in the case of the *Amoretti*, suggests that the poems were governed by literary convention rather than biographical fact. The Rosalind problem is unsolved, and seems likely to remain so. Higginson wisely refrains from adding a new hypothesis to the accumulation. Perhaps Spenser's advances were repulsed by a lady the letters of whose name form the anagram Rosalind; perhaps the poet was only following the same convention that dictated an *Orlando Furioso*. Granted that the lady existed in flesh and blood, one may look for her in the Cotswold Hills, or in Lancashire, or in Cambridge—or wherever labor and ingenuity can find her a resting-place. The "North part" where the *Calender* was supposed to be written may be Lancashire, or Yorkshire, or Cambridge—or perhaps the poet was at court, or staying with my Lord Rochester: the "North parts" may be as much a poetic fiction as Rosalind herself.

Somewhat more satisfying are the conclusions of the

<sup>15</sup> *Fraser's Mag.*, LX, 410 ff.

<sup>16</sup> *Ency. Amer.*, sub Spenser.

<sup>17</sup> *Anglia*, III, 266 ff.

<sup>18</sup> *Anglia*, IX, 205 ff.

<sup>19</sup> *Am. Jour. Phil.*, XXX, 245; XXXIX, 193; and *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XXXV, 371.

work on Spenser and the Areopagus. In 1825, Masterman implied a rather close personal relation between Spenser and Sidney.<sup>20</sup> By 1873, Collier felt certain of intimacy.<sup>21</sup> By '79, Church inferred literary influence, and blamed Sidney for Spenser's "affectation."<sup>22</sup> Schelling conjectured with Grosart that the opinions, if not the text, of Sidney's *Defense of Poetry* are largely Spenser's.<sup>23</sup> So the story grew by a sort of epic agglutination. From a chance reference in the Spenser correspondence, a literary club was discovered to which Sidney, Spenser, Harvey, perhaps Fulke Greville, and others, were supposed to have belonged. Lee accepted it in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; Fletcher linked it with the Pléiade, of which he declared it a copy;<sup>24</sup> and Dodge, in the Cambridge edition, devoted to it a learned paragraph, discussed its tenets in the light of Ascham's *Schoolmaster* and the controversy over rhyme and quantity in English verse.<sup>25</sup> But in 1908, Maynadier played devil's advocate, analyzed the scant foundation of fact, and showed that there could hardly have been any organized club. In fact, we have no reason to suppose a greater intimacy between Spenser and Sidney than the conditions of Elizabethan patronage would imply; and the name Areopagus was probably used only for mock-heroic epistolary effect.<sup>26</sup> Most Spenserians now accept this conservative attitude: Long refers to the name as "a mere figure of speech";<sup>27</sup> and Higginson finds the literary theories of Spenser and "E. K." at variance with those of Sidney.<sup>28</sup> The subject is hardly closed; but at least a certain balance of probability, according to the evidence now at hand, has been achieved.

Even more positive has been the scholarly verdict in the matter of the Bryskett *Dialogues*. This volume con-

<sup>20</sup> Ed. of Spenser, x-xi.

<sup>21</sup> Ed. of Spenser, lxviii.

<sup>22</sup> Ed. of Spenser, 23.

<sup>23</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, V, 273 ff.

<sup>24</sup> *Jour. of Eng. and Ger. Phil.*, II, 429 ff.

<sup>25</sup> Ed. of Spenser, xiv-xv.

<sup>26</sup> *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, IV, 289 ff.

<sup>27</sup> *Anglia*, XXXVIII, 174.

<sup>28</sup> Higginson, *op. cit.*, 280.



tains conversations of a quasi-philosophical nature purporting to have taken place at the cottage of one Lodowick Bryskett near Dublin during or about 1582. Spenser was one of the chief figures; and his biographers have used rather extensively the *obiter dicta* there recorded. Buck tried to fit them to the "new facts concerning the life of Spenser" that he discovered in 1904.<sup>29</sup> Hales, two years later, did not question their biographical value.<sup>30</sup> Dodge also accepted them.<sup>31</sup> Skepticism, however, was not absent. Harman evolved a new Baconian theory in 1914, and tried to show that Bacon wrote the *Dialogues*, and so palmed off his philosophy as Spenser's. The solution of the problem came the next year. Erskine discovered that the volume was a translation from the Italian of Giraldis's *Dialoghi della Vita Civile*, where the material that was credited to Spenser in the English version, appeared, phrase for phrase, in the mouth of Tasso.<sup>32</sup> As an historical source, the *Dialogues* are gone past hope of redemption.

Less easy of final solution are the problems that relate to the Spenserian canon. For the most part, they resolve themselves into two questions: Did Spenser write the *Visions of Bellay* and the *Visions of Petrarch*; and what has become of his "lost works"? The two sets of *Visions* were first published in 1569 by Van der Noot in *The Theatre of Worldlings*, and later republished, apparently in revised form, in Spenser's volume of *Complaints*. Craik in 1845,<sup>33</sup> and Collier in 1873,<sup>34</sup> accepted the *Visions*, and raised no question on the matter. In 1891, Koeppel applied various "æsthetic" tests to the style and versification, and proved to his own satisfaction that Spenser could not have written the earlier form.<sup>35</sup> Six years later, Fletcher attacked his theory, and showed that, so far as the tests of

<sup>29</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XIX, 237-8.

<sup>30</sup> Ed. of Spenser, xxxii ff.

<sup>31</sup> Ed. of Spenser, xxvii.

<sup>32</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXX, 831 ff.

<sup>33</sup> *Spenser and his Poetry*, 17-18.

<sup>34</sup> Ed. of Spenser, xxii.

<sup>35</sup> *Eng. Stud.*, XV, 53 ff.

diction and metre applied, they pointed to Spenser's authorship.<sup>36</sup> Koepfel's reply is not very convincing;<sup>37</sup> and the two most recent contributions to periodical literature on the subject, one by Friedland<sup>38</sup> and a re-statement by Fletcher,<sup>39</sup> both agree that Spenser probably wrote the *Visions* published by Van der Noot.

Spenser's "lost works" furnish a more complex problem. His letters give a list of titles which do not appear to correspond to the titles of any of the works that we possess. Are these works lost, or were they intentionally suppressed? Some of the titles may apply to certain of his minor poems published under other names; or perhaps the material was later woven into the episodic narrative of the *Faerie Queene*. Todd, Masterman, and Craik tried to equate the "lost works" with poems or parts of poems already known. Collier seems in tacit disagreement; and Church stated both possibilities indifferently. Grosart suggested an equation between Sidney's *Defense* and *The English Poet*, one of Spenser's "lost works." More recently, the study of Spenser's political and religious affiliations has made Buck put forward the theory that most of them were suppressed for fear of offending Burleigh.<sup>40</sup> Miss Sandison, in a carefully compiled rejoinder, suggested several other possible reasons, but was much more inclined to accept the old attitude and to find in the *Faerie Queene* "a vast repository for earlier productions."<sup>41</sup>

A few minor problems of canon remain. Miss Scott refers to commendatory verses by Spenser in Sir Lewis Lewkenor's translation, published in 1599, of Cardenal Contareno's *Commonwealth of Venice*, and in Jones' translation of Nenna's *Treatise of Nobility*.<sup>42</sup> Buck has discussed an early manuscript version of the *Complaints*, and tried to

<sup>36</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XIII, 409 ff.

<sup>37</sup> *Eng. Stud.*, XXVII, 100 ff.

<sup>38</sup> *Jour. of Eng. and Ger. Phil.*, XII, 449 ff.

<sup>39</sup> *Jour. of Eng. and Ger. Phil.*, XIII, 305 ff.

<sup>40</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXIII, 80 ff.

<sup>41</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XXV, 134 ff.

<sup>42</sup> *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, XIV, 499, 544.

prove the Spenserian authorship of two sonnets attributed by Grosart to Breton.<sup>43</sup> De Sélincourt, moreover, has attributed to Spenser *The Lay of Clorinda*, usually ascribed to the Countess of Pembroke;<sup>44</sup> and Long has tried to show it an early work that went into the making of Spenser's *Astrophel*.<sup>45</sup> As our knowledge of Elizabethan literature grows, new questions arise, and solutions are slowly reached.

The facts of the poet's biography are scanty; and, as the foregoing problems attest, there are wide lacunæ of uncertainty. In the less definite matter of his thoughts and opinions, the scholar is no better off. Finally, at the expense of much printing, the problem of Spenser's religion has reached conclusions apparently safe and sane. In 1879, Church declared that the three ecclesiastical eclogues in the *Shepherd's Calendar* were "part of that manifold and varied scheme of Puritan aggression on the established ecclesiastical order of England"; and he compared them to the Marprelate tracts and the sermons of Cartwright.<sup>46</sup> In 1900, Miss Winstanley found Spenser an extreme Puritan, Calvinistic in theology and inimical to the episcopacy.<sup>47</sup> In 1907, a book came to light that had formed a part of Gabriel Harvey's library; and in it appeared the inscription: "Ex dono Edmundi Spenseri Episcopi Roffensis Secretarii, 1578."<sup>48</sup> That Spenser was secretary to the Bishop of Rochester about the time of writing the *Calendar* threw all this theory to the winds; and the London *Athenaeum*<sup>49</sup> and the *Nation*<sup>50</sup> declared him a thorough-going Anglican. Hunt took up the matter in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and found that Spenser was somewhat Calvinistic, but favored the Episcopacy.<sup>51</sup> Padelford,<sup>52</sup> Hughes,<sup>53</sup> and Higginson, have taken up the matter at some length, noting, on the one hand, his Calvinism and, on the other hand, his satire of the Puri-

<sup>43</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XXII, 41 ff.

<sup>44</sup> *Spenser's Minor Poems*, Oxf., 1910, xxxv.

<sup>45</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XXXI, 79 ff.

<sup>46</sup> *Spenser*, 43.

<sup>47</sup> *Mod. Lang. Quart.*, III, 6, 103.

<sup>48</sup> *Proc. of Brit. Acad.*, 1907-8, 103 ff.

<sup>49</sup> Dec. 7, 1907, 732.

<sup>50</sup> Nov. 21, 1912, 486.



tans in the *Faerie Queene* as the "Blatant Beast." There can be no doubt that he disapproved of the Anabaptists and the extreme Protestant sects; and yet he was far from Catholicism either Anglican or Roman. Writing about a year ago, Tolman seems to have hit the happy compromise when he described Spenser as a "low churchman."<sup>54</sup>

A full discussion of Spenser's religious opinions would lead into the much contended interpretation of his allegories, and on into the intrigues of Elizabeth's court; and the present paper does not aim to follow the hypothetical outline of Spenser's political aspirations as various critics have found it suggested in his allegories. The skein is tangled; and the results, for the most part, uncertain. Indeed, uncertainty is the key-note of most Spenserian scholarship. The Rosalind problem has produced a mass of conjecture and little else. In the case of the Areopagus, conservative opinion has abandoned the belief in an organized club; and the Bryskett *Dialogues* are definitely exploded as a source; but Spenser's canon still raises questions — even though one accept his authorship of the earlier form of the *Visions* and agree that his "lost works" form fragments of the *Faerie Queene*. Religiously, he seems to have been a low-churchman; but the details of his connection with Canterbury, the "Algrind" of the *Calender*, and with Rochester are not all filled in. Exact scholarship is slowly sifting out what we know from theories and hypotheses. Much of Grosart's monumental work has been weighed, found wanting, and painstakingly amended. Conclusive evidence is often lacking, and then we can only compare probabilities, and hope for the discovery of a new document.

Unfortunately the material summarized in this paper is not widely known outside the circle of Spenserian scholars; for it is scattered through two score articles in the old files of learned periodicals, English, German, and American.

<sup>51</sup> *Bib. Sac.*, LXVII, 39 ff.

<sup>52</sup> *Mod. Phil.*, XI, 85; XII, 1; XIV, 31.

<sup>53</sup> *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, XIII, 267 ff.

<sup>54</sup> *Mod. Phil.*, XV, 549.

The Lancashire story, for example, is still very widely accepted. Grosart's imposing array of pseudo-evidence continues to propagate it. Hales followed him blindly in 1906; and Dodge in 1908, the year of Long's *exposé*. Even as late as 1910, Schelling was still taking it for granted.<sup>55</sup> Higginson's book may do something to bring the matter to more general attention, although its credit is injured by a serious lapse in bibliography.<sup>56</sup> Cory's volume may also prove useful; but, unfortunately, that author is so bent on reading Socialism into Spenser that the reader is inclined to doubt even the substantial part of the work. A thorough biography, written after a judicial weighing of the results of recent scholarship, still awaits the writing; and, until such a complete and painstaking volume appears, the literary public has but small chance of correcting the mass of misapprehensions that now compose the *Life of Edmund Spenser*.

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<sup>55</sup> Schelling, F. E., *English Literature during the Lifetime of Shakespeare*. New York, 1910, 45.

<sup>56</sup> See *Jour. of Eng. and Ger. Phil.*, XIII, 344 ff.

## RETURNED FROM FRANCE

**L** EFT foot! Right foot! . . . . So, the parting's over!  
Trailing through the fragrant dusk, arm in arm  
again.

Left foot! Right foot! . . . jessamine and clover  
And dripping scent of lilac-musk after the rain!

Once you would have laughed along with a merry madness;  
Once you would have flung your song high on its wing;  
Once you would have thought it wrong, Dear, in your  
gladness  
Not to have thrilled to the pulse of the Spring.

Left foot! Right foot! . . . . Life brings many changes.  
Maybe you are thinking I am not just the same  
As in the dream-days of the blue-purple ranges,  
When we lit our altars by the sunset's flame.

Heigh-o, nonny-o, . . . well, we are together!  
Little matters that the glow may have left Life's hue,  
Or that dreams and passion go drifting down Life's heather.  
Left foot! Right foot! . . . Still, I have *You*!

MARION FRANCIS BROWN



## THE LEAF

(After the French of Antoine-Vincent Arnault.)

“FROM thy slender stem broken,  
O leaf, give me token  
And sign of thy way.”

“Forever unknowing,  
I never can say  
Whence the wind will be blowing;  
I never can tell  
What road I am going,  
What way I am going,  
Or upland, or dell,  
Or seaward a-blowing.

“Since the oak was storm-broken,  
I have no token  
Or sign of my way;  
Not fearing, not knowing,  
I never gainsay  
The will of the wind;  
For all things are blowing;  
The rose-leaf as well,  
And the laurel-leaf 's going,  
With me all are going  
Or upland or dell —  
Where the wind is a-blowing.”

EDWIN J. MORGAN

## SPANISHING HANS

STRANGERS are always welcomed in Terassa, because it must never be said against Spain that one of her humblest towns would ever be unkind to someone; but Hans seemed very unusual there, and, in a few of the older Terassans, opinions would not stay silent. Raméro, who had maintained year after year that he was two hundred years old, said that no German should be permitted to stay, and cited many dreadful actions of the Moors, who, he mentioned, had been positive foreigners before they came to Spain; and the next-oldest citizen, Raméro's grandson, was reported to have said: "Germans are disreputable." But Padre Pedro, whose justice never failed in matters of dispute, said that Hans must be treated with kindness until he was better known, especially as he was under the difficulty of a foreign tongue.

When he came, he could say but two words in Spanish, *pan* and *vino*. Soon afterward, he learned *yo*, which was natural enough because it was so similar to *ja* — in its own way, though of so different possibilities. And, before three days were out, he said to Padre Pedro, on the highway: "*Como te sienta?*"

Old Rosa was sitting on her doorstep at the time, and exclaimed loudly, as the padre sat down beside her: "Shall he say *thou* to *you*?"

"If he understood, I am glad he wishes to be affectionate," replied the padre, "and if he did not know, shall your thoughts be harsh to a new Terassan?"

Now that Hans was one year old among them, he was respected to the extent that if a stranger, or someone from another town, spoke against him, there was great indignation; but there were still some dislikes and prejudices left in certain quarters. For instance, Rosa, whose character was not above jealousy where the padre was concerned, did not hesitate to talk freely in his disfavor; whereas Inés, who for years had been considered malicious, was so strong in his behalf that Rosa felt justified in reproving her before witnesses.

"A woman of eighty," she said, "should not be so friv-

olous about a young man of twenty or twenty-two, and who is a coward at that."

"Come, Rosa!" cried Inés. "I am but your own age, and, despite your appearance, you are under eighty! And who knows that he is a coward?"

"It is known that he ran from Germany to avoid the army!" said Rosa.

"Come, come!" interrupted the padre, who had overheard this quarrel, "you would run yourself to avoid an army!"

"I am a woman of courage," cried Rosa, "and you have reason to know it, on account of that time when I so kindly went with you to Barcelona, and was put in jail for hitting the soldier! You know yourself that he was six feet tall, and yet he did not hit me back, the coward, although I am so pitifully thin and old! And you know also that I showed courage while in prison, terrified as I was, for I would not be a craven, or ask anybody's pardon like the rest of the jail-birds! The whole afternoon, I did not say one pleasant thing!"

"That I know, Rosa," said the padre, "but what has it to do with Hans's merit?"

Yet he appreciated that there was some excuse for coldness toward Hans, for Toninio, the master of the fields where the padre's thirty little boys planted the poppies, had for a whole generation been the only man in Terassa who had golden hair. Yet even this resentment was quieted by the padre.

"Hans's hair is not at all like Toninio's," he said. "You have seen German silver. Well, it is not like our rich, solid Spanish silver, is it? Then if you look carefully, you will see that Hans's hair, pretty as I think it to be, is what we might call German gold!"

As to the thirty little boys, they prized Hans very much, for they were always fond of strangers, and that he could not speak Spanish filled them with pity and politeness; and Guillermo and Bernardo, who had never been very fond of people, were assiduous in their attentions to him, spelling



out words, in the noon-hour, into the dirt of the highway, with appropriate gestures.

Amarillis, also, seemed strangely to be Hans's friend. Amarillis was known as far away as several towns in every direction on account of two things — her diminutive size, and her silence. Since the death of her husband, which had caused embarrassment because she was too timid to report it, she had not enjoyed any male companionship, which was natural enough, for she was in the neighborhood of sixty-eight years of age. Yet José and several other of the little boys saw her seated with Hans, one noon-time, in one of the vineyards, side by side with him, and one of his hands was clasping one of hers, both of these hands being in her lap. It was learned afterward that neither one had ever spoken even one word to the other; but such is the wickedness of human beings, even Spanish ones, that it was rumored about that they had been conversing.

Simpatica, who lived with her trained birds in Margarita's small white house, refused firmly to attend this scandal, and at all opportunities urged kindness toward Hans.

"Rosa," she said, clasping her gently to her side as they walked up the highway, "do you remember when I first came to Terassa, a stranger, and tired, and frightened, and how gentle and good you were to me? And I was *two* foreigners — French and Italian!"

"I was cross to you," said Rosa, "till I found you were the most lovely character of my acquaintance. You must admit it took me only a few minutes, and Hans has been here for a year!"

Yet these matters did not trouble the padre, who was averse to gossip; and as for Hans, his disposition seemed very simple, inclining to bread, a great many grapes of the Malaga kind, and constant attendance at church, where he confessed, regularly, almost nothing. The padre was always delighted at characters of such sweetness; and that Hans should prove a font of sorrow, or even of plain trouble, was beyond his most imaginative thoughts.

"But," said the padre afterward, "life is problematical!"

It was in an afternoon as peaceful and as pretty as a vision, that the mystery swam, in a dark urgent line, across the lovely colors of his own, in which the green and yellow vineyards of Terassa's hill drooped down in soft lines to the pink and purple stretches of the valley.

His thoughts had been gay and cheerful ones, even their sprinkling of doubtful sadness inclining into a lenient smile; for they happened to be of the merriest girl among his people, a favorite of Terassa and of himself, as loving toward him as she was light toward religion and her future.

This was Juanita, whom he always likened to a flag; for she dressed frequently in red and yellow, and, even when she did not, her disposition swirled her about like a breeze and fluttered her out of mischief as deftly as it blew her in. Her confessions, gratifyingly frank as he could wish them, were yet a trial; for they were so infrequent, coming as they did mainly on the day of the Saint whom she named her patroness, that they were of abnormally long duration; and additionally embarrassing for him because their morbid particularity would always concern matters of a frivolous and unchurchly nature. Even as he reflected, he felt his frown twitch toward a widening of his lips; and he hastened this tendency away by reverting to his one true sadness over her: Juanita did not marry.

She was so pretty that her young years seemed long in her single condition. Alas! it must be that she was indeed too light, for all her natural popularity. Men, it would seem, admired laughter in unmarried women; the gayest of them would be for sedateness in their wives. His own doubt of her, poignant once only, had been in the love-smoke matter of the wicked old magician, who had wrought harm till it piled up into heartbreak. Then, too true, she had snuffed up potions with the zest of a terrier; yet her red and yellow had waved as gayly afterward, and with a great gladness he had known their inner warp and woof to be as white as ever. *Gracias a Dios*, reckless terriers were sturdy characters, needing much chloroform really to kill them!

And he fondly lifted up his silver little dog Nanette as he stood gazing through his window, and was tingling his fingers through her soft, metallic fur when he saw, like a blot in the midst of the fair landscape God had painted, a black-swathed, unlikely figure approaching his house through the pleasant sunshine of the Chasm Road.

Ominous on such a golden day, it was unfamiliar in its doleful draperies, yet strangely fond and homelike to his puzzled eyes; and, as the mystery, with bowed head and limp hands, resolved itself in passing by his window, a great shock held him motionless, for the sorrowful appearance was that of Juanita.

Her weeds astounded him: she had no kinfolk, beyond a great uncle in the oyster business at Madrid; and of him she was always disrespectful, because his profits of some three or four dollars weekly, he spent in riotous living. It was true, the padre remembered, that, with her very vain eye to her beauty, she had always been in favor of black, but in each case relieved by quantities of crimson or another hue of impudent nature; and in no instance had her hem trailed upon the ground. Indeed . . . But, swift as his fright had made his thoughts, it was now her second feeble knock that reached his ears; and, facing alarmedly towards her tidings, he strode forward and threw open his door.

Her hands hanging in front of her, she stood before him in the droop of her mournful vestments, as if her young beauty, the cheeks washed of their too-frequent rouge, had been portrayed in solitary face and arms with white paints, on a black sky as deep and murky as her sorrow, which crept onto the picture itself in deep ruts beneath her lowered eyes.

"Juanita!" he cried anxiously. "Juanita, what has come to you? What has brought you to me?" Seizing her hand with one that trembled, he drew her into the room; and, with eyes still downcast, she sat upon his own big chair that he wheeled forward.

She raised her great brilliant eyes of black to his, and swiftly lowered them again.



"I am in trouble, padre. I have been much insulted."

"Insulted?" exclaimed the padre, more confused than before. "But for whom have you gone in mourning?"

Again she sought his eyes with a swiftly falling look. "For Juanita Mena."

"For yourself?" The padre sank upon a chair in his amazement. "You have frightened me, Juanita, and I have no doubt to some serious purpose! Have you lost your mind?"

"No," said Juanita in a low, sad voice, "I have lost my name."

"You had it in your last sentence," exclaimed the padre, "so if you are truthful it is here in my house somewhere! It is your wits that you have lost, or else you have gained some of a mischievous kind! Have you come here on this pretty day to terrify me? You have played many naughty tricks among my people, but you shall play none upon me! For what are you in mourning?"

"*Nombre de Dios!*" cried Juanita desperately, casting up her great eyes in passionate appeal. "White soul of my Castilian grandmother! I have told you, padre. I have been much insulted!"

"Come," cried the padre, "your grandmother was a fishwife in Oporto. I hope her soul was white but she was no Castilian! Are you suddenly in mourning for your grandmother?"

"Alas, I am again much insulted!" wailed Juanita. Though she was sitting stiffly on the edge of the padre's great chair, yet it was as if she had settled herself down in it to stay, and his frightened impatience verged upon serious anger.

"Come, come Juanita! I am tired of that word! I gain nothing from your talk, and you must explain yourself or go home! I have said."

"Even here, then, I am much insulted!" wept Juanita, large, bright tears squeezing to her whitened cheeks. "But such is my lot now, and I must bear it, even from those who loved me formerly!"

The padre's tone changed to a quick entreaty, and he took one of her limp hands in both of his. "My dear, I will *always* love you! If you think not, then you have not known me. At once, Juanita, tell me all your trouble!"

Her moment's silence weighting her brief words; it was for the first time steadily that she looked him in his eyes as she said:

"For the first time, padre, I did not come on the day of Saint Giuliana Falconieri to confession."

Very slowly as he gazed back at her, the tears filled his eyes too.

"Juanita! Juanita!" he said in unutterable sadness; and dropping her hands, hid his face in his own.

"Come!" cried Juanita, her voice in its suddenness imitating his. "You think too far, padre! I have only told you I was much insulted!"

"Then," cried the padre, sitting up and staring through his tears in his surprise, "for what this theatrical mourning and your pregnant words? You cruelly amaze me first, and now amaze me more! Shall anyone be safe in innocence if it is a cardinal sin to be insulted?"

"I am stained!" exclaimed Juanita. "I am stained by such insults! I may never lift my head again unless by marriage!"

"And who," commanded the padre, "has so insulted you?"

"Hans," said Juanita.

The padre sprang up, and his voice was breathless.

"Juanita, I am close to doubting you!"

"Hans," she repeated, briefly, and was silent.

"But I can scarce believe it!" urged the padre. "I thought I knew Hans as I know my books; and let me tell you, Juanita, that I think so still!"

"I am stained by such insults," said Juanita stubbornly, "and if he proves the coward he is called, I must stay stained, and stained I will not stay. I am too young and pretty. He has got to marry me."

"Come!" cried Padre Pedro vehemently, "it is not for

you to say that you are pretty, or to say what Hans has got — or anyone else — to do! I shall find out this matter I assure you, and if Hans has compromised you —”

“There!” cried Juanita, quickly. “There is the word that I lost upon my way! It was too long to remember in my grief, and I have trusted you yourself would use it! I am compromised, and he must marry me!”

“Go home!” cried the padre, pacing up and down. “Go home, and on your way send Hans to me!” And with fresh tears, Juanita went away.

When Hans came, pink, yellow, sky-blue and wondering, the padre paused also in wonder, a garlic in one hand and a lettuce in the other, that he had not spanked Juanita on the spot. He could not think such eyes had insult in them, any more than the cloudless June vault itself; yet Juanita’s had so called upon it, themselves full of lightning and black thunder, that now in retrospect he could not find it in his soul to doubt her either.

“Hans, my dear boy, sit down!” and he laid by the members of his salad and drew forth again the great armchair, while Hans placed his thick person awkwardly upon the smallest one in the house.

“Hans,” said Padre Pedro, struggling with his problem as painfully as though he had not done so for an hour, “Hans, do you think of marrying?”

The blue orbs into which he gazed seemed to float more widely in their pink sea.

“It is why I have run from Germany!” exclaimed Hans. “My father and my mama, they would marry me to a large German lady, and likewise her father and mama. So I have run. Yet I will not get married in Terassa.”

“Do you not think that you ought to marry, Hans?”

“No,” said Hans, calmly but emphatically. “I will never marry some Spanish ladies, out of fear they will get fat on me.”

“You are happy and successful in Terassa, Hans, and



you have told me you intend to stay here. Do you not wish to have a family, Hans?"

"No, papa," said Hans promptly, "not with some Spanish ladies. I am an Aleman, which they do not take kindly; and, when I shall make some mistakes, they will get a dagger on me, else get fat or religious on me."

"You are a good Catholic yourself, Hans," said the padre.

"Not with daggers, papa," answered Hans.

"Hans," said Padre Pedro with a sigh, "ever since you first came to Terassa, I have always thought you a good boy—polite, honorable, and good. Am I quite right in so doing, Hans?"

"Yes, papa," replied Hans promptly. "Otherwise but my confessions, out of a good Catholic."

"I wish to believe you, Hans," said the padre, "but are you certain it is so today?"

Hans scratched his head, and, frowning his wide brow, thought earnestly. "Yes, papa. I was good all day today."

"But lately," urged the padre. "Yesterday, and the day before? Think, Hans!" And he watched him anxiously.

Again Hans thought. "Would it be some slanders, papa?" he asked suddenly.

"There are no slanders in Terassa, Hans. There is gossip sometimes, but slanders do not live here. And I have said, Hans, that you must not call me 'papa'."

"It must be some gossips, pa — padre," answered Hans.

"That word may fit it partly," said the padre. "Juanita, Hans, has been here to talk to me."

A sudden blue gleam flashed in Hans's eyes. "Juanita, papa, you must not believe her! Juanita, she is a harpie and a devil-woman! Juanita placed an insult at me once, and you must not believe her!"

"Hans! Hans!" cried the padre sternly, "be careful of your Spanish! Juanita has played many wilful tricks I know, but devil-woman is no word for a Terassan! Be thoughtful, Hans!"

"I have done many thoughts, whether I would tell on her," said Hans, "and out of politeness, even now I will not tell of her large insult! Out of my seldom such Spanish words, she is a devil-woman, papa!"

"Hans!" cried the padre, "I begin to see an unworthy fire in you! I have told you not to use that word, and I have told you not to call me 'papa'! I am not the pope and you shall not call me so!"

"I do not call it with a capital, papa," said Hans, stubbornly.

"Come, come, Hans!" said the padre strongly. "Tell me this truthfully: Have you ever insulted Juanita?"

"It is devil's lies, papa!" cried Hans, desperately. "It is scandals out of a Spanish lady on an Aleman! And you do not love me some more!"

"There you are wrong, Hans!" said the padre helplessly. "Go home now, and come to me tomorrow, at the noon-hour."

"And you do not love me some more!" wept Hans. And with streaming cheeks he went forlornly into the Chasm Road.

Padre Pedro, through the long evening, dismissed the matter; but, as the moon rose, streaming her green and silver over the sleeping poppies down the hill and through his window onto slumbering Nanette, and as he too rose at the chime of his bed-hour from his thin-voiced clock, it came upon him suddenly again, for someone hesitated in his doorway.

"But Hans," he exclaimed, "I said to come tomorrow, at the noon-hour!"

"I cannot get some sleep, papa," answered Hans.

"Then," said the padre quickly, "is your conscience clear?"

"Juanita says it is not," stammered Hans, anxiously. "She comes below my window in the dark, and sings me songs. A loud one, from *Gran Via*, and a sad one, from the church. Then when I come out and call her some hard names, she cries, and says I must get married to her."

The padre had sat down again; and Hans, trembling weakly onto the little chair, mopped his brow nervously.

"Hans," said the padre with determination, "I find it difficult to judge this matter. I have not had the whole truth from Juanita, and you are strangely slow of speech, and reticent. If you would marry Juanita, I think that she would make you a good wife. But I shall not marry you against your will, unless you have compromised her. Have you, Hans?"

"Juanita says it, papa," answered Hans.

"But *have* you, Hans? Be truthful!"

"Juanita says it, papa, and she should know it, on account of knowing Spanish. I do not know such words, and if it is a bad one, no I did not. But Juanita says it. She has gone in mourning, and is all covered with white flowers, like a dead lady. She cries and says I have lost her name off of her, and she must leave Terassa if I do not give her back my German one. And mine is a good name, papa! Every lady in Spain has for its name Juanita Mena, while everyone in Germany is not called Heine Pabst!"

"The name, Hans, is of no moment," said the padre. "What I must know is, have you wronged Juanita? Has your tongue been too free — with her, or about her? Have you in any way insulted her?"

"I confess, papa," said Hans tearfully, "that I have told some friends she insulted me. She comes last week into the vineyard, and she kisses me here on my face!"

"What?" cried the padre. "Against your will? Did you tell her not to, Hans?"

"How can I tell her, papa, when she holds my head?"

"Oh, shame, Hans, shame!" It was Juanita's voice; and Hans and the padre both, in their startlement, sprang up. Her head and shoulders draped with soft white roses that shone pale and wax-like in the moonlight, she was standing in the road before the window. "Tell him no more! Pity me, Hans, and tell him nothing more! Were not your friends enough? You have shamed me to the padre, whom I loved!"



"Juanita," thundered the padre angrily, "stay where you are, and do not cross my threshold! Hans, there is mystery here, nor can I solve it! Go to your homes, and do not speak to each other as you go! And when one of you, or both, will tell the full truth to me, come back, and I will marry you or not, according to the wrong done, as I see it!"

Juanita sobbed, and Hans was softly weeping.

"You do not love me some more!" he cried heart-brokenly, "which shall never be proved my own fault on me, after I have been a good boy, committing only one such crimes, which I did not comprehend beforehand! And you do not love me some more!"

"I love you very much, Hans," exclaimed the padre, "but go home!"

"Excuse me, but such is lies!" wept Hans. "You have pity out for me, but no more love! Besides Juanita, which was troublesome, now I lose your polite affection! It is yes, and you know it! I could pray I was in Germany, to be put in the army, away from ladies!"

"Go, home, Hans! Juanita, go!"

And, Juanita having dragged off her drooping roses and hurled them desperately through the window at the stern priest's feet, they both, Hans now as loudly as Juanita, went weeping separately along the Chasm Road.

It was now so late that the first house in Terassa, first not for its importance, though that might also be, but for its position at the foot of the green hill across from the poppy-fields, closed its one eye abruptly. Rosa Queranza, having blown out her candle, was climbing into bed; and that her door should be loudly knocked upon and immediately thrown open without ceremony, at this hour in the dark, startled from her a gasp half-angry, half-frightened, as she re-secured her candle.

As she held it up and the door closed behind her visitor, her expression fled from some astonishment to more, and thence to indignation.

"What are you doing," demanded Rosa, "in my house?"

"I am sitting in it," said Juanita.

Rosa looked sharply at her. She permitted impertinence in people of quality, and she was also clever at arithmetic, and especially addition: huge impudence in a low person equalled moderate rudeness in a respectable one, like the fascinating value of a counterfeit five-peseta piece smiled out of the factory at Sevilla; and she sat herself down on her mother's chest.

"May God forbid," she said, "that you were ever as bad as I have thought you. Still, you have had a most corrupt appearance in dress, and the padre alone has persuaded me to speak to you. Then why are you in all this hypocritical costume, and why have you draggled it into my house?"

Juanita began to cry.

"You are prettier," said Rosa, "when you cry than when you laugh. So I will have no foolishness out of you, but get the truth. Tell it."

Juanita lowered her head, and rocked it upon her arms.

"I am in trouble, Rosa."

"Five minutes from now, you may be, unless you tell the truth," her hostess answered.

Juanita lifted her head and, after they had looked at each other a long time, said:

"Hans."

Again they looked in each other's eyes for a long time.

"Juanita, I am sixty-eight years old," said Rosa, significantly.

"I will not dispute you," answered Juanita; and then, seeing with her lowered eyes that one of Rosa's hands, with all the changeful quality of an expressive face, was hesitating toward the kettle, she rose and did one of the cleverest things that have ever gone forward in Terassa. She put her arms around Rosa into a tight, strong embrace, and kissed her lips.

Quite early the next morning, Rosa garbed herself with care, and, setting Juanita to clear away the breakfast dishes and placing with her sundry instructions regarding her

mother's chest, embraced her affectionately and went forth into the June splendor.

The thirty little boys, assembling in the poppy-fields for the cool work of the early morning, were restlessly inquisitive at the discovery of an overnight visitor in Ugly Rosa's House; and even Toninio was not above some curiosity, and, noting the identity in its sad mourning weeds, made as if to question her. But Rosa merely shook her head sternly and sorrowfully, and, going silently up the highway, came into the village and stopped, in a deliberate manner, at the white and very bright blue house of the fishmonger, a tradesman who was courteous and simple, though he had on one occasion been harshly rebuked by the padre for keeping some stale fishes.

"I do not wish any sea-food," she said to him, haughtily, "but I do wish something else, for which I am perfectly willing to pay the price of several fishes, and that is, a certain amount of gossip on your part. You are of course a very low person, being in this fish business, and therefore you can appeal to a large number of people whom I could not afford to gossip with."

The fishmonger was terrified at her words; but he was a polite man, and did nothing but bow and bow.

"What you are to say," said Rosa, "is that our beloved Padre Pedro is in trouble about German Hans. There is not a soul in Terassa who does not love the padre, and everybody will be shocked to learn that Hans, a German, has hurt his feelings by doing wrong. Tell everybody, and mind you keep your mouth tight shut while you tell it. Do you understand me, fishmonger?"

"Yes, Rosa! Yes, lady!" stammered the fishmonger.

"Well then, you know more than I do," said Rosa. "Therefore, I have no doubt I can trust you. But remember you must tell only the truth. Otherwise I will never pay you the price of the fishes I have so kindly bought from you. Be sure you bring six; and be sure also that you do not add to what I have said, for gossip is a dreadful thing, fishmonger, and you must be exceedingly cautious! Can



you assure me that you will do exactly what I have bidden you?"

"Yes, lady! Yes, Rosa!" cried the fishmonger.

"People of low station," said Rosa with dignity, "should call me Señora Queranza!" And although he tried in the humblest fashion to detain her, she stepped from the blue and white shop and went across to the house of Inés, and thence, via that of Amarillis, to the oldest quarter of the town, around the fonda, to the dwellings of the most ancient ladies in Terassa.

In the course of the morning, she had brought together six comrades on the green, and proceeded, in conclave, to the heart of the matter.

"We can do it," she said, "if we are bold enough. You know I love the padre, in return for his well-known favoritism toward me; but, if there is anything else as well-known, it is his conviction that there is no one of greater wisdom than his, in any matter. Now, if we are to put this in the proper light, we must first convince him of our good parts, especially our learning. Surely, there is not one among us, even Amarillis, who cannot think of *something* he does not know."

Amarillis did not answer, but Inés spoke out.

"For my part, Rosa, I will never venture on any point of religion."

"You would better not!" exclaimed Rosa. "But you need not tell me you cannot think of *something*, and, provided it is impressive, it does not matter what. Let me tell you I know of one gentleman who simply said that there was nothing like virtue; yet he became famous, for he had a gift for uttering just such nonsense as if it meant something. Knowing this, our course to start with is simple, provided you afterwards follow my bent, and stand to my opinion. We will have public opinion behind us, for that wretched fishmonger, I find, has already gotten wind of the matter, which means that the whole people will have got it, with the worst interpretation, before noon. As for Juanita, I have arranged her behavior, and have supplied her instrument. Although I am a Castilian in descent, one of my

aunts was crazy, and joined a musician's troop in the streets of Sevilla. I have inherited her cornet, and have lent it."

Among her listeners was the oldest female resident of Terassa, the wife of Raméro's grandson; and, at Rosa's statement, her feeble voice was heard.

"But what," it quavered, "will she do with the *corneta*?"

"Noise abroad her grief, Jacinta, and indicate her tottering wits on it," said Rosa. "And as for you, though I have so long neglected your acquaintance, I have always admired you, Jacinta, and count largely upon you in this, for the padre will respect an opinion from such extraordinary years.

"Now, my one fear is you, Amarillis, and if you are to be with us at all, you must first assure me that you will have something to contribute, and that it will not be the *wrong* thing, and that you will say it when your turn comes. I will not ask you to speak now, so that you may reserve your efforts, but you can nod your head. Can you assure me?"

Amarillis nodded.

"Something of grave importance, and startling?"

Amarillis nodded again.

"Good," said Rosa. "Now we will go to Inés' house for refreshments."

Meanwhile the highway wall, at a point near where the Chasm Road led off to the padre's house, was the seat of a strange spectacle.

Indeed, the spot and the wall had been so in the past; for here had Juanita's sick goat gone to death and a shocking grave down in the Chasm, when Inés had bought it to fetch her from the devil's clutch, and her cart had broken down with all her furniture. But that sight, so memorable to all who witnessed it, was neither so alarming nor so tragic as that which met the vineyarders as they came up to the village for the noon-hour.

On the wall sat Juanita in her long deep mourning, gazing with set eyes out across the valley, and her lips moving, as if in prayer or pleading, yet no words coming from them. On her rich flowing hair was a wreath of bride's

white roses, and a few, up-side-down, clung here and there by their great thorns in her dusty dress, while in her lap she held a large cornet.

At the first astonished man who questioned her, she did not look, nor would she speak to him; and when, in his astonishment, he pressed her, she made no answer in words, but, after a few moments, suddenly lifting her instrument, blew from it such a wailing horror of unhappy sound that he stumbled backward in terror, and then ran down the highway to his coming fellows and, gesticulating, drew them hastily forward. Nor was it long before a great gathering stood anxiously near her, frightened and gesturing.

"What is the matter, Juanita? . . . How is your health? . . . Have you gone sick? . . . Is it a trick of yours, or are you crazy? . . . Juanita, Juanita, pause! You will blow yourself off the wall! . . . Juanita!"

But the only word she uttered was "Hans!" between the long cries of the wailing-voiced *corneta*; and their cruel question of joke was replied to by her pitiable white cheeks, and the tears that streamed down them to the instrument.

Then, as Toninio ran up from the poppy-fields, alarmed by the crowd and followed by all thirty of the little boys, she burst, with doleful, long, long notes into a melody favorite among them — a melody from a foreign land yet called by her own pretty Spanish name, "Juanita"; and this left no doubt indeed that she was mad, for she was noted in Terassa as a fine musician; and Juanita played it now in frightful discords, half on, half off the key.

The padre was taking his hard-earned siesta when the little boys ran in. After the habit of dreams, his were not of his latest problem, but oddly concerned the handsome American lady who had so taken his heart the year before, and her motor-car, which had been so strange and interesting in old-time Terassa. The dream was vivid, and he seemed to hear in his sleep, again and again, the wierd cry of the car; and now, the noise and jumping of the little boys



about it as she would sit smiling in it by the green and show them how to work its dreadful horn.

And he found them jumping and clamoring in truth as he sat up, rubbing his eyes and instinctively commanding quiet.

"Juanita? What about her? On the wall, Bernado? Like the carriage without mules, Jose? . . . Be quiet! Run away—leave the house! I will see for myself what you mean!" And, pushing them forth before him, he drove his way sleepily to his doorstep.

But though they melted rapidly off and back through the Chasm Road to the highway, he got no farther; for in front of him was arrayed a company of old ladies, whose total years, had they been stretched out in line as these were now, would have reached back into history some five centuries; and, as he stood marvelling, there was added to their pageant the clarion wail of the distant corneta.

"In very truth, I have been caught napping!" he stammered. "What is the matter with the world today?"

"Something of great importance," answered Rosa. "Now, these people and myself, some of us ladies but all of us respectable, have come on a most serious errand. For myself, I know from bitterest experience that you are resentful between two and three o'clock; but, as we have told you that our errand is important and terrible, you will of course be hospitable—out of commonsense if nothing more, because we have got to stay a long time."

The padre, though quite startled, had been carefully studying the assembly; and he made a response to Rosa's bold tone by saying:

"My hospitality has never before been questioned, Rosa. But is it kind to come upon me so suddenly to the number of seven ladies?"

"Now," exclaimed Rosa, "you have for years accused me of exaggeration, and now you exaggerate, yourself, for anyone could see that we are only six and a half! Even a charitable priest must admit that Amarillis is but half a woman!"

"Rosa, you are impertinent!" cried the padre, indignantly.

"Now," cried Rosa, "who would have supposed that you would cruelly bar your door against seven ladies who love you dearly? May not even gray hairs and feeble voices interrupt your nap?"

"Do not shout!" thundered the padre. "Come in at once, and cease this foolish arguing at my door!" And he strode into his room, the six and a half ladies following in a line behind him.

He went to his special great chair; but when, in sitting, he discovered to his astonishment that Jacinta was of the odd number, he rose again and helped her into it, then taking himself a smaller one. Rosa had disposed herself upon another, motioning Inés to the last; while Isabelita, Brigidita, and Ambrosia retired in a row upon the couch, and Amarillis, very much frightened at her own obedience, followed Rosa's pointing finger and climbed upon the sideboard in the corner.

"Now," said the padre, "will you explain this visit, Rosa?"

"Not quite yet, padre," answered Rosa promptly, "for we have come to persuade you of something that should be done; and lest you should think our opinions of no value, we will first show you that we are women of learning. In some matters, padre, women are wiser than men; but that you may not doubt it, we are agreed that we must satisfy you first, with facts that you have probably never known. As to the value of my own opinion, you have never questioned it; and as for today, I have shown enough sense and fairness in this very provision. . . . Inés, begin."

"I am at a total loss," exclaimed the padre, "but if Inés has any remarkable knowledge, by all means let her show it!"

Inés, her wrinkles somewhat drawn and pale, was bowing to him repeatedly, distracted between her task and the painful clutch of Rosa's hand below her gown.

"A gentleman," she began, "— a gentleman named

Cristobal Colon, famous from his statue in Barcelona, discovered the great continent of Buenos Aires."

"I did not know it," said the padre. "You impress me very much, Inés. Go on."

"And he died in jail there, although to save his life the queen of the country sold her *manton de Manila*!"

"I am learning every moment," said the padre. "Is that all, Inés? Who is next?"

"Jacinta," said Rosa. "Her years should have put her first, but Inés was nervous. Speak up, Jacinta!"

"With the padre's pardon," said Jacinta, her thin voice quavering slowly through the room, "I will tell something almost no one knows. In Caldetas, on the Mediterranean Sea, there is a cistern where a thousand girls were drowned. A Moorish pirate, suffering with ague, came there and captured them many years ago. They said they would cure him if he set them free. But when he was well, he broke his word and killed them. Now their ghosts come there every night at six, and weep into the cistern, which still cures ague. I have said."

"Thank you, Jacinta," said the padre. "Who is next?"

"Anyone on the sofa," answered Rosa.

There was a dreadful silence from the three, and then the middle lady, Brigidita, spoke.

"I and Isabelita, padre, know so little that we are bold enough to think you do not know, that I have agreed to speak for both. Our names in the English tongue are Bessie and Biddie."

"And mine," said Ambrosia, hastening with her courage, "is Angelcake. I had this news from the American lady who gave you your little dog. And if you can remember it, padre, and will make me the favor, I would like to be called that hereafter, it is so much prettier."

"The American lady," said the padre, "did not mean that you should use it. Ladies are not named so in America. They are not cannibals there. Now, Rosa —"

"You have not heard Amarillis yet," said Rosa; and the padre's eyebrows, as he turned and discovered her location, went up so much that she almost came down.



"Well, Amarillis?" he demanded.

She was trembling; but under Rosa's gaze her features worked with convulsive effort, and at last forced out the beginning of a sound.

"V...." she started.

"If you are going to utter nonsense," cried the padre, "spare yourself the pain! I will take your good intention for your words!"

But she was struggling to redeem herself, and again said, "V...."

"Take care!" cried the padre. "You will fall!" But his motion toward her terrified from her the alternative of speech, and her contribution of three words rang forth:

"Votes for women!"

The padre jumped to his feet.

"Rosa, what have you come here for? You were correct enough in saying that I lean upon your judgment; but you have some purpose in this rigmarole, and you are the only one who has not told me something! You have made these women and myself ridiculous; and with no more nonsense, if you have something to impart to me, impart it!"

"I . . . would vote for the padre!" uttered Amarillis, terrified, and collapsed from the sideboard.

"Come, come!" cried Rosa sharply to the padre. "These ladies are all of one opinion in the matter, and have come here to bear me out. If you have not been edified by their knowledge, it is not my fault! Women know best in love matters, and we are agreed that Hans should have to marry poor Juanita!"

With a suddenness equalling that of Amarillis, the padre fell again into his chair.

"And that is what you have come here to inform me? And why do you agree that he should marry her?"

"You know the saying," said Rosa, "'Where there is some smoke!' Well, the whole town is against him. Everyone says that he should marry her; and, while I am too kind to probe the contention between them, he ought for one thing because her wits are in danger. She is sitting on the wall

with a cornet, weeping and making mournful music on it. Have you not seen and heard her? Everyone else has, and we fear for your German's life!"

Once more the padre rose, and, in the small space left by the visiting ladies, paced up and down in his anxiety.

"Alas, I am troubled, troubled! Despite the nonsense you have fed me with, I see that you are in earnest; and I cannot tell what you know or do not know about this pair, for I have noted that among themselves my people can be very secretive! Though I tell you, Rosa, that I will not marry them without a reason, either their double desire or a worse one, still you have troubled me with this tale of anger abroad!"

"Let me tell you, padre, you have friends!" cried Rosa affectionately. "Though I dislike Hans, while Inés here loves him, and Amarillis has a foolish eye to him while Jacinta's whole family loathes him, we are all agreed to stand with you to protect him. The people will be pacified if he marries her, and by now, no doubt, he is sorry for having driven her from her wits. Shall I call him in?"

"He is *here*?" gasped the padre.

"I sent him word," said Rosa, "that we would all stand with you to protect him. Hans, come in!" And to the lonely wail of the *corneta* in the distance, Hans, mystified and trembling, stepped through the door from the pantry, as the padre dropped limply again upon his chair.

"It is not my doings, papa!" he exclaimed. "Poor Juanita, she is crazy, playing *Gran Via* on a large blow-pipe, and the whole vine-yard blames me! I have done no crimes, papa, if I know it; and if I have looked sideways sometimes at Juanita, it is no crime in Alemania! But not for an escape, would I drive a nice thin lady from her wits!"

"Hans," cried the padre, "I cannot understand you and Juanita! And I must tell you, though I myself accused her of it yesterday, I do not believe that she has lost her wits!"

"Can you say so, padre?" cried Rosa reproachfully; and the *corneta*, louder and sadder and sadder, was fetching its discord toward them along the road.

"Juanita," cried the padre angrily as she entered, "put by that hideous instrument! Put it down!" And Juanita, bursting into tears and blowing at Hans a last pathetic wail that filled the little room, sank sobbing upon the floor.

"Get up!" said the padre sternly. "There is no chair for you, so you may stand. And stop your weeping! Between you, *I* am witless in the matter! Hans, speak out! If you desire to marry Juanita, say so. But as for fearing violence, do not think it. My trust in you shall satisfy Terrassa, and you have no good opinion to regain if you can leave her with a happy conscience!"

"I do not hate her!" wept Hans desperately. "And she is thin enough, if a Spanish lady would stay so! But Heine Pabst is a good name in Germany, and Juanita Mena is uneducated, while I can read and write. Though I shall not go home to Alemania, I would not shame my father and my mama!"

"I can write, Hans!" exclaimed Juanita; and, seizing pencil and paper at the padre's table, she wrote in wavering but enormous letters, with two great flourishing tildes over the handsome *n*'s

Señora Doña Jans Bops

Hans took the paper and gazed long upon it; and, as it passed among the admiring ladies, addressed once more the sadly troubled padre.

"I have made a mistake about her learning, papa. But would she get her wits back, and stay pretty?"

"The question, Hans," said the padre with a sigh, "is whether you are content to marry her."

"She is not," said Hans, "as bad as some other Spanish ladies."

"Then," cried the padre, rising with quick resolution, "go home, the whole of you! And if you are in this mind tomorrow, Hans, I will marry you when both of you are ready."

There was a general stir among the ladies, but Rosa was beforehand with a question.



"Why not now, padre? Remember, the town is in a state against him!"

"Now?" cried the padre. "In that garb of Juanita's? She is more superstitious than the pack of you!"

"I have thought of that," said Rosa; and bringing a small package from her dress, she laid out its compact treasure, fold on fold, till the main floor-space was covered with white lace, the ancient ladies gaping, Jacinta quavering saints' names in delight.

"I did not have a Castilian great-great-grandmother for nothing," said Rosa calmly.

Even the padre's eyes grew large at its vast creamy fineness, but he protested: "We have no ring, Juanita!"

"*Dispense, padre mio,*" said Juanita, blushing, "but I happen to have a wedding ring about me. It is my mother's," and she handed it to Rosa, who drew, in the yellow afternoon light that was creeping across the floor, the whole priceless mantilla through it, Jacinta rehearsing again her list of saints.

"And I have lent my cart and mule," mentioned Inés, "for a journey, if they will take one."

"But," exclaimed the padre, "shall you be married at once, Juanita, in an empty church, without music and without guests?"

"The church is full already," answered Rosa.

With a stifled ejaculation, the padre stepped to his door, scarce credulous when he beheld the crowd of citizens overflowing the church, down the smooth green terraces into the road.

"But . . . ."

"We cautioned them," said Rosa, "that you would not wish to be disturbed until you had settled the details, and they thoughtfully came about by way of the chasm."

For a moment the padre stood still in the doorway, gazing from Rosa to Juanita, and back again. "Come, then," he said at last, abruptly, and strode out, followed by his numerous company, leaving the unhappy *corneta* in the house, but, discovered to the multitude, accompanied on the short journey by unlimited cheering.

Withal so unprepared and hasty, the wedding was a loud and charming one, for its history lent it a sensation that brought it second only to the joyous one of the yellow-haired Toninio and his Violeta. They were there, with quickly gathered offerings of wine and early poppies; and, Toninio having hurried them together, the little boys, without their vestments to be sure but pitched in their excitement to high vocal sweetness, sang with unwonted effect in the church; and before and afterward, as on that former great occasion, all they could remember, out of compliment to Juanita, of the dances and cadencing rhythms of *Gran Via*. And all those kindly citizens who had been inclined toward Hans had brought June flowers in profusion, so that their vineyard clothes were covered up; and out of compliment to him, and their silent mutual affection, Amarillis, in lack of a maiden closely concerned in the matter, attended the white radiant Juanita as honor matron, standing behind her in wide-eyed quietude, her small arms crowded with magenta-hued japonicas, her whole person a figure of thrilled awe at her situation; while the mellow, soft, evening sun fell in one great line across her and the foremost distinguished row of a thousand wrinkles.

When all was finished, and the lessening populace on its road to supper, the new pair kissed the padre, leaning out from Inés' cart, in which upon Juanita's choice they were starting on the two days' pilgrimage to Mont Serrat, the sacred mountain of the Holy Grail.

"I am glad, Juanita," said the padre gravely, "that you have chosen your journey so religiously. It is fitting after this unseemly matter, even now that whatever wrong has been is righted."

Juanita put her arm around his neck. "*Dispense, padre mio!*" she whispered, "but I will tell you the whole truth now! What he did was . . . nothing!"

"Oh, Juanita, Juanita!" he reproached her sternly.

"Excuse me, pana," interrupted Hans. "Excuse me, papa, but it is my wife!"

"Hans, Hans!" began the padre; but the cart jolted

away, and he turned his sad indignation upon Rosa: "Did you know this?"

"Of course I knew it!" said Rosa. "Juanita confided everything to me, out of respect for my wisdom, which you always so unkindly undervalue! As you yourself have so often harshly told me, I was very wrong in thinking her too light. Was I not clever in turning round that stubborn German?"

The padre's face had grown a little white; and, instead of answering her, he sank down on the terrace. When he did speak to her, he did not look at her, and "Rosa, Rosa!" was all he said.

"Come, come!" she began sharply; and then seeing that his face was hidden in his hands, she suddenly seized them down, her own quivering with fright.

"Padre!" she cried. "Padre! Do you take it so? Are you angry at me? Padre! O! Will you break the heart of an old woman who has loved you since before she can remember? Padre! I have been saucy to you many times, but I have never done a wickedness to you in my life! And of all things, never would I, padre, in a love matter! Padre, listen to me: old women in such things know more than any men — priests even. They love each other, padre, and I knew it before they did! I knew it months ago, the first time that I saw them look at each other, passing between my house and the poppy fields, on the highway!"

At this the padre looked at her, and his sorrowful eyes were searching.

"Is this true, Rosa?" he asked in a low voice.

"When you have looked in my eyes, padre," she answered, "have I ever lied to you?" And side by side on the terrace, with their four hands clasped, they watched Inés' cart as it jogged along that same highway past the poppy fields into the soft-colored valley, in the mauve and pink direction of the Holy Mountain.

HORACE FISH



## FIVE VILLANELLES FOR ROMANCE

### I

**T**O-DAY, romance is but a faded thing  
Of fire-dew, of honey-bitterness,  
Of bygone jollity and sorrowing.

Perdie! to us what content doth it bring?  
Knights? Wedding-feasts? Or maidens in distress?  
To-day romance is but a faded thing.

It hath an air of youth-must-have-its-fling.  
About it is a subtle artlessness  
Of bygone jollity and sorrowing.

Though we surmise its once too poignant sting,  
'T is somewhat lethal to our consciousness.  
To-day, romance is but a faded thing.

Time is a shadow-box gold-glittering  
To heighten the nuances (more or less)  
Of bygone jollity and sorrowing.

And yet it is pathetic that we cling  
To the dim past, this feeling to express.  
To-day, romance is but a faded thing  
Of bygone jollity and sorrowing.

### II

Ronsard loved Helen many years too late.  
How wearily he climbed unto her bower!  
Ironical perchance, but it was fate.

And, torn betwixt old love, and scorn, and hate  
(Forbidding was the darkling Catherine's tower),  
Ronsard loved Helen many years too late.

Mayhap, she did his surly look berate,  
When chilling time robbed him of virile power.  
Ironical perchance, but it was fate.

How could the minx thus dare to underrate  
This glowing poet of a love-swept hour?  
Ronsard loved Helen many years too late.

Bright summer and bleak winter cannot mate.  
It is not meant to be; so he turned sour.  
Ironical perchance, but it was fate.

Indeed he did his ardor overstate.  
An this be true, why did he sit and glower?  
Ronsard loved Helen many years too late.  
Ironical perchance, but it was fate.

### III

Villon picked pockets when his verse went stale,  
Meeting with arrogance each heartfelt curse,  
Mocking his victim if its cheek turned pale.

Fighting, or dicing for great stoups of ale,  
His comrades cutthroats, harlots, priests — or worse —  
Villon picked pockets when his verse went stale.

Heedless of groan and growl, of whine and wail,  
Short shrift he made of each fat-bellied purse,  
Mocking his victim if its cheek turned pale.

For his vicissitudes who went his bail?  
Who sponsored cheerful for him each reverse?  
Villon picked pockets when his verse went stale.

Many a burgher did the sly one trail  
(A shrinking wallet thus to reimburse)  
Mocking his victim if its cheek turned pale.

And almost homelike must have seemed the gaol  
Where he could leisurely refresh his verse.  
Villon picked pockets when his verse went stale,  
Mocking his victim if its cheek turned pale.

## IV

Maiden, a-charging in thy suit of mail  
 Over the verdant hillsides of Touraine —  
 Perchance, and didst thou find the Holy Grail?

Sometimes bedraggled, sometimes ashen-pale,  
 Upon thy dull cuirass a fresh blood-stain —  
 Maiden, a-charging in thy suit of mail.

An wert thou buxom wench, an wert thou frail,  
 Thou wert all eager for the fight again.  
 Perchance, and didst thou find the Holy Grail?

No matter that thy weakling king would fail,  
 Thou wonst for France a noble, vast domain —  
 Maiden, a-charging in thy suit of mail.

For thy sweet chivalry, brave girl, all hail!  
 Nobly thou didst withstand thy dule and pain.  
 Perchance, and didst thou find the Holy Grail?

Even the English (in their cups from ale)  
 Could but dissemble cruel, rude disdain —  
 Maiden, a-charging in thy suit of mail.  
 Perchance, and didst thou find the Holy Grail?

## V

Villon, Gringoire, and Doctor Rabelais,  
 Hugo, de Musset, and de Banville too —  
 The master-folk of France of yesterday!

Love unrequited put de Ronsard gray.  
 Perdieu! at times the others were too blue —  
 Villon, Gringoire, and Doctor Rabelais.

When harsh old winter ran from merry May,  
 They found the gardens where arbutus grew,  
 The master-folk of France of yesterday.



When blood is red, 'tis easy to be gay.  
With each fresh impulse mad, they soared anew —  
Villon, Gringoire, and Doctor Rabelais.

At times they played as little children play.  
At times their mighty efforts went askew.  
The master-folk of France of yesterday!

Where are they now? Ma foi! but who can say?  
One hates to think that they with life are through —  
Villon, Gringoire, and Doctor Rabelais,  
The master-folk of France of yesterday.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK

### EXPECTANCY

THE winds of chance call up, call down,  
Over the open world and free;  
But I — I dwell within the town,  
Where never these winds can call to me.

The gypsy roads lead up, lead down,  
Over the mountain, over the lea;  
But I — I lodge within the town,  
Where never these roads can lead to me.

But hope looks up when fear looks down  
To see the things that fear may see;  
And I — I wait within the town,  
For a wind and a road to come to me.

CAREY CHARLES DALE BRIGGS

## JOHN TRUMBULL, SATIRIST

WITH the celebration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary, it is but natural that we look to New England and consider anew not only the Early Fathers, but the things of permanent interest that have come from out the East; and, of these, by no means least important is the political and social satire of a young graduate of Yale, whose prose and verse place him as propagandist with Freneau and Thomas Paine, but whose inherent intellectuality, conservatism, and gentleness make him what Freneau and Thomas Paine were not, a permanent influence for stability and righteousness in the young Republic.

Classification is a confusing and often misleading matter, and while John Trumbull, of stock but a little later than the Mayflower,<sup>1</sup> is here presented as Satirist, to distinguish him from the other worthies of his illustrious tribe,<sup>2</sup> he might with equal truth be accounted historian of the spirit of New England colonialism in reaction against systems religious, educational, and political. Lest at the outset we appear as makers of ado, we confess that, although Trumbull is here considered as a literary figure, he won contemporary renown chiefly as a man of law, but this despite himself. Trumbull, early in life, entered consciously upon a literary career, in the field mapped out and worked by the neo-classic intellectuals of Old England. From this interest and practice in miscellaneous literary work in prose and in verse, he was swept by the force of the Revolution into political satire, and later into public life.

<sup>1</sup> The original John landed in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, and in 1640 settled in Rowley. His son, Joseph, moved to Suffield, Connecticut, about 1670. Joseph's grandson, John, married to Sarah Whitman, was Congregational minister in Waterbury (now Watertown). Their son, John the third, and the subject of this paper, was born in Waterbury 1750, passed examinations for entrance to Yale College 1757, matriculated 1763, took the Bachelor's degree 1767, the Master's degree 1770, was tutor in Yale 1771 to 1773, when he was admitted to the Bar. He was married to Sarah Hubbard in 1776, was treasurer of Yale College 1776 to 1782, served in the Connecticut Legislature 1792 to 1800, was judge of the Superior Court 1801 to 1819, and of the Court of Errors 1808 to 1819. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Yale 1818, and died in Detroit 1831.

<sup>2</sup> John, the historical painter, two Jonathans, Governors of Connecticut, and Benjamin, the historian of Connecticut, are of the same family tree.

Perhaps of all literary periods the eighteenth century is most easily reduced to definite forms. The more general divisions are writings didactic, familiar, satiric, philosophic, religious, with an amazing amount of translation, especially from the Latin. A review of these types exemplified in verse or prose shows an utter lack of, or necessity for, the real creative spirit. Literature has become a vehicle for communication, be it a criticism of life or religion, a mere amenity of social existence, or a translation of the classics: there is nothing of the singer who pours forth his melody because of the compelling force of his emotions. The names of the period — Addison, Steele, Swift, Pope, Prior, Gay, Johnson — do not connote any expression of great passion or deep thought, but stand rather as monuments to a perfectly accomplished idea — “order, lucidity, refinement, or, as the current phrase went, ‘correctness’ of thought and expression.”<sup>3</sup>

Trumbull, through personal effort rather than through collegiate encouragement,<sup>4</sup> was steeped in the tradition of these predecessors. During his brief span of productivity,<sup>5</sup> he tried his hand, at times with not mean success, at their every type. He experimented — especially in the heroic couplet — now in translation from the classics, now in Biblical paraphrase. He touched upon the subject-matter of Milton and of Gray in odes and elegies that suggest the eighteenth-century beginnings of the Romantic Movement in Great Britain. He presented various forms of social satire, now in the heroic couplet and the philosophic tone of Pope, now in the lighter tone and octosyllabics of Gay’s *Fables*, now (as in *The Progress of Dulness*) in a form that verges on the Hudibrastic. And finally, in heroic couplet, in elegiac quatrain, and in ode, but chiefly in the octosyllabics of Butler and of Churchill, Trumbull turned to patri-

<sup>3</sup> Courthope, *History of English Poetry*, V, 463.

<sup>4</sup> At this period, the colleges paid but little regard to English Composition and allied branches. The classics and some mathematics about covered the requirements. Trumbull, with his companion tutors, Howe and Dwight, attempted to force a change in Yale’s curriculum.



otic themes, and became (notably in *M'Fingal*) the political satirist of the American Revolution.<sup>5</sup>

#### I: TRANSLATION AND PARAPHRASE

As a translator, Trumbull makes his first poetical appearance. From the fourth book of Virgil's *Georgics*, he takes "a collegiate exercise,"<sup>6</sup> the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, and renders it into English heroic couplets after the custom of Pope. The seventy-five lines of the Latin original he expanded into one hundred and four lines, as against the one-hundred-and-eleven-line translation of Dryden. Like Dryden, Trumbull proceeds by paraphrase, although the youth is content to give the sense without Dryden's amplifications. He does, however, strive for poetic expression rather than for literal interpretation of his author. In proof, a single example may suffice:

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes

even a Yalensian lad of twenty would hardly construe as

Could Fate relent, or melt at human woe,  
A venial crime, were venial aught below!

unless under a tradition that made possible this rendering:

A fault which easy pardon might receive,  
Were lovers judges, or could Hell forgive.<sup>7</sup>

Trumbull was a good classical scholar, being accustomed from childhood to reading Latin and Greek originals. The years which brought forth the *Orpheus and Eurydice*, he tells us,

He devoted chiefly to polite letters; reading all the Greek and Latin

<sup>5</sup> With the exception of his anonymous contributions to the *Anarchiad*, *M'Fingal* ends Trumbull's literary career. His later years were devoted to the law, and he felt that party writings had no place in this vocation.

<sup>6</sup> Trumbull, *Poetical Works*, Ed. 1820, II, 131.

<sup>7</sup> Dryden, *The Fourth Book of the Georgics*.

classics, especially the poets and orators, and studying the style and endeavoring to imitate the manner of the best English writers.

It would seem that this imitation was also extended to include the classics.

Of Biblical paraphrase as of translation from the classics, the early verse of Trumbull affords us illustration: *The Prophecy of Balaam*, in December, 1773, and, a month later, *The Destruction of Babylon*.

The *Prophecy* follows the tradition of Trumbull's earliest hero,<sup>8</sup> Isaac Watts, even in reaction "against the chilling uniformity of the couplet."<sup>9</sup> Religious expression, being purely subjective, has a natural repugnance to a too fixed meter. The New England epic fever<sup>10</sup> seems to have disposed Trumbull towards Watts' heavier pieces, long since displaced in favor of his shorter hymns. The ode-form of the *Prophecy* finds an example in Watts. The methods of paraphrase and amplification are lavishly employed, while the generalness of Biblical description is transformed into a well ordered nature-scene.

In *The Destruction of Babylon*, Trumbull displays some flexibility in the matter of meter; but, as a literary contribution, it does not rise above Johnson's strictures on sacred poetry. Again, we are not accustomed to taking our Bible in heroic measures; and Trumbull's efforts merely leave us wondering why his selections fell to the death-and-damnation type. They seem reminiscent of the stark days of Puritanism, and of the "easiest room in Hell."<sup>11</sup>

These poems represent Trumbull on the devotional side; but the *Correspondent* series, II to VII, shows the critic belaboring by "ridicule and humor the whims of dogmatical enthusiasts."<sup>12</sup> The breaking up of the dour old Calvinistic system had thrown the religious dictators of New

<sup>8</sup> Watts constituted Trumbull's light reading at four years of age.

<sup>9</sup> *Cambridge History of English Literature*, IX, vi, 200.

<sup>10</sup> The ambition to create a literature commensurate with the immensity of America was almost a curse to our early writers, who lacked every epic quality save ambition.

<sup>11</sup> Michael Wigglesworth, *The Day of Doom*.

<sup>12</sup> *The Connecticut Journal, Correspondent*, Paper II, March 11, 1770.

England into turmoil. Trumbull, deprecating the embroglio into which his people have been drawn, advocates a religion of the heart encased in outer garments of gentlemanliness and decorum. This goes deeper than the Spectator attitude of mere external conformity. It is a reaction cloaked in suavity. The making of conservatism through laughter is a new note in the spiritual warfare on this side of the Atlantic; and laughter produced by irony, not caricature, is a step nearer to real art.

## II: A SUGGESTION OF ROMANTICISM: THE ODE TO SLEEP

Of the subjectivism which, never dead, ran quietly beneath the blatant individualism of the eighteenth century, we find traces in the minor writers of the Augustan period. The lyric genius is always romantic, the spirit of quest, the wonder of the individual. The renaissance of this spirit has its beginning on the one side in renewed interest in things Mediaeval, and on the other in Milton's *Il Penseroso*. From the "Goddess sage and holy" to the place of sepulchre is a far cry. Under the stern classic regime, one's feelings had been kept decently repressed; but the new movement allowed of expansiveness, and its followers in search of emotion went to the brink of the grave. Not the eternal *whither*, but the physical aspects of dissolution, gave a theme sung from Blair and Young to our own Bryant. With this revival, a new interest in the elegiac form arose; and it is in this garb that Gray, the high-priest of the Grave-yard School, presents his melancholy lay. The *Elegy* is a more refined type than many of the other contributions of the time. The gentle philosophic spirit, the tone of tenderness, just saved from sentimentalism by the sincerity of the author, the delicate phrasing, the master-handling of a classic form, place it very close to poetry of the highest rank. This work was undoubtedly the influencing factor in Trumbull's *Elegy on the Death of Mr. Buckingham St. John*. The subject, of course, precluded treating of the humble objects of Gray's masterpiece; the device of having the disembodied St. John relate his own end, is too forced



to compare with the tale "some hoary-headed Swain may say." The opening verses show, however, in form, in melody, in personal element, and in melancholic strain, the strongest influences of the *Elegy in the Country Churchyard*. Trumbull's consideration of the shortness of life's day,

The approaching hour shall see the sun no more  
Wheel his long course . . .

reminds one strongly of Bryant's later lines:

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course.<sup>13</sup>

A composite of eighteenth century expression in America, to be true to its model, must hold a web of romance.

*On the Vanity of Youthful Expectations* is delightfully young. Two things nearly save young John from being a prig — mudpies<sup>14</sup> and this poem. To normal adolescence, the world is all wrong: from adoring Mother to the veriest stranger extends a conspiracy to cheat one-and-twenty out of his man's estate. Every youth is an incipient Shelley, rebellious and longing for the golden days. With the first love affair ended, the victim appears a sadly wise and disillusioned man.

Come, Sadness, come, mild sister of Despair, . . .  
How vain the wish, that grasps at things below.

This spirit is not melancholy but melodramatic; and Trumbull is enjoying his misery. As an expression of fleeting emotion in elegiac form, it is of the romantic school, bound round with neo-classic phrases and capitalized personification, as "waves that roar," "when night sits gloomy," "vain Hope," and "gaudy Flattery." The exceptions to

<sup>13</sup> Bryant, *Thanatopsis*.

<sup>14</sup> Bronson in his *History of Connecticut* quotes a friend of the Trumbull family as saying that, at the age of sixteen, John used to play mudpies with the children.

the rule were in danger of becoming fixed romantic sign-posts, as the sporting sheep, rural joys, and ghosts at eventide! The title reminds one of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; but Trumbull sobs with Goldsmith rather than philosophizes with Johnson.

For an example of the dominance of the imagination over fact and form, one looks to the *Ode to Sleep*. Here Trumbull manages an unusual expression of emotion, an outward sign of inner grace, an externalization obtained by metaphor, hyperbole, and sense of aspiration. It is a call back, now to *L'Allegro*, again to *Il Penseroso*, and has an outlook far beyond the geographic boundaries of land and water, and the neo-classic limits of measure and manner:

Give the astonished soul to rove,  
Where never sunbeam stretch'd its wide domain. . . .  
In fields of uncreated spring,  
Aloft where realms of endless glory rise,  
And rapture paints in gold the landscape of the skies.

For the purposes of art, the *Ode* had better end with the graceful conceit,

I clasp the fair, . . .  
Press to my heart the dear deceit, and think the transport true.

The neo-classical formula for a poet was genius plus training. Trumbull had too little genius and too much training: the over-conventionalized spirit that helped him toward success in satire, made the *Ode to Sleep* fall just short of a romantic success.

Saint Beuve's remark that nothing resembles a hollow so much as a swelling, Babbitt uses to illustrate the difference between romanticism and neo-classicism.<sup>15</sup> They are antipodals, the hole conveying an idea of contrast, not negation. The ideals of each are as positive poles, differing not in degree but in kind. Nineteenth century romanticism is not a repudiation of the classic movement at its best: it is

<sup>15</sup> Babbitt, Irving, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, 14.

a wedding of the lustiness of the Elizabethan period with the elegance of the Augustan — nuptials which Trumbull at least foretells.

### III: SOCIAL SATIRE: THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS

*Characters*, "a fragment of a Moral Essay in the manner of Pope," is founded upon the premise that

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain.<sup>16</sup>

Some now unknown local celebrities measured by this rule are exposed to ridicule; but, even at the time of their belated presentation,<sup>17</sup> the point of the sarcasm must have been lost. The work is interesting merely as an early American specimen of philosophic satire. The characters bear stock neo-classic names, and exhibit stock neo-classic vices. The apostrophe to riches is in kindred spirit to Pope's

If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,  
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.<sup>18</sup>

Curio's gifts of gold, "trophied arches," "gilded spires," "flowery banks," "lucent waves," "robes of pomp and power," are quite stereotyped; and the intimation that nature's defects are supplied by the art of a stranger parallels Epistle IV, of the *Moral Essays*. Trumbull need not have pointed out the influence of Pope on this work. It bears the unmistakable ear-marks, in its philosophizing content, in its heroic couplet measure, in its striving for antithetical expression and parallel construction, in its word-hoard drawn from the eighteenth century vocabulary, in its characters with the same mark of trade, and in its occasional catalogue method. We have many such lines as

Gold, houses, chattels, lands, whate'er thy name,  
or

<sup>16</sup> Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle I.

<sup>17</sup> The poem was first published in 1820.

<sup>18</sup> Pope, *The Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace*.



Wit, learning, wisdom, every worth in one,

as against Pope's

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,  
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,<sup>19</sup>

or

Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse.<sup>20</sup>

At times, Trumbull achieves expressions which, quoted apart from the context, would be credited to the Master,

Fear'd by the brave, and flatter'd by the wise.

And either cease to be, or to be poor.

By learning, taught to doubt and disbelieve,  
By reasoning, others and himself deceive.

The philosophic spirit is typical of the youthful Trumbull; and, for a just estimate, consideration must be given his intense moral earnestness. This approach can be better made through the Essays,<sup>21</sup> where, following the Addisonian tradition of urbanity but with sincerity of purpose and with the didacticism of a preacher, he assails such vanities as incensed the *Spectator*, and later, adding a local color, flays impostors religious, educational, medical, literary, and political that infested the North. Trumbull gave to American literature its once distinguishing mark—moral earnestness—and turned the eyes of provincials inward seeking new possibilities.

If the *Ode to Sleep* is the high water mark of Trumbull's romantic spirit, his lighter poems may be considered as the flow-tide of his poetic neo-classicism. First places in this society-verse are usually given to Matthew Prior and John Gay. It is quite natural that Trumbull should

<sup>19</sup> Pope, *The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*.

<sup>20</sup> Pope, *An Essay on Man*, Epistle II.

<sup>21</sup> Trumbull's first literary venture was in the field of the *Spectator* Essay. He contributed ten *Meddler* papers to the *Boston Chronicle*, September 1769 to January 1770. A series of eight essays, *Correspondent* papers, followed in the *Connecticut Journal and New Haven Post Boy*, February to July 1770, and thirty more in the same paper February to September 1773.

take the latter as his model, for both Trumbull and Gay are distinctly imitative in thought as well as in form, and lack originality as well as singularity. Certainly, initiative is not one of Trumbull's qualities; his resolute conservatism — what is good enough for Old England is good enough for the New — had found expression in the *Future Glory of America*.<sup>22</sup> Americans must

. . . ope heaven's glories to th' astonish'd eye,  
And bid their lays with lofty Milton vie:  
Or wake from nature's themes the moral song,  
And shine with Pope, with Thompson [*sic*] and with Young.

In this spirit of imitation, the lighter verses are cast. Diplomacy is never a characteristic of a satirist; but Trumbull evinces a carelessness verging on foolhardiness when he attempts to give *Advice to Ladies of a Certain Age*. Prior stuck to "noble, lovely, *little Peggy*,"<sup>23</sup> or "dear five year old";<sup>24</sup> Pope's beshorn virgin is young; but Trumbull dares to address "thou remnant left of ancient time." Youth rushes in where elders fear to tread! Here we get the first use in our author of the octosyllabic verse as practiced by Gay and his followers, a verse-form which we shall find quickly taking on Hudibrastic characteristics. This short tetrameter line seems especially suited to the English humorous genius. It is preëminently a meter for nimbleness of mind, sharpness of wit, and lightness of heart. In this manner, Trumbull defends the Fair from the attacks of the gossips, and warns the latter to repent. Occasionally the rhyme is a bit forced; there is no subtlety in the arraignment, little geniality in the spirit, and no disguise of the didactic purpose; but there are a directness of manner and a confinement of thought to the two lines, that reminds one of Swift. The trenchant phrasing of *M'Fingal* is at least once foreshadowed:

<sup>22</sup> This poem was attached to Trumbull's Master's essay, *On the Use and Advantages of the Fine Arts*. It is a plea for the Arts in America.

<sup>23</sup> Prior, Matthew, *My Noble, Lovely, Little Peggy*.

<sup>24</sup> Prior, Matthew, *To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old, the Author Supposed Forty*.

Thieves heed the arguments of gibbets,  
And for a villian's quick conversion,  
A pillory can outpreach a parson.

With greater success, Trumbull takes up after the fashion of Gay a fable of love, *The Owl and the Sparrow*. His easy assimilation of classic lore, and his adaptation of it to frivolous use, make for a lighter touch than is always attained by Gay and his school. We have here in full use the Hudibrastic tricks, of elision, as *met'physician, neighb'ring*, of forced masculine rhyme, *thrush — bush, grove — love*, of feminine rhymes in which two monosyllables are made to correspond to a dissyllable, *pen it — senate*.

Each stock and stone could prate and gabble,  
Worse than ten labourers of Babel,

gives an exact rhyme of Butler,

Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;<sup>25</sup>

and Trumbull repeats it in *M'Fingal*,

Or like the variegated gabble,  
That crazed the carpenters of Babel.

The use here of still another rhyme is of interest:

Each Bullfrog croak'd in loud bombastic,  
Each Monkey chatter'd Hudibrastic.

The argument that Trumbull is writing with Butler in mind is strengthened when we find in his unpublished *Epithalamium*, a work following the progression of Spenser's wedding song, written in bad taste and worse verse, these lines,

Thou my muse  
Who never didst thine aid refuse,

<sup>25</sup> Butler, Samuel, *Hudibras*.



Whether I sung in high *bombastic*  
Or sunk to simple *Hudibrastic*.<sup>26</sup>

The fable turns on Pope's line,

Every woman is at heart a rake.<sup>27</sup>

Of the same genus but different species is the fable *To a Young Lady, Who requested the Writer to draw her Character*. This is conventional flattery in which grandiloquence is substituted for sincerity and humor.

John Trumbull, English Colonial, seems to have reacted simultaneously against the wordy militancy of the religious leaders and the prevailing system of education in New England. As his opinions on the religious condition found expression in his Essays, so his educational views were first recorded in the *Meddler* papers III, IV, and IX,<sup>28</sup> and later expanded in the *Progress of Dulness*.<sup>29</sup> Leaving aside for the present Trumbull's political contributions, we find that, of his thirty-five hundred odd verses, about fifty per cent. belong to the *Progress*. The name is conformable to the eighteenth century creed—indeed the *Dunciad* evolved from just such a title. But Trumbull's work, in its vigor, spirit, intelligibility, and wit, reminds one more specifically of the moral paintings of Hogarth than of the finish and beauty of line of Pope. This work, written in the midst of his many occupations, bears on the formal side the same mark as his other compositions, that is, an attitude toward life of the British light essayist, deepened by a moral earnestness, and caught up in the tetrameter of Butler. There is, however, another element found only in some of the *Correspondent* papers—the conscious background of New England town and college.

In a letter to Silas Deane<sup>30</sup> dated January 8th, 1772,

<sup>26</sup> The *Epithalamium* is in manuscript in the Yale Library.

<sup>27</sup> Pope, *Moral Essay*, Epistle II.

<sup>28</sup> These papers were published in the *Boston Chronicle*, Sept. 14-18, Oct. 23-26, 1768; Jan. 11-15, 1770.

<sup>29</sup> Printed and issued in three parts, Aug. 1772, Jan. and July, 1773.

<sup>30</sup> This letter is the personal property of the Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes, D.D., Yale University.

Trumbull makes mention of his *Progress of Dulness*, the general scheme of which he had already sketched. The vast opportunities for satire on methods of education and the proceedings of the clergy, the author appreciates but is hesitant to stress, not wishing "to make a new set of enemies." Deane, apparently having no such scruples, would advise a broadening and deepening of the work, to which Trumbull replies "perhaps I may." The force of the satire on both points makes one feel that Deane triumphed. The brief, prefacing Part I, explains in detail motive and plan, and leaves no vital message for Tom Brainless to deliver. As an indictment of actual conditions in school and church, the work shows study of the situation, clear thinking, and hardheaded judgment. Tom's progression to college is much the same as that of the wealthy country child of *Meddler IX*.

The young lad . . . if he is an only child, or has tender parents, . . . is discovered to be a remarkable genius; and as soon put to school. The parents, [are] confirmed in this notion by the school-master, who is often a dunce and generally a parasite.

Addison's fairy touch Trumbull does not understand; his is the hit-and-hit-again system. The careers of his lads and lass he follows from early beginning to age, leaving nothing to the imagination. Tom, without undue exertion, reaches college, suffers acutely from prevalent college maladies of headache and eye-strain, dozes through four years, and comes forth with a sheep-skin.

In this instance, however, the story is not the thing. Trumbull is at his best when, using it as a spring board, he jumps to such questions as the place of the classics in college education, the proper method of their presentation, and the relative importance of the sciences. Again, in the earnestness of the reformer, he interrupts the story to make direct comment; and in these passages one catches an echo of Pope, emphasized occasionally by such a borrowing as

Thy space a point, thy life a day,

which undoubtedly is a rephrasing to fit another metre of

His time a moment, and a point his space.<sup>31</sup>

Two subjects agitating the scholastic world of today are Americanization, as the be-all of education, and salaries for teachers. Trumbull has a word for each. Of course he is still the colonial talking — Americanization is as yet unborn — but, as a good man, which is the essence of citizenship, he advocates a scheme of training founded upon man's duplex nature of mind and soul:

Oh! might I live to see that day,  
When sense shall . . .  
O'er education's laws preside;  
The good retain, with just discerning  
Explode the quackeries of learning; . . .  
And ethics teach the laws divine.

Recognition of the sacredness of authority is the foundation of Americanization; and this can be secured only by knowledge of, and love for, the God of Power.

En route to the ministry, Tom is, for forty pounds a year, sidetracked into teaching. At the expiration of the term, he resigns, much to the joy of the children, and the sorrow of the parents who must

. . . Seek again, their school to keep,  
One just as good, *and just as cheap*.

Even Trumbull does not feel a necessity for explaining! But on with Tom to the ministry he goes, with only a plaintive

Perhaps with genius we'd dispense;  
But sure we look at least for sense.

This is not mere social satire; the verse is but the froth of sane and serious thinking. The doctrine is not of destruc-

<sup>31</sup> Pope, *An Essay on Man*, Epistle I.



tion, but of conservation; and, for its propagation, Trumbull becomes as great a controversialist as his enemies in the opposing camps.

The beau and the belle of Addisonian ancestry are treated in much the same way in Parts II and III. Convivial Dick Hairbrain finds an extramural college life suited to his special faculties; and, as the lad is bent, the man inclines, until, too old for further joys, he repents; the judgment is Trumbull's, not mine. Miss Simper is of the class of women who so look, that they need not be heard. Trumbull, trained under a mother of education and ability, rebels at this status, and advocates education as a panacea. After Harriet, a cure is required. The fair lady of many flirtations, she falls victim to the wiles of Dick; but that gentleman, devoted to life, liberty, and pursuit of his own happiness, steps aside; and Harriet is forced to bestow her hand on the Reverend Tom.

*The Progress of Dulness* is satire, purely intellectual, with no trace of tenderness or emotion, and with nothing of the divine understanding that can forgive men for their very childishness. It lacks the geniality of Addison, the brotherhood of Steele. One is minded more of the harshness of Swift, without his personal rancour, the keenness of Butler, without the peculiarities that mark his style, the vision of Dryden, without the dignity of his matter and manner. It is not good poetry as poetry: no single verse challenges attention for beauty of form or of conception. But the thought carries the lines, and the strong common sense, lightened by humor tinged with irony, gives frequently a terseness of expression that makes for quotability.

Trumbull always hitched his wagon to a literary star with the result that he challenges comparison with the greatest of eighteenth century writers. This fact exposes his weaknesses; but it is nevertheless a not unworthy compliment to the aspirations of the American youth, or to his accomplishments that bear the indubitable mark of his ambition.

## IV. POLITICAL SATIRE: M'FINGAL

The early struggles attending the nation's birth found but little echo in Trumbull's poetry; and, were it not for his outburst at the very moment of America's need, one would feel that the passing events but little stirred him. The *Future Glory of America* (1770) predicts her greatness in Arts. The heroic couplets *Addressed to Messrs. Dwight and Barlow, on the projected publication of their Poems in London* (1775) are interesting in light of the feud, largely American, over "native" literature. But of impending war there is no word.

The *Elegy on the Times* (1774) and the *Genius of America* (1777-78) show an aroused Trumbull: in the first, colonial, provincial if you will, but with a devotion to liberty which in the second becomes a fixed determination to protect and save her. The moral of the *Elegy* is of the Pollyanna type. Probable chastisement of England does not enter into the prophecy. America, the good child, will be freed; and John Bull, the proverbial bad boy, will be punished by — possibly poetic justice. The sixty-eight stanzas of the poem are mostly given over to stock eighteenth century phrases, "hostile beaks," "pointed thunders," "bloody standards," mixed occasionally with "sympathetic tears." But let us remember that, in all this, there is only a hint of rebellion; and, when we consider that it is in celebration of the "Tea Party," and written by a law student in the office of John Adams, the *Elegy* is very mild indeed.

The *Genius of America: An Ode*, consists of sixteen stanzas, the last three of which were written to commemorate "the expulsion of the British forces from the continent to Staten and New-York Islands, after the battle of Monmouth."<sup>32</sup> The poem may be an attempt at patriotic expression. "Proud Albion" is accused for her unjust assaults; the glories of Washington, Warren, Putnam, and Greene, are related; the effects of war are dissected; but there is not one soul-stirring call to arms, not a word that the eager

<sup>32</sup> Trumbull, *Poetical Works*, Ed. 1820, II, 93, note.

young defenders might cherish in their hearts, not a gleam of comfort for those who are bereaved.

Trumbull, despite his own estimate, was not temperamentally a poet; he was by nature a reformer, and perhaps the law gave outlet to this corrective tendency. His reactions against local conditions would never have perpetuated his name. His meed of fame after a century and a half is due entirely to his literary warfare in favor of America independent.

The first really incendiary article which can be definitely ascribed to Trumbull, is his burlesque of the broadside issued by General Gage, June 12, 1775. Notes in warfare are not particularly impressive, and this one in parody was published in two sections in the *Connecticut Journal and Hartford Weekly Intelligencer*, for August 7th and 14th. To us the burlesque carries an appeal stronger than its undeniable cleverness, and that is its temerity. In the doubtful state of the colonies, it required no small courage thus to stimulate a nation's morale. Gage and Trumbull's accounts of the Lexington affair are typical examples of their respective "Proclamations":

A number of armed persons, to the amount of many thousands, assembled on the 19th of April last, and from behind walls and lurking holes, attacked a detachment of the King's troops, who not suspecting so consummate an act of phrenzy, unprepared for vengeance, and willing to decline it, made use of their arms only in their own defence. Since that period the rebels, deriving confidence from impunity, have added insult to outrage; have repeatedly fired upon the king's ships and subjects, with cannon and small-arms; Have possessed the roads, and other communications by which the Town of Boston was supplied with provisions; with a perposterous parade of military arrangement, they affect to hold the army besieged.

Of which Trumbull says:

And now to tell the things that past  
The nineteenth day of April last,  
Of your armed rebels, twenty dozen,  
Whom our fears multiplied to thousands. . . .  
Attack'd our peaceful troops, I sent,



For plunder, not for slaughter meant;  
 Who little mischief then had done,  
 But killed twelve men at Lexington;  
 Who show'd their love to peace and virtue,  
 And prov'd they'd no intent to hurt you.  
 For did not every reg'lar run,  
 As soon as e'er you fir'd a gun; . . .  
 Convey'd themselves with speed away,  
 Full twenty miles in half a day . . .  
 And since assuming airs so tall,  
 Because we did not kill you all,  
 Have dar'd with jibes and jeers confounded,  
 Insult the brave, whose backs you wounded; . . .  
 Fire on us at your will, and shut  
 The town as tho' ye'd starve us out,  
 And with parade preposterous hedg'd,  
 Affect to hold us here besieg'd,  
 ('Tho' we, who still command the seas,  
 Can run away whene'er we please.)

J. Hammond Trumbull was the first to point out that, of the two hundred and sixteen lines of this burlesque, fifty were later incorporated in the *M'Fingal*.

The invigorating effect of the *Proclamation* perhaps was the reason that Trumbull, when America's fortune was at low ebb, was called upon for another contribution. His response, *M'Fingal*, is a brave piece in face of trouble and disaster. At the time, it was welcomed here and abroad as a clever imitation of Butler; and, in later years, a probable influence by Churchill has been alleged. Both contentions are true; and still neither fact is strong enough to account for *M'Fingal's* popularity. Not the art of the poem, but its tone of uncompromising devotion to freedom, its picture, its caricature if you will, of the troublous period of our nation's youth, explain its republication especially at times of great national consciousness. The twenty odd editions of the poem before 1800 are accounted for by the Revolution and its aftermath; the editions ascribed by the *Cambridge History of American Literature* to Baltimore, 1812, Augusta, 1813, and Hallowell, 1813, synchronize with the beginning of America's "second war for independence," as the edition of Hudson, 1816, and the inclusion of *M'Fin-*

*gal* in the complete *Poetical Works* of Trumbull, 1820, follow that war's conclusion; and the Lossing editions of 1860 and 1864 consciously or unconsciously voice the patriotism of the period of the Civil War. Perhaps so far as *M'Fingal* is concerned, America's recent participation in the great World War gives added point to the present reprint of the edition of a century ago.

The first edition of *M'Fingal*, consisting of one canto, and printed in Philadelphia where the second Continental Congress was then in session, bears the date 1775. It was, however, really issued early in 1776 — almost at the same moment as Paine's *Common Sense*. The same year saw it reprinted in London. These two editions, each consisting of 1480 lines, differ in but one particular: in the English edition, the names of Bute and Mansfield are represented by initials. In the completed version, 1782, the original poem with but slight changes — and these in way of additions — becomes the first two cantos, while the new material forms the third and fourth. The first two cantos describe a town meeting — evidently not very far from Boston — in which the opposing arguments of Whig and Tory are presented by Honorius the rebel and Squire M'Fingal the loyalist. Such is the presentation, however, that not only the speeches of Honorius — Give us liberty or give us death! — but also the argument of M'Fingal — Whatever is is right! — tend to strengthen the case against the rule of Britain. Trumbull has here a subtle advantage in being able to write the addresses of both sides! In the third canto, argument gives place to action: the mob presents M'Fingal with a coat of tar and feathers and carts him through the town. In the fourth canto, M'Fingal, humbled and converted, makes to his own followers a final speech in which, from the vantage-point of Trumbull in 1782, he "foresees" unerringly the outcome of the war.

The influence of Churchill upon Trumbull's epic, appears both in its verse-form and in its subject-matter. In making the hero a Scotchman gifted with second sight — when so many perfectly good New England loyalists were

at hand — this influence has been unfortunate. M'Fingal's nationality tends to obscure the fact that, after all, the struggle was primarily a civil strife. As for the verse-form of the poem, it is the octosyllabic couplet of Churchill's *The Ghost*, but with more of the peculiarities that are associated with Butler's *Hudibras*. Churchill and Trumbull were both intellectually superior to Butler. The former assailed bitterly men of prominence, of success; Trumbull leveled his attack at the enemy when his own cause seemed almost hopeless; Butler, however, made game of a lost cause. Churchill makes some attempt at characterization; but Trumbull's characters like Butler's are merely pegs upon which to hang his ideas, about which to cluster his epigrammatic sentences, his pointed apothegms, his unexpected allusions (the fruit of his wide reading), his quaint turns of expression, and his unusual and fanciful rhymes. The vulgarity of both of his predecessors Trumbull escapes. The usual accompaniments of Hudibrastic verse, as to rhymes and elisions, we have in full measure — good, bad, and indifferent; but Trumbull rarely resorts to the use of Latin terms, of words in an unusual sense, or to unusual words. His erudition allows of the most foreign and unexpected comparisons and allusions. Milton, Virgil, Blackstone, Homer, Waller, Cervantes, Aristophanes, and a score of others flit across the pages; but bookishness is counterbalanced by the popular journalistic touch, and so the danger of too great subtlety is averted.

Like all satirists, Trumbull is partisan; the cause of England is painted black; the actions of her armed men are such as we have been taught belong only to the Teutons; their leaders are stupid or worse; and above and beyond all, that bugbear of bigots, the power of Rome, is second-sighted by Trumbull as by his lineal descendants in this generation. Aloft and alone, the emblem of purity, stands America, triumphant.

#### CONCLUSION

With *M'Fingal* ends Trumbull's literary career. With the exception of contributions to *The Anarchiad*, which are



indistinguishable from those of his collaborators, Trumbull forsakes the Muse and worships at the shrine of Justice. Unlike his principal contemporary among American poets, Trumbull escaped the ultra-radical influences of the French Revolution and thereby escaped also the epithet which Washington flung at that contemporary: "that *rascal* Freneau." Unlike Freneau, although he lived to see the war of 1812, he did not sing its naval victories. But Trumbull, whatever be his limitations as a poet, is worthy of a rereading if only for his success in his three major works: the romantic beauty of portions of his *Ode to Sleep*, his earnest demand, in *The Progress of Dulness*, for educational reform, and, in *M'Fingal*, his illustration of the fact that, in the America of the Revolution, it was possible to be at the same time an effective political satirist and a gentleman.

CLARE I. COGAN

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### A WISH

I'D like to fill a rose-jar  
With red June roses,  
And ship them on a silver spar  
Upon a dream away —  
To bear the Summer's passion  
In magic fairy fashion  
To where the lonely-hearted are  
From Cairo to Cathay!

MARION FRANCIS BROWN

## STANCES GREQUES

**T**HE King of Beauty rides to-night.  
His crown is cut across the moon.  
His face is fatal in the light;  
His eyes are deep with mocking might —  
Two dryads in its languor swoon  
And drink the wind he rides to-night.

His hand lifts up a silent cry  
Of fingers like a panther-paw.  
His vassal yearns to-night, for I  
Am bound with Beauty where I lie,  
And all my yearning yearns to draw  
From forth his hand a panther-cry.

His foot is fraught with moonlit mail  
That marks with hoof and not with heel.  
His vassal strives to rise and hail  
The faun-blood in his Grecian grail —  
But bares her throat instead, to feel  
The hoof-mark of his moonlit mail.

The King has ridden on. The dawn  
Has followed him, to make me blind.  
I wear the claws that I have drawn  
From off his hand. A fluid faun  
Is in my veins. They feel the wind —  
The drink the dryads left behind.  
The King has ridden. It is dawn.

HORACE FISH

## SOME MEMORIES OF A SERGEANT-MAJOR

THE first overseas memory is of a gray morning, a dense fog, dun wavelets plashing sullenly against the side of the liner, and the clang of a bell-buoy somewhere in the mist. Then, as the fog gradually dissipated, we caught a glimpse of a low, peninsular-looking strip of land with buildings — Liverpool. The Mauretania had again escaped the submarines, and was being washed by the familiar waters of the Mersey.

That our few hours in England as we hurried through its picturesque counties en route to the battlefields of France, should have left with us deep and lasting memories is not surprising. After a week upon a monotonous ocean, we found ourselves in an unfamiliar and singularly attractive land. Though the scenes through which we passed succeeded each other with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity, our senses were similarly quickened to grasp them.

The supremely important fact for all of us was that we had entered the War Zone. America, when we left it, was hardly aroused to the seriousness of the conflict that had become ours; the war was still more or less of a play-thing to many. England, war-stricken and war-weary, but undaunted still, presented a striking contrast. There was tension in the air, tenseness in the people. The island was practically bereft of its men. In the factories and the warehouses of Liverpool, the workers were women. Manifestly inured to their tasks by the war conditions that had come to be habitual with Western Europe, they cheerfully wheeled or grimly hoisted their loads, plied their saws, worked their engines. In the clean, trim towns that looked so comfortable and so peaceful as our train rushed through them, women or very old men alone preserved the appearance of civic activity. They hailed us with cordial Anglo-Saxon enthusiasm; the spirit of fraternity rather than of alliance alone was marked. In the country lanes and the hills and meadows of velvety grass, the solitary maid or matron in garb of black became a familiar figure. The only able-bodied men were occasional soldiers home on leave. We eyed them curiously; they had seen the Front.



Fully as significant as these singularities of the adult population were the actions of the children. Probably the English child always observes the proprieties more meticulously than the American urchin; but it is strange indeed to note an almost introspective solemnity among boys and girls who are watching a parade of soldiers. As we marched through the attractive, tree-shaded streets of Southampton, there were many children in the crowds that lined the sidewalks. They did not cheer us, or wave flags, or run after us. Mutely, with sober eyes, they watched us, often reaching out their small, clean hands to touch ours, as though giving and exacting a pledge in behalf of our common cause, but speaking not a word. As our hands met in this momentary pressure, an expression of confidence and hope entered their eyes. For us, the clasp was more impressive than much pomp and ceremony would have been.

We reached France quickly. The German thrust towards Amiens was under way, the issue still hanging in the balance. We were stationed at some distance behind the lines, but were ready to be used as reserves at a moment's notice if the Hun should prosper in his plans. Depression was in the air. Refugees were constant sights in the little white stucco-walled village of Miannay, where we were billeted, and all along the Route Nationale, which extended with its double line of tall trees as far as the eye could reach.

Many times a day, an old, cumbersome, creaking wagon came staggering down the dusty road, piled high with such family goods as could, in the hasty exodus, be loaded upon it — a motley assortment of old chairs, tables, garish pictures, dismembered bedsteads, boxes, clocks, hats, mattresses, and miscellaneous trinkets. Generally the aged owner (he was always old) walked beside the laboring horse to save it the task of carrying him. His wife on the seat was often so frail and shrunken that she could scarcely have added materially to the weight of the load. They all appeared to have travelled a wearisome distance. Their

movements were mechanical, not purposeful; a dull stupor had replaced expression on their faces. As they passed laboriously through the village, they seldom halted except from sheer weariness, or exchanged words with the inhabitants. We were not at this time able to appreciate the full meaning of these occurrences; we did not realize the attachment of the French peasant for his native village and hearth. To us, the broken-walled, gray, amorphous habitations seemed sorry structures at best; homesick as we were, we vastly preferred the barns we had left across the ocean. That these structures should be wrecked by the *obus* of the Teutons was a calamity, but not a colossal one. Later we came to understand more fully how the stores of associations connected with these archaic dwelling places invested them with a totally non-intrinsic glamour for those who had succeeded their ancestors in them; how the almost feline instinct of the peasant for his fireplace made each cart that rolled through the village a tragedy in the fullest sense.

Very rarely did the pervading spirit of gloom lift at this time. The constant procession of refugees would have been enough to cause it; the news that Amiens was being shelled and the civilian population fleeing, enough to increase it. But there were more intimate reasons too. Every family in the village wore mourning — some of recent adoption, some dating back to the early days of the Marne. If communication had been easier between the soldiers and the civilians to whose succor we had come, much might have been learned of what the war had meant to these simple peasant folk. But most of the boys were just discovering that *hommes* does not rhyme with *Tommies*, and could only guess at the griefs behind the closed doors.

Partly on this account, it was still hard for us to *realize* the war. Nature too had cast a luxuriant mantle over the face of the earth; and the peaceful beauty of the landscape seemed a convincing contradiction of carnage and fighting. Though the French scene did not erase memories of the hills and the vales of the homeland, there was much to fas-

ciate us in the natural aspects of the country, unfamiliar and exotic as well as intrinsically lovely. Undoubtedly, the poppy fields are the most striking feature of the French countryside. They attract the eye; they satisfy the senses; they symbolize the battlefields. The scarlet petals, waving in a light breeze among the higher stalks of unripened wheat, greeted us on our first march on French soil. We were not unappreciative of the deep red alfalfa that rioted in patches through the grass; we were attracted by the occasional profusion of the ultramarine bachelor's button; we noticed here and there the familiar buttercup. But these were passive. The poppies were animate; they flaunted themselves before us in exuberance of pure color; the sight of them refreshed us like a cool breeze in summer. The marvelous tall trees that lined and canopied the firm, white roadbed of the Route Nationale — trees that may have sheltered we knew not what armies before us — won our admiration hardly less. Then there were other trees in the distance, such as we had seen in pictures, tall slender poplars with a space of bare trunk separating the upper mass of foliage from the nether; short squat willows, beside streams, with thick irregular trunks that suddenly burst into a cluster of a thousand tiny branches scarcely bigger than twigs. The streamlets themselves, with their intricate windings and their tiny falls, added to the charm of the view. The lumbering old-fashioned windmills, monuments of picturesque inefficiency, seemed to give the panorama that surrounded us the appropriate final touch.

One Sunday morning in June, I slipped away from Headquarters, and sought the grassy hills above the town. Early summer had set in; the sun shone brightly, warmly. The slopes and the meadows were covered with thick verdure; birds and bees contributed their characteristic sounds to the morning. I reached the base of a huge windmill, and sat down to enjoy the peaceful view of the fertile Trie valley beneath me. Within reach were poppies and bachelor's buttons and a small white flower similar to the star of Bethlehem. Under the sway of the drowsy summer



morning, I idly plucked the blossoms of the three colors that form the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the Tricolor. The thought that the red alone was at this moment significant to three-fourths of the nations did not enter my mind. The whole world appeared Arcadian, nature a balm, war a myth. While the minutes slipped by, I sat enjoying the quiet serenity of scene and season. A languorous poetical somnolence stole through my veins. Suddenly, a dull distant thud, the echo of some huge piece of artillery far away, reverberated faintly. It broke the spell instantly. I tried to resume my dreams; but the sun's heat had acquired an element of ferocity; the droning of the yellowjackets degenerated to a monotone; the plucked flowers already showed signs of withering. I rose to my feet. We had crossed the ocean not to muse in the fields of France, but to fight the Hun.

The evening of that day, as it chanced, gave corroboration to the message of the morning. A party of Boche aviators included our village in a little air raid, and furnished us our first "close-up" of warfare.

Just after we had retired to our beds of straw, the long summer twilight scarcely over, we heard a distant report not unlike the one that had broken in on my morning's meditations. It was the warning signal. Other shots, a little louder, followed in a few minutes. Soon, the booming of artillery close at hand continued the tale, the activity approaching nearer and nearer until the batteries on the hills that surrounded us were joining full force in the chorus. Their deep bass was presently accentuated by the half human shriek of the shrapnel shells in their upward flight, and the rapid rattle of the machine guns as the Boche planes — the "Gothas" — got within range. The humming of the Allied aircraft above us now became mingled with the sinister, pulsating throb of the engine made in Germany.

Long before this, we were out of our billets, eager spectators of the heavens. Powerful searchlights swept the sky, crossing one another in the endeavor to catch the

hostile aviator in their combined light. Thus entrapped, the illumined plane looks like a fragile silver butterfly, and is rendered almost as harmless. But on this evening, "Fritz" was wily and eluded the shafts of light. Soon he added his own noises to the roar of our artillery: sharper cracking reports in the clear night air told that he was dropping his load of bombs not far away. The guns defending us redoubled their activity; the roar grew tremendous, the shrapnel and the bombs almost continuous — wild Wagnerian orchestration on a titanic scale. A momentary lull was only the prelude to a new outburst on another side. For an hour or more, the game continued. At last, it ended in a stalemate. The throbbing of the engines above us grew fainter and died away in the distance; the violence of the firing waned. The searchlights dimmed; the moon and the constellations resumed their rightful sway of the heavens. We returned to our beds of straw, conscious that our initiation had started.

We did not remain long in the valley of the Trie. The Germans shelled, but failed to reach, Amiens; their thrust at Abbeville was a fiasco. The danger in the Somme area past, the Eighty-Second Division was ordered to the Toul sector, the front that was then distinctively American. A forty-eight hour trip across France, including a distant glimpse of Paris, several uncomfortable days in a garrison near Toul, a few hours in that historic episcopal city, and then the Front.

The Toul front was at that time what was known as a quiet sector, a military situation that was soon to become obsolete as the American troops arrived in greater and greater numbers. But the experience of going to the front for the first time is significant, whatever the situation. The realization that there is nothing between you and the enemy, that you are a part of the long "line," that the success of the regiment on your right and the regiment on your left depends on your cooperation, is what makes life on even a quiet front inevitably inspiring.

We left our barracks near Toul just after twilight had

set in, for the first time wearing our steel helmets under orders and carrying our gas masks "at the alert." The gray army auto truck in which I was riding was protected by two armed guards; in addition we all had our side arms loaded. It was just a bit stagy.

The sun had already set, and a warm afterglow cast its spell over the fields. We talked little as we rode along; we were more interested in seeing. The beauty of the landscape soon became marred by the emergency trenches running irregularly through the grass, and the masses of ugly black or rusted barbed wire. Then we reached the first shelled village we had seen outside the pictorial sections of Sunday newspapers. The camera has made familiar to the civilized world the characteristic features of these scenes of devastation — roofless, windowless shells of houses; cracked crumbling façades with cavernous gaps; fragments of walls, jagged, amorphous; the skeleton of a church with battered steeple and perhaps a stained glass window preserved intact to stand out in ironic contrast with its surroundings. As first seen in the dim twilight, the desolateness of these broken walls and fragments of what had been dwellings was unforgettable and indescribable. The weird, ghostly quality of the scene lent it atmosphere; its reality made it poignant. Just out of this village was a large sign by the roadside. There was still light enough to read its weather-stained message distinctly:

"ATTENTION! L'ENNEMI VOUS VOIT!"

At this moment, no one was absolutely proof against a thrill. Beyond, the road was somewhat dubiously camouflaged.

Shortly after dark, we arrived at the shell-torn village of Ansauville, a mile or so behind the front line trenches, where our Headquarters were to be located. On that night in June began our life at the Front, which continued until November.

The biggest surprise of my whole experience in the army was the comparative quiet of the next few weeks. Our ideas of the front had been culled from magazine articles



in picturesque, journalistic English, from the vivid realism of *Over the Top* and *Under Fire*, with perhaps a touch of the idealism that fills the pages of *A Student in Arms*. We were prepared for noise, alarms, noble sacrifice, blood and thunder; but we were not prepared for days spent as placidly as those in training camp. The magazines had not trafficked in descriptions of quiet fronts.

Yet not altogether eventless were our lives, though experiences came slowly. One evening, as we were taking a walk, a peculiar whistling sound, shrill and strangely ominous, brought us to a halt. It was the first German shell to pass over our heads. Then, on another day, there was the first gas attack — really in the next village, but a few whiffs reached ours. Next came the first air battle by day that we had seen, the warring planes so far above us that they could be located, without glasses, only by the smoke from bursting shells; the first man in the regiment “killed in action”; the first observation balloon brought down by a hostile aviator. (He got away too.) The first night that we rose with a start and in the pitch dark scrambled wildly for shoes, helmets, masks, and as much clothing as was within reach, and then filed down into the wretchedly uncomfortable dugout until the flurry of shells was over, was another memorable first. During this period of our initiation, we often diverted ourselves by strolling on those exposed portions of the roads where the enemy, if he took the trouble to look, might see us; by extending our rambles to “Dead Man’s Curve” — not, I believe, the only stretch of public highway so named — where the roadside was pitted with shell holes, and we could indulge our souvenir-amassing instincts by collecting countless pieces of shrapnel. Again, we would sneak off to the French guns in the woods, fraternize with the *artilleurs*, and possibly be rewarded by the privilege of setting off the piece. Here, “Seventy-fives” could be had for the picking up. My own, eagerly seized at this period, accompanied me through the war, and now adorns my peaceful study.

But gradually, the novelty of the front merged into the

commonplace. In August, our regiment moved to the Marbache sector, taking over the line at Pont-a-Mousson. At first, there was little here to make our life seem different, except that the Moselle valley charmed us with its natural beauty, and the stream provided us excellent bathing after the day's duties. August slipped by imperceptibly into September. The homeland had now become thoroughly aroused to the war, and troops in olive drab were arriving in greater numbers than we had thought possible. Our comrades at Chateau Thierry had surprised the world, and perhaps themselves. Outwardly, we were still on a quiet sector; but we occasionally caught a throb of the titanic elemental stir beneath the surface.

Memory selects a sunny afternoon, when, with a companion, I climbed the steep pathway of Mousson hill, that dominates the region pictorially and strategically. Only the elect were permitted on the hilltop; but we contrived to slip by the guard, and presently found ourselves within the ruins of the medieval fortress walls that once made the spot a redoubtable stronghold. From our point of vantage, we had a bird's eye view of the entire sector held by our regiment, the support trenches almost directly beneath us, the front line trenches a short distance beyond, then a doubtful stretch of no man's land, and still farther some irregular lines crossing the fields and intersected by the Moselle, that we felt rather than knew to be the front line of the Boche. Here and there in the distance were ruined hamlets and farms. In some cases, we could not determine whether they were within the enemy's line or our own, so irregularly did the trenches run.

Presently some allied artillery on our left grew active. Reports sounded frequently, and we could hear the shells whistling directly above our heads, to explode a few seconds later in the valley to our right. The nook in which we had ensconced ourselves was not well situated for this new development; so we cast about for a higher "coign," where we could obtain an unobstructed view of the bursting shells, which were rapidly demolishing a farm within the German

lines. Inadvertently, we had seated ourselves on the camouflaged roof of the regimental observation post, so cleverly concealed that we had not realized that we were near it. A moment or two later, its guardian for the afternoon, happily a member of our own company, discovered and dispossessed us on the theory that we were more than likely to draw fire; but, yielding to the fraternal spirit (which is the most important constructive result of the war), he invited us, against standing orders, within the dugout. His invitation was a gift from the gods. We were now able to continue our observations through the hitherto sacrosanct glasses. The farm under fire turned out to be a center of concrete machine gun emplacements, which, one by one, were reduced to shapeless fragments under the splendidly directed high explosive shells. Nothing that we had seen during the entire summer gave us the genuine heart's delight of this half hour. Then, when the work was done, we still clung to the glasses, and surveyed the panorama far and near, ending with a fine view of Metz, twenty miles away, where the Crown Prince's famous chateau particularly interested us as a possible future location of our regimental headquarters. At this time, Metz was still untouched by the allied artillery; but not more than two or three weeks passed by before its inhabitants were reported fleeing from our long range guns. Then, however, our regiment was miles away in the Argonne, and we never realized the pleasure of inhabiting the chateau.

About the time of this visit to Mousson hill, we began to receive more palpable hints of coming activity. September ninth and tenth hummed with suppressed excitement. During the morning of the eleventh, orders arrived that no billets must be occupied that night; every soldier must be in dugout or trench by midnight. As things turned out, the precaution was unnecessary, for no important counter attack was made. At one o'clock, a. m., precisely, on September twelfth, I was aroused from an uncomfortable half doze by the first shots that instituted the now historic St. Mihiel offensive.



That moment marked the end of quiet fronts; for the remainder of our active participation in the hostilities, we woke, worked, and slept to the cadence of an unceasing barrage. During the days that followed, when every nerve and sinew was strained to the uttermost to keep up the great push that simply had to win the war before Germany could again call upon the ally that had so often helped her — Winter — hardships and sufferings multiplied fast. My own tasks at this period were unspectacular: they consisted neither of going over the top, of lying all day long in a muddy shell hole, nor of charging German machine gun nests. Even at Headquarters, however, life was at a high pressure after the St. Mihiel drive started.

Our regiment, at the right of the American sector, pushed forward into the enemy's lines. Each day would have been a day of peril and adventure, could we have viewed it with the eyes of yesteryear; but even modern warfare and shrapnel grow monotonous with use. Only a few days and nights stand out distinct in memory. The advance of our line companies brought Headquarters forward to the city of Pont-a-Mousson, where on the second night after our arrival, we experienced personally the transition from passive to active warfare.

Looked back upon, the experiences of that night were decidedly humorous; but only good luck kept them from taking a more serious turn. Pont-a-Mousson boasts a rather attractive residential section, where the hastily evacuated homes, their closets stocked with such almost forgotten luxuries as sheets, tempted us to spend our nights above ground instead of retiring to the uncomfortable and damp security of the dugouts and the abris. All summer long, we argued, though constantly in range of the enemy's guns, we had billeted in houses and barns. Surely the present insistence on burrowing under the earth must be superfluous caution. For all that, we did not fail to mark the route to the nearest dugout, and could have wished it a little less circuitous. Owing to some perversely locked doors, it was necessary,

in order to reach a spot almost directly beneath us, to go through a couple of rooms in the wrong direction, hop out of the window, go back along the sidewalk about forty feet, jump in another window of the same building, find a door, run through a hall, avoid an ascending staircase, and discover the descending one, which, at last, led to the haven of security. A considerable feat of skill by day, it proved a labyrinthine problem by night.

Of the six of us who were occupying the room, one was entirely deaf. We retired at about eight o'clock, just as the stars were beginning to shine brightly. Never before had a straw mattress, enhanced this time by a pair of clean sheets, felt so soothing. The roar of our artillery, which had prevented our sleeping the entire previous night, was stilled temporarily. Five minutes after we hit our bunks, we were lapped in ambrosial slumber. During the next two hours, I know not where our blissful souls may have roamed.

With a start, I sat up in the pitch dark; a glance at my radiolite showed me that it was five minutes after ten. It seemed to me that I could hear the shriek of a human being echoing in my ears. But the immediate repetition of the sound discovered it to be the wail of a German shell instead. Nor did it arrive singly; the air was filled with shriek after shriek, explosion after explosion. We soon ceased to try to keep count, for of course we were all awakened except the deaf man. At first, the fire, though continuous, was comparatively remote; but gradually it approached us. To be under shell fire, as you lie flat on your back at the dead of night, is a weird and indescribable experience. You hear the dull, distant report as the shell leaves the gun across no man's land, and simultaneously a singular buzz that with incredible rapidity turns into a shriek, unique in the gamut of sounds, growing shriller and louder till, with a harsh grating noise, it ends in a sharp explosion; and the scrap iron splashes around you. One experiences an almost hypnotic fascination while he thus follows the course of the shell; it leaves a distinct memory

in his brain. Nearly everybody in the active service has at some time or other dreamed of being in his home town under shell fire, and has awakened with a feeling of intense thankfulness that we entered the war in time to keep it geographically a European conflict. But I am in danger of becoming digressive —

When the firing grew so close that the pavement outside the windows beat to the tattoo of the falling shrapnel, we grew a bit restive. The feeling was not one of fear (our first shelling, on the other sector, though far less severe, had, *sub rosa*, scared us a little); but we began to feel that an upright position might possess certain advantages over a recumbent one. Somehow, too, one always feels more secure when he is shod.

The infant-like snoring of our deaf companion, heard between shells, started to get on our nerves; so we woke him and endeavored to explain the situation to him. As his first act on gaining consciousness was to don his gas mask, both ingenuity and perseverance were required to make matters clear to him. All the time the bursting shells were landing closer and closer. Finally, we were all in readiness. We felt our way to the window of egress, waited for the approaching shell to explode, then, with the sound in our ears of its successor whizzing towards us, jumped out and dashed for the window forty feet away. We beat the shell to it, and after some fumbling and stumbling, instinct triumphed over clumsiness, and we reached the dugout.

It was wretchedly uncomfortable, damp and unpleasant to smell; standing accommodations only were provided. But under the protection of the low vaulted roof, we felt secure from the crashes that were still audible above us. Presently, however, these grew less frequent, and, at last, ceased entirely. The thought of sheets in the absence of shrapnel was seductive. We cautiously emerged and sought our former quarters. Again we slept. Of course, the cessation of the firing was merely to let the guns cool. Within twenty minutes the barrage was on again, this time with the accom-



paniment of a little gas attack. Now, the problem was to make the deaf man put his mask on, for he had failed to hear the warning klaxon, and was sleepy enough to be argumentative and combative.

Once again, we reached the dugout in safety; and once again, after about an hour, we were amateurish enough to go up to the room during a quiet interval. We were brought to our senses by a terrific roar, as a shell crashed into the roof of the house next door and tore it to bits. Even our deaf friend sat up this time, as the crash was accompanied by a dazzling streak of flame, and remarked that there seemed to be some firing going on. This time, we did not wait to expostulate, but dragged him full speed over the path that was now becoming familiar to us. During the remainder of the night, no false allurements tempted us forth. We were chilled and numb, but we stayed.

Next morning, as we carried our bunks down to the underground fastness, and made the vault into a livable den, we could afford to laugh over our discomfiture of the previous night; and never to this day do I meet our deaf companion, but a grin broadens his countenance, and he drawls (being from the South) — "Do you remember that night at Pont-a-Mousson when you and I—?"

At all events, the night had taught us that our period of quiescence and practical security was at an end. There were whispers and rumors of great things about to happen in the Verdun sector. About a week later, our objectives in the St. Mihiel offensive having been gained and held, French troops took over our line, and the Eighty-Second Division was ordered to the Argonne. After a racking overland trip in French trucks, and a night or two in the thick woods behind the lines, our regiment advanced once more to the front.

It was dusk when we left the encampment in the woods; it was dark and murky as we rode along the muddy roads hopelessly congested with trucks and ambulances; it was midnight when we halted at our destination, Varennes. The town was just in the rear of the hotly contested line, having

been captured from the Germans about thirty-six hours before.

A penetrating drizzle had set in; the early morning chill was in the air. Our small group stood ankle deep in the mud, as the line companies, on foot, filed past us on their way to the trenches. The big cumbersome supply trucks so filled the road that we had to press close against the walls of the ruined buildings to keep from under them. Even in the thick, wet darkness, we could see that the whole locality was in a condition of devastation such as we had not before seen. Not a building was sufficiently intact to give a hint of its former use or size. Fragments of upper walls were wrenched at right angles to the lower ones that somewhat dubiously supported them; roofs perilously overhung their foundations, swaying above us at each discharge of the batteries nearby. We were in a nest of our own artillery; the noise of the guns was at times deafening, but preferable to the not infrequent return fire of the enemy. For an hour or thereabouts we stood waiting, our packs torturing our backs, hoping that the incessant stream of traffic would moderate until we could find some description of shelter. After our eyes had grown used to the darkness, we perceived some entrances to dugouts; but at each we received the same answer: "Packed to the last inch." One of them was filled with German prisoners, many of whom were gassed and wounded. At last, towards dawn, a lieutenant directed us to the other end of the town, where, beneath the pulverized walls of what had once been a building, we found rest for our weary bodies in an old wine cellar converted into a dugout.

American soldiers were not the first to enter the town of Varennes at the dead of night, in the midst of perils and alarms, to seek despairingly for shelter, to find accommodations too distasteful for anything but exhaustion. Over a century before, Varennes had received a fleeing queen under the same conditions, a proud princess of the house of Austria with the remnant of her retinue. But as we

stretched out on the dirty straw that ill covered the cellar's floor, no thoughts of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette kept us from instantaneous slumber.

It was broad daylight when we awoke, the batteries still thundering around us, occasional shells from the retreating Germans falling near us. The hum of the swift scouting planes above was constant. Army trucks, ambulances, generals' cars, motorcycles, and horses clogged the roads as they had done on the previous night. Occasionally, a damaged tank from the front on its way back to the repairing station attracted our attention, or a file of German prisoners with bloody bandages and sullen, weary expressions. The town itself was literally battered to fragments; nothing of the older portion was left but heaps of *débris*, much of the devastation representing earlier periods of the war. Along the hillside, where the elaborate German dug-outs and abris had been built, the ruins were fresher and uglier.

Our engineers were everywhere reconstructing such fragmental parts as might still be of use, repairing the shelled and mined roads, restoring the blown-up bridges. The first aid stations were hopelessly overworked, crowded to capacity with the maimed, the gassed, and the shell-shocked. The open wounds or dripping bandages, faces livid with yellow blisters, limbs oscillating back and forth like pendulums, no longer under the control of the shell-shocked brain, made the unprofessional observer glad to seek hasty relief out of doors. Here, the crude graves were multiplying fast. You would stoop down and perhaps read the name of your yesterday's comrade attached to the rough wooden cross.

Through the difficult and treacherous forest land, our comrades were progressing, sometimes by kilos, sometimes by inches. Of their sufferings and losses during the days that followed, we could judge only by the fragmentary casualty reports that reached us, by the brief tales told by an occasional truck load of the wounded, or by the account of a weary mud-covered runner from the advancing line. Their



story is for someone who endured and survived their experiences to tell.

Though we were constantly, during the month of October, within range of the enemy's artillery, and though they took particular delight in shelling us at meal hours, we presently succeeded in making ourselves comfortable and reasonably secure. Our "home" was in a small dugout of solid German construction, which the bombardment had somehow spared. It was a rather remarkable piece of masonry, an abri more properly than a dugout, as it was built above ground in the ruins of a large slaughter house. The ceiling and side walls were an arch of corrugated steel, around which were built walls of exceedingly thick and solid stonework, extending about seven feet higher than the center of the arch. The well thus formed had been filled in with concrete, reinforced with layers of steel rails crossed. The back wall of the abri, about six feet in thickness, was pierced by a miniature window, sufficient for ventilation, but too tiny and deep set to furnish illumination. Opposite this was the door, in front of which at a short distance was a separate screening wall, the height of the entrance. Around this and around the base of the entire structure, were piles of sandbags and débris. Inside, the bunks were arranged sleeping-car fashion; and somebody's foresight had installed a small iron stove. The Germans had used the place as a signal station. Wires abounded. We did not tamper with them, however; we were content to let sleeping mines lie. Once within this retreat, we felt comfortably snug and secure, even when the Boche planes throbbed directly above us, and, as their bombs dropped outside the window, we could see the flashes and smell the powder.

Here we spent the damp, chilly month of October in the frost and the mud of the historic Argonne. Here we discarded all other work to prepare the mounting casualty lists for the regiment, at first scanning each fresh report with a sort of morbid curiosity, until the horror of the carnage, as the month advanced, brought with it a sickening satiety. Here, at last, on the final day of the month came

word that our worn-out, battle-thinned troops were relieved. The news scarcely cheered us, so few of our comrades were left to share it.

Dawn was about to break, though we were yet hardly aware of the rift in the darkness. For the next fortnight, I was totally cut off from the rest of the world. I had elected to accompany the regimental records on the journey to our new area, and consequently traveled as freight at an incredibly slow rate of speed. I may some day be tempted to embody my diverting experiences of these ten days in a literary effort; but I shall omit it from the present chronicle, which has now arrived at its concluding memory.

On November eleventh, we halted in the vicinity of Domremy; and in the afternoon, I was able to gratify my ancient desire of visiting the home of Jeanne D'Arc. After a delightful hour in the birthplace of the warrior maiden, the church of her baptism, and all the corners of the unpretentious little village, so like the others in its neighborhood, yet raised so immeasurably above them, and after a visit to the beautiful basilica on the hill, where each of the great mural paintings is a separate inspiration, I was again standing in the old town trying to capture a whiff of the romance that invests the region to carry away with me as a memory. The place seemed filled with the spirits of the past; the present was inconsequential. November 11, 1918, seemed a feeble descendant of the significant days that had been.

Suddenly, I became aware that a group of men had collected near the entrance of the church. In their midst was the village priest, who was reading them a long official-looking document. As he finished, there was a wonderful smile on his face. Instantly the men broke into a prolonged cheer, and threw their hats into the air wildly. The priest rushed into the church; and in a moment, the bell began to peal as I am sure it had never pealed before. The muddy roads were by this time choked by the entire population of the village, who, forgetful of their wooden sabots, had rushed forth in slippers to learn the tidings. In an incred-

ibly short time, every casement was adorned with the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor, so that the town seemed to be decked out for a long anticipated fete. Cries of "*Vive la France*" and "*Vive les Etats Unis*" filled the air. Many uniforms mingled with the civilians' cloaks and kirtles in the excited throng, both the olive drab and the ultramarine. The French soldiers were singing, embracing one another, and holding frantic tribal dances; the Yankee boys contented themselves with lusty cheering. Through the crowd, the big gray army trucks strove to make their way; but each truck was so decorated with flags and bunting that it resembled a festive pageant. The discordant chorus of their horns mingled with the sound of the still jubilantly pealing church bell. As the winter dusk approached, gaily colored lanterns were lighted and cast a fantastic radiance over the shouting, swirling, ecstatic human forms.

The past, with its train of historic dates and associations, was dimmed; the present became assertive and meaningful. November eleventh was itself an historic date newly born, the portal, let us hope, of a new era. Above the inarticulate cries that filled the roads of Domremy as twilight fell, again and again the dominant accents rose: "*La guerre! Finie! La guerre! Finie!*"

CLINTON MINDIL



## A TRYST TO KEEP

**Y**OU always went to meet the Spring,  
A breathless lad with eyes alight  
Like stars to cheer a lonesome night;  
You'd say that she could not be late,  
And run to greet her at the gate,  
As though you had some secret word  
Of mounting sap or winging bird:  
You always went to meet the Spring.

Now Spring must go in search of you,  
Nor even tarries at the gate  
To question why yourself are late;  
As though she knew you'd wake from sleep  
In sunny France — your tryst to keep;  
While here the skies stay wintry gray,  
And will not blossom into May:  
Now Spring must go in search of you.

CAREY CHARLES DALE BRIGGS

## THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF EDMOND ROSTAND

LESS than a month after the signing of the armistice of November 11, 1918, while popular rejoicing over this great event was still at its height, the newspapers announced another event which came as a shock to all but a very few, and which filled countless hearts with sorrow and a sense of loss. This grievous event was the sudden death of the great French poet, Edmond Rostand.

A laconic news item appeared in the French journals of December 3, 1918, with the simple headline, "Mort d'Edmond Rostand," and the following brief message: "Paris, 2 Décembre. Le poète Edmond Rostand est mort à 13 H. 30, des suites de l'attaque de grippe dont il était atteint." French and British newspapers gave in the same or the next edition some account of his life and work; but the account was usually brief, for the newspaper columns were filled at that moment with accounts of the visit of Premier Clemenceau and of Maréchal Foch to London, of President Wilson's projected trip to Europe, and of the occupation of the Rhine by the allied forces. It is indeed sad that Rostand, so fervently patriotic, so interested in the welfare and future of France, could not have been permitted to rejoice for at least a few months longer in the wonderful victory of his country. But it was ordered that he should succumb, an illustrious victim, to a dreadful epidemic of grippe which in the year 1918 was an affliction second only to the Great War itself.

It will be useful to recall briefly the principal events and dates in Rostand's life. He was born at Marseilles on April 1, 1868, and was therefore, at his death, but fifty years of age. That his untimely end prevented him from giving to the world a song or a pæan inspired by the Allied victory, is only too probable. His early education was obtained in a lycée at Marseilles and was completed in the Collège Stanislas at Paris. Having left Marseilles at a comparatively early age, he passed the greater portion of his life in Paris, and so was bound to his natal city by but few ties.

The first sign of his poetic genius was a book of poems,

*Les Musardises*, published at the age of twenty-two. His genius, however, was dramatic, rather than purely lyric, and was first announced by a three-act comedy in verse, *Les Romanesques*, played in 1894, and given the Prix Toirac by the Académie Française, as "the most remarkable work played during the year at the Théâtre Français." The next year Rostand wrote the delightful romantic drama, *La Princesse Lointaine*, produced by Sarah Bernhardt. In 1897, *La Samaritaine* earned for Rostand high praise from the most eminent critics and assured him his place of honor in the literary world. Popular favor came to him in full measure in the same year, when Coquelin played what is regarded as the poet's masterpiece, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Rostand was now hailed as "our national poet," and was made, by an appreciative government, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. In 1900, his *l'Aiglon* met with great success. Ill-health, however, obliged him to retire to a hermitage at Arnaga in the Pyrenees. In 1901 he was elected a member of the Académie Française.

In 1910, after a silence of ten years, his symbolic drama, *Chantecler*, was produced at Paris. This unique play was violently attacked by critics and none too well received by the public, who found it difficult to understand. It is not very popular in France to-day. Strangely enough, *Chantecler* is probably the best-known of his plays in America, thanks to its production by Miss Maude Adams. In France, *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *l'Aiglon* appear in innumerable repertoires, and are played constantly in Paris and in the provinces.

After *Chantecler*, Rostand produced no further dramatic works. During the Great War, however, he had been writing occasional poems; and these have been published (1919) in a volume entitled *Le Vol de la Marseillaise*. The jubilee at Paris following the armistice attracted Rostand from his retreat in the Pyrenees. He wished to share in the general celebration, to feel the pulse of the people beat with joy. This desire proved fatal, for in the crowded,



riotous city, he was exposed to the terrible malady, grippe, and after a short illness, died.

Two days after the death of Rostand, a public funeral service was held in the Church of St. Pierre du Gros-Caillou. This service was entirely religious in its nature, and was attended by a vast number of the poet's friends and admirers. The poet's family, however, wished his body to be transported to the family tomb at Marseilles.

Various delays occurred, and it was more than two months and a half after his death before the necessary arrangements were made. The body finally arrived at Marseilles on February 19, 1919. It was at once carried from the station to the Public Library, and placed on a bed of state erected in the Hall of Honor, which had been transformed into a mortuary chamber. The walls were covered with immense hangings, black with silver borders. The windows, veiled by tapestries, allowed only a dim light to enter; the flames of the candles which surrounded the bed of state were points of gold in the darkness. Over the catafalque, a statue of the Virgin Mary kept watch. The poet's cross of the Legion of Honor and his two-cornered hat and sword, insignia of membership in the Académie Française, were exhibited. Flowers, plants, wreaths, and crowns surrounded the coffin. Two nuns knelt in constant prayer.

On the day following the arrival of the body, the public was allowed to file through the mortuary chamber. Several thousand persons came to render homage to the national poet. In the registry book placed at the entrance of the Library, numerous signatures attested the grief which Marseilles felt in the loss of one of her most noted sons.

On the morning of the next day, February 20th, a funeral ceremony was held in the Hall of Honor. The poet's family was represented by his widow, Mme. Rosemonde (Girard) Rostand, and his two sons, Maurice and Jean Rostand. Various notable personages were present: M. Lucien Saint, préfet of the Department of Bouches-du-Rhône; M. Pierre, the mayor of Marseilles; General Gérôme,

who commanded the 15th Region; Admiral Mornet, commanding the marine base of Marseilles; General Peillard, military governor of Marseilles; M. Adrien Artaud, President of the Chamber of Commerce; General Lawrence, commanding the British base at Marseilles, and many others. The Hall of Honor was filled to overflowing, and the police had all they could do to keep in order the immense throng of persons who had gathered to pay their respects to the great, lamented poet.

The speeches made on this occasion show the high esteem in which Edmond Rostand was held by his countrymen. The note common to all is admiration, if not veneration, for his personal genius and for his expression of the genius of his country.

The Préfet, M. Lucien Saint, was the first to speak. After recalling, how, on December 3, 1918, the sad news of the death of Edmond Rostand surprised Paris and all France in full joy a few weeks after the armistice, he continued: "The country realized that a great national misfortune had come to darken her joy, and that the poet, whom Death had just touched with her imperious finger, had been one of the most valuable artisans of her victory and her liberation." Rostand had not played a political role, as had Châteaubriand, Lamartine, or Victor Hugo, but he had been able to touch the national soul. As he himself had said, "There are words which, pronounced before an assembly of men, have the quality of a prayer; there are emotions experienced in common which are equivalent to a victory; and that is why the breeze which issues forth from the luminous, bluish pit of the stage, can travel far and set flags to waving."<sup>1</sup>

"Edmond Rostand," continued the Préfet, "felt, by a dim foreboding, that he must above all prepare the soul of France for the terrible, bloody drama which he feared, and

<sup>1</sup> "Il y a des paroles qui, prononcées devant des hommes réunis, ont la vertu d'une prière; il y a des frissons éprouvés en commun qui valent une victoire; et c'est pourquoi le vent qui sort du gouffre lumineux et bleuâtre de la scène, peut aller faire, au loin, claquer les drapeaux."

toward which he perceived confusedly that events were dragging her in spite of herself. Of all the sentiments which he exalted, those appealed to him most passionately, it seems, which would aid us to fight better as Frenchmen. Already, summarizing them in the *Princesse Lointaine*, Frère Trophime disclosed to us what noble ambition stirred the future author of *Cyrano* and of *Chantecler*.

"When the war broke out, Rostand wished to go to the fields of battle, to live the heroic life of the camps whose idealism he had sung. This joy was not allowed him, and it is undoubtedly with melancholy that he murmured the proud words: 'To sing is my way to fight and to show my faith.'"<sup>2</sup>

"He sang, then, but his voice was veiled in a bashful modesty. He did not go about reciting stanzas at festivals or before societies; he had a horror of using the war as an excuse to put himself forward, of raising himself on a pedestal made of the sufferings of others. Pious hands have collected these rare poems of his, whose epic vigor surprises and delights."<sup>3</sup> His soul vibrated under an impetuous inspiration when he wrote the tumultuous stanzas of the 'Châtiments'; and they are indeed punishments which Rostand prophesies for the enemies of France; for Wilhelm, 'this Xerxes, dressed in smoke';<sup>4</sup> for the Crown Prince, 'Jockey of Death';<sup>5</sup> for Francis-Joseph,

This good old man, all covered with crimes and with wrinkles,  
Who seemed to have, as a joke, on the mask of the Atrides,  
Stuck two side-whiskers.<sup>6</sup>

"All these ambitious, worthless, petty kings who, after the war, will have to be locked up like 'madmen on the

<sup>2</sup> "Chanter, 'est ma façon de me battre et de croire."

<sup>3</sup> Edmond Rostand: *Le Vol de la Marseillaise*, Paris, 1919. The following references are to this volume.

<sup>4</sup> "Ce Xerxes, vêtu de fumée." From the poem *Von Kluck se baigne*,

<sup>5</sup> "Hop! le Kronprinz, Jockey de la Mort, trotte sec." From the poem *Les Laquais du Cirque*, 51.

<sup>6</sup> "C'est un bon vieux, couvert de crimes et de rides,  
Qui semble avoir, par farce, au masque des Atrides,  
Collé deux favoris." From *L'Opale*, 180.



Island of the Dogs'<sup>7</sup> — Bethmann, Bulow, Bernstorff, abject lackeys whom he berates roundly, whom he presents to us in all their physiological ugliness, covered with the opprobrium which has been heaped upon the envious and the wicked since the beginning of the Biblical centuries — he who sang of war so gracefully scourges these men of horror and of ugliness.

"He gives an honorable place in history to our great leaders, Joffre, Pétain, Foch, Gouraud; to more modest lieutenants like Psichari,<sup>8</sup> Fayolle, Missiessy;<sup>9</sup> to non-commissioned officers even, Sergeant Muller,<sup>10</sup> even Corporal Bonnet, 'killed on horseback, at a gallop,'<sup>11</sup> whose image evokes the soldiers, sons of the Convention, and Max Barthou,<sup>12</sup> whom he envelops in a most affectionate love, and many others, too. But he who dominates his thought and rises up in all his verses, between the lines and between the stanzas, impersonal, and yet of a very potent personality, is the private soldier, the comrade, the 'poilu,' the French infantryman:

The little fellows, obscure, without rank,  
They who march along, foot-sore, wounded, dirty, ill,  
Too simple and too ragged for History to tap them on the shoulder  
With that famous baton which everyone carries in his pack.<sup>13</sup>

"The great poet, so often applauded by crowds carried away by enthusiasm, whose ashes are going to rest in the bosom of this city of Marseilles, has well merited that the government of the Republic should take part in the solemn

<sup>7</sup> "Comme des enragés, dans l'île des chiens." From *L'Île des Chiens*, 295.

<sup>8</sup> Poem *Psichari*, 61.

<sup>9</sup> Poem *Le Dernier Geste*, 154.

<sup>10</sup> Poem *Charles Muller*, 67.

<sup>11</sup> Poem *Mort à cheval, ou galop*, 63.

<sup>12</sup> Poem *Au Buste de Max Barthou*, 62.

<sup>13</sup> "Les petits, les obscurs, les sans grades;

Eux qui marchent fourbus, blessés, crottés, malades,

Trop simple et trop gueux, pour que l'Histoire les berne

De ce fameux bâton qu'on a dans sa giberne."

Since the French Revolution, when the French army was democratized, it has been a current saying that every French soldier carries in his knapsack the "bâton de maréchal."

tribute rendered to-day to his genius. The modest voice which speaks in its behalf salutes here his remains with an infinite emotion."

This eloquent speech of the Préfet was followed by an equally warm tribute from M. Eugène Pierre, the Mayor of Marseilles. The Mayor's speech was as follows:

"In 1886, on the occasion of the reception of Frédéric Mistral into the *Académie* of Marseilles, the director of this society addressed to him these words: 'Your literary work is an addition to the national heritage, and your moral work is a work of patriotism.'

"The man who spoke thus was Eugène Rostand, father of the great poet to whose memory we render to-day a solemn tribute.

"Eugène Rostand had already rendered honorable and illustrious the name of his family, of old Marseillais stock, of high standing in the community, of superior culture: an environment favorable to the flowering of the genius of his son who was to impose upon the admiration of the civilized world the name which he had received from him. The judgment passed by Eugène Rostand upon the work of Mistral appears to me to be literally applicable to the work of Edmond Rostand. That the latter constitutes an addition to our literary heritage, who can doubt? Is not the message of Edmond Rostand of an incomparable richness and of a variety surpassed only by that of Nature? Does it not seem as if, rising with the powerful flight of an eagle, Rostand's poetry has even dipped its wings in the colors of the rainbow and in the brilliant light of the sun, which, to speak like Chantecler, is divided and yet remains whole, like maternal love? This poetry, in which one finds the inspiration of heroism, is also an act of high moral and patriotic grandeur. It has raised countless souls from terrestrial horizons toward the ideal. It has had this good fortune, that not only the intellectual few admire it, but the people also applaud it with enthusiasm.

"Without having in the least sacrificed artistic beauty of form, without having flattered the prejudices of the

masses to gain their admiration, Edmond Rostand is the most popular poet of France.

"The fact is that the people have in their hearts noble sentiments which need only to be appealed to in order to awake, and Rostand has called forth all that is great and high: courage, sacrifice, generosity, loyalty, honor.

"He was indeed one of us, he whom we mourn. So he wanted to sleep his last sleep in the soil where his family has deep roots, in the city which was his cradle and on which shone a little of his glory.

"His soul is now united in the sublime brightness of the great beyond with those of the heroes of the past whom he revived with a new life, and also with the warriors of yesterday, the soldiers of Righteousness, many of whom had derived from his works more valor, more confidence in the destiny of their country.

"His mortal remains, to which we have given a first shelter in this Hall, under the watch of the Muses, will be preserved by Marseilles, a city which has always loved Art and Beauty, with a maternal piety.

"To his tomb, on which the sun, grateful for the hymn which sang its benefits, will shed its golden rays, his fellow-countrymen will come in numbers to bring the testimony of their affectionate admiration.

"In the name of the city of Marseilles, in the name of the municipality, in the name of all our fellow citizens, I address to the Rostand family, to her and to those who bear his great name, who have lived in the direct rays of his soul and have been united intimately in his work of creation, the testimony of our sorrow and sympathy."

M. Pierre was followed by M. Pierre Wolf, who spoke in the name of the Société des auteurs et compositeurs dramatiques, and he in turn by M. Edmond Haraucourt, speaking in behalf of the Société des gens de lettres de France. The closing sentences of M. Haraucourt's speech must be preserved. Rostand could not resist the temptation to visit Paris, he said, in order to partake of the great rejoicing in the Allies' victory:



"With full lungs and with a full heart, he drank in the echoes of the city; through his eyes and through his ears, poems born of the crowd entered into him and were lodged in his soul, to be breathed forth on the morrow in flaming stanzas.

"These were never written. Rostand did not finish his task, but he has the honor of having accomplished a great work, for he was a benefactor of the nation, and he fought well, even before the battle. The nation's gratitude accompanies him and gives him his place in history. He incarnated one of the forces of his race, and if he did not carry his task through to its end, his tomb itself leaves us an assurance; from the good earth to which he returns, others will come forth as he did, rich with the same blood, to affirm after him, always, in adversity as in triumph, in fear as in hope, the noble spirit of an immortal France."

M. Jean Aicard, author among other things of a volume of *Poèmes de Provence*, had been designated by the Académie Française to be present and to pronounce, in the name of that celebrated society, the eulogy of its illustrious and regretted member. M. Aicard being detained at Paris by illness, his address was read by M. José Silberte, director of the Académie de Marseille. The next speaker was M. Paul Barlatier, of the Académie de Marseille, to which Rostand had belonged as an associate member. He expressed the regret which was felt in the literary circles of Marseilles that the great poet had shown during his lifetime so little interest in his native city:

"We should have liked him to be less apart from us; we should have liked to see him from time to time take part in our life and share our tasks; our humble literary efforts demanded the brightness of this torch, and we complained a little at seeing so much light, which sprang from the incessant, rich fermentation of the soil of our Provence, shed upon other provinces.

"And yet Edmond Rostand was indeed ours. His childhood and his youth had belonged to us undivided, and our Academy had the joy of saluting, by crowning him, the budding of this young and magnificent talent.

"Ours he remained; we felt it in the depths of our hearts, even when he might appear to others and might believe himself to be the farthest from us.

"To-morrow history will say: 'Edmond Rostand, born at Marseilles.' All the rest will be forgotten.

"As far as our Academy is concerned, Rostand, be assured that it will preserve your memory with the most pious care, that it will remember you with respect, with pride, with love, and also with a little of that compassion which true lovers have for their faithless wooers, when they are gone, to whom they can pardon much because they have loved them much."

The final speech was delivered by M. Henri Hertz, director of the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, Paris, who in polished and moving words rendered homage to the excellent friend, the generous and good spirit, Edmond Rostand.

A group of tambourins, a Provençal instrument, closed the ceremony by playing Provençal airs.

The coffin containing the remains of the poet was carried down the stairway of honor and placed upon an artillery caisson, decorated with tricolored flags and drawn by six horses. On the coffin was laid the green suit and the sword, insignia of the Académie Française, which belonged to Rostand. Behind the caisson a man carried, on a cushion of black velvet edged with silver, Rostand's Cross of the Legion of Honor. The funeral procession was formed. The banners of the Society of Dramatic Authors and of the Academy of Marseilles were followed by an artillery wagon which carried a large number of funeral wreaths. The mourners were led by the two sons of the poet; then came other members of the family, the principal officials of the city and of the Department, and the multitude of friends of the poet.

From the Library to the Eglise des Réformés, a vast crowd, many rows deep, lined the way.

In the Church, a Catholic service was held. The pro-

cession then proceeded from the Church to the Cemetery St. Pierre, where the body was placed in the family tomb.

Thus were the mortal remains of the great poet laid away. His spirit lives on in the hearts of his countrymen and continues to work for a richer, nobler, greater France.

CLIFFORD S. PARKER

Columbia University

### FROM COLOGNY (LAC LEMAN)

**B**EYOND the lake, the sunset fades away.  
Above the purple Jura glows a star.  
The wail of nightingale comes from afar,  
Chanting a dirge for the departing day.  
Over the waters calm, the lake gulls play;  
And wing'd feluccas drift across the bar.  
(From them there floats the soft thrum of guitar.)  
The moon is riding up the milky way.  
Southward, the city, mellow lights a-gleam,  
Listens to murmured Rhone's impassioned dream  
Fraught with the spell of glacier loneliness.  
Arches of light, where world-old bridges lie,  
Quiver and dip like dancing firefly.  
Geneva fair is proud in summer's dress.

WILLIAM VAN WYCK



## REPENTANT

SINCE all the songs I sang are still  
And all the loves I loved are fled,  
And no profound, awakening will  
Sleeps grandly in the fountain bed  
Of the large spirit of my days:  
Come green of forest, sound of rill,  
Leaf of the oak, ledge of the hill,  
Awake! and let us feast until  
Earth proudly sings our praise.

Beautiful echo ranging wide  
Over the wind-swept, tawny dale,  
If I will run and leap to your side,  
Will you answer me hail to hail?  
The hand withdrawn will you take,  
Forgive the absence long and cold,  
Believe I love you as of old  
And wander with me through the wold  
And over the silent lake?

O, long have I forgotten you,  
Sprite of the lonely autumn wood;  
And, while you danced in the evening dew,  
I pined in loathesome solitude  
Or trembling stood her gate before;  
Is it not ample punishment  
I loved but never knew content  
And I repent, and I repent  
And plead your love once more?

SAMUEL ROTH

## THE LADY OF THE EUCALYPTUS

**W**HEN Daniel West discovered that his son was an idealist, he charted a practical career for him. When young Dan divined his father's purpose, he complied as one who accepts the inevitable who believes that he can manipulate it to his own uses. Fathers and sons alike in temper under such circumstances quarrel and part their ways. The two Wests smiled amiably and parried each other with fencing, delicate and adroit.

It began in that watery April when young Dan first saw the lady in the eucalyptus tree. It was a sign of the touching confidence which thirteen may place in hard-skinned fifty that Dan told of this discovery to his father.

"Did you ever see a lady in a tree, Daniel West?" he asked at breakfast. They were alone. They were of long custom alone, for visiting aunts and cousins had never managed to invade their cherished bachelor sovereignty.

Daniel West waited until Ah Lee had shuffled away with their casaba rinds.

"Have you?" he returned.

"You get me," said young Dan. He enjoyed his father's stare for a moment. "Last night—in the eucalyptus tree in the side yard. Dad, didn't I tell you about the Piper?"

"One at a time, please," murmured Daniel West.

"Oh, it's the same thing. The Piper is the guy who teaches us Greek up at Cliff's, and we call him the Piper because he goes off into pipe dreams and pipes yarns of goddesses and that sort of dope. One day—"

"Isn't Cliff's a technical school?" demanded Daniel West.

Dan West nodded with an urbane smile. "It is. One day—as I was saying when you rudely interrupted, father—one day we were reading about those Greek guys and their jinks, and we came to a dame who turned into a tree. The fellows laughed, and the Piper looked around at us and said, 'Nymphs and naiads flit through the treetops nowadays if you know how to look for them.' Just like that. Like as if he had said, 'You're all boobs—you'll

never see the really classy things' — kind of sneering, you know. And after that I looked for those things."

"I see," said Daniel West, with a straight stroke of his knife across his eggshell. "Did you get a pipe dream too?"

"Not for a long time," said Dan, shaking his black head soberly. "I couldn't get the hunch. But last night at the window as I was fixing my flying machine, the wind hit the glass with something, and I looked out. Say! That blue eucalyptus tree was shining away there in the moonlight like the prettiest lady you ever saw. Then I knew what the Piper meant."

Father and son gazed quizzically at each other for a moment. Each had a kingdom of his own in that ranch on the hilltops where wet sea winds came rioting.

"I'm going to make firewood out of a good many blue gum trees next winter, Dan. Eucalyptus takes all the strength out of the soil around it. But it makes good fuel."

"Not my tree," said Dan, quickly. "You haven't any right. She's a classy tree."

Daniel West moved quietly to his big desk in the corner, and selected a payroll from the litter of his check and receipt books and empty tobacco cans.

"What is useful is the question," he observed, finally.

"What is prettiest is the answer," rejoined Dan, as finally.

With his hands in his pockets, he pushed his chair back from the table and, loitering to the other end of the long room, looked out into the side yard. In the rain that was steadily falling, the fig and acacia branches hung like wet clothes on a line. But the blue tree, somewhat apart from them and from the cypress hedge, stood outlined in feathery tendrils against the sky. A young tree it was and its long leaves drooped lightly; in the upper branches a dusky green, but below of another color — a dull rich blue like the satin lining of Ah Lee's holiday coat. The slender trunk gleamed white as ivory, and somewhere — he could not be sure



whether from a leaf or a bit of stem — there was a flash of scarlet, bright as fire.

"Not at home, Dan?" His father's rising inflection was deliberate.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Dan, wheeling with the elaborate deference that both at times found diverting.

"Does your tree lady remind you of any girl you really know, Dan?"

"Not on your life," returned Dan. "There ain't a lady in the world who can hold a candle to her."

The first lady out of reality who presented herself for competition was Arabella. Up the muddy road she came, a very busy little girl, sheathed from top to toe in a bright blue waterproof, too intent on skirting puddles with side-wise skips of her nimble ankles for a glance aside from her course. Dan threw the window wide open, letting the rain rush in on his father's best Navajo blanket.

"Hey, Arabella!" he sang out.

The little girl stopped short where the road turned into the yard.

"Do you want me?" she called, in a voice crisp as rain-drops.

"Of course. Come here." Dan's voice could be inviting.

Arabella walked slowly into the yard and stopped in front of the window.

"Now what do you want?"

"Why," Dan West hesitated, "come in and I will tell you. I'm letting rain in on the couch with the window open."

"Shut it then," said Arabella, stepping forward to assist.

Dan thrust his arm in the way. "Don't be a crab, Arabella. If you will come in, I will tell you about something — something I have found in the yard."

Arabella turned swiftly about, her keen eyes searching the clumps of trees. "What?"

"You're looking at it," he said. He knew he was being cruel. Arabella was a climber and hunter, devoted to bugs and birds and flowers. "It's a lady," he added.

"A lady what — meadow lark — chipmunk?" Arabella was snapping her rubbers together, the raindrops pattering from her blue hood down upon her scarlet cheeks.

"Will you come in if I tell you?" asked Dan.

Arabella was again cool and stubborn. "No, I won't."

"Then you won't hear it," said Dan West.

"It's nothing anyhow," said Arabella, her nose tiptilted to the raindrops. "There's no lady there. She wouldn't be out in the rain, I guess."

"You're there," retorted Dan. "And this lady has got you skinned a mile for prettiness, Arabella."

A small fountain of water squirted from beneath Arabella's rubber.

"I'm *real*, anyhow," she said. Then she walked very stiffly out of the yard and down the road.

"Like a girl," Dan West reflected, with a petulant lift of his chin. But soon he was whistling dreamily through smiling half-closed lips. Arabella could be a marvellous companion when she chose, but, if she didn't choose, he was content to listen alone to the silken rustle of long branches swaying in a dripping wind.

Later in the day, Daniel West called him to his desk.

"Dan, I begin to think I've got to have a secretary. I can't hustle business on the ranch and keep abreast of the bookkeeping end of it too. How would you like — instead of going back to Cliff's — to take a business course this spring?"

Dan's gaze flitted over an accumulation of ledgers. "George Cox is looking for a job," he suggested. "He can run a typewriter and will go to work to-morrow. Save you lots of time."

"You don't care to help me out then?" Daniel West examined a broken fountain pen with exaggerated care.

"Oh, if you can't afford a stenographer, father," returned Dan, politely.

Daniel West reddened. There was a fortune in figs that year as they both knew well.

"Suppose then you go back to Cliff's, but map out your course to fit yourself later for some branch of engineering. Isn't it about time to eliminate some of your Greek and — er — myth-making?"

"If you wish, sir."

Such a change was duly made at the cost of some trouble with the headmaster who had not conceived of Dan West as a technical student. Dan complied gracefully enough, then, on the eve of his departure, casually mentioned to his father that the Piper was in Europe for the year, so he might as well leave his Greek texts at home. Daniel West smiled, well-pleased — but scowled thoughtfully on a later day when he found these books arranged in the shape of an altar in that corner of the long room where a window opened out upon the eucalyptus tree.

And so Dan West spent his hours upon theorems, transits, and track records, and all those things which can be made to serve so admirably to chase flitting nymphs and naiads from a boy's vision. Yet he made no sign of impatience beyond an occasional letter of flippant solemnity when he sent his father a medal he had won, or a report card of surprising excellence.

"I am treading the material path to immaterial glory," he once wrote. "Please send check for my regular trip home in April."

This overweening insistence to return to the ranch when each spring vacation came round deepened the cleft between Daniel West's eyebrows. He began contemplating a university to succeed Cliff's — too far removed for vacations at the ranch.

The last summer that it was granted Dan West to wander in his old haunts proved unusually warm with heavy, hazy days followed by nights of golden languor. On one such night he rode out to the ranch with his old pal, George Cox. They passed through the Spanish quarter



of the town and, finding the square brilliantly lit, remembered that it was the day of a Mexican celebration.

"Let's see the show," Dan suggested.

In an empty lot on a band stand draped in bunting, a riotous band played a rollicking holiday air.

"Some class," laughed George Cox, as they rode nearer. "I wish we had some confetti."

The discordant clarinets ceased. Then some one struck a guitar, and Dan recognized a fandango he had often heard among the Mexicans. Coming, it seemed, from nowhere and falling upon the soft moonlight, it held a curious subdued witchery. A hush fell over the groups scattered around the band stand.

Of a sudden a feather of flame floated from the darkness. A girl in brightest scarlet gliding from the mass of trees and shadows, circled in long and languorous curves about the platform. A scarlet plume waved from her hair; red stones glittered on her wrists as she flung them, like wisps of fire, above her head. Her eyes, black as her hair, followed the curve of her bare arms to starlit spaces between the trees, but flashed of times a scornful glance on the dusky figures below. She was the spirit of the fandango — indolent, fiery, listless, lawless. Dan West had seen but one thing like her; the waving of a wind-blown young tree on an April morning of his first year at Cliff's.

The music ended as suddenly as it had begun. The girl's figure disappeared into darkness. A round of applause, then the band burst again into sound, and a waltz began.

"I'll match you for a dance with the fandango lady," said George Cox. But no lady in scarlet was to be found in the shifting groups of darkly smiling maidens. Miss Sanchez had gone home with her mamma, the Silvas at last told them.

"To pick figs tomorrow," supplemented George. "I'll bet a hat the divine Celeste is working in your orchard this very summer."

"I haven't seen her," said Dan, decisively.

That night, however, he dreamed of strange, wild lands and soft-eyed Spanish maidens. The next morning when he wandered lazily down into the fig orchard, it was a little disconcerting to find Miss Sanchez very easily. His dream had been of an endless search and a long sought ideal that would flit like flame into darkness leaving him ever in exquisite pursuit. And here was the fairy lady of the fandango, dressed in a blue skirt and a crumpled middy blouse, sorting figs at a sticky table. Yet her slim brown arms were graceful, and the eyes she raised to his across the table were dark and alluring. Dan did not attempt speech with her, but passed on among the pickers. Presently he was aware that Miss Sanchez had exchanged tasks with another girl, and was picking near him. His embarrassment was not relieved by going back to the sheds where men were nailing boxes, for only a little later Celeste came to ask one of them to mend her basket. And she stood near Dan while she waited. He left the orchard and went up the hill, and at the artesian well found the fair senorita modestly filling a small pail. Abruptly he turned and entered the house. At the window he gave vent to his feelings.

"There *you* are, cool and green, and by Heck, able to stay where you belong!" His eyes were resting with their old delight on his eucalyptus tree. "Why can't they let a fellow alone? Always following him around. That isn't your way. But there isn't a girl in the world like you."

The lady's delicate robes fluttered as disdainfully and enticingly as of old.

"Some pretty girls among the fig-pickers," his father observed, that afternoon.

"If you think Spanish girls have class," Dan admitted, loftily.

"Is it the classical that appeals to you?" Daniel West raised his eyebrows. "I had an idea it was the romantic."

"I don't know the name for it, but it's something I haven't found yet," said Dan West.

"Perhaps you won't," grunted his father, "till you leave the eucalyptus country behind you."

He had already announced his decision about a college, and the next day Dan started east.

Yet it was in the exile of that eastern life that Dan West found himself some years later recalled to the eucalyptus country, and, oddly enough, it was through Daniel West's own request that the nymph was first presented to his vision.

Dan had returned for his last year at Cambridge unutterably wearied from a holiday trip following his discharge from military service. His fellow idlers had promised a ramble in the Maine woods, but five weeks out of the six had been spent in the charming homes of his hosts — in tennis, in boating, in dancing on cleverly chaperoned piazzas, and in doing the same things all over again.

Dan took up the letters he found on his table and seated himself by a great window opening to the north. Wistfully his eyes followed a decorous line of elms that shaded the pillared doorways of historic houses. An old man walked tottering up the street, his frail arm clasping a heavy load of books. There flashed through Dan West's mind, incongruous as a dream, an irrigating ditch at the head of a fig orchard where naked Spanish children splashed in the red and purple twilight. He bit his lip and opened a letter from his father. After the first few sentences, his breath came quick.

"Before you went into the service, you seemed to be switching off from engineering into forestry," Daniel West wrote. "As it happens, I'm glad. Big things are doing here in timber for the aeroplane business, and I want you to come west. I take it you won't raise a row at having a look at the ranch. I guess the ranch wants a look at you." (This last in a bit of a scrawl.) "If you have an eye for business, you can see this is your opportunity." In a post-script was added, "See Cartwright before you leave."



Dan laid his father's letter on the dresser, and consulted the date on an invitation he had found there. An hour later he presented himself in the Cartwright ballroom. James Cartwright met him in the doorway, and led him away to the library where they talked excitedly of shares and profits. Cartwright's keen eyes flashed over the possibilities of the timber business, but Dan was tingling with a different sort of enthusiasm. Already there sounded in his ears the silken swish of blue forests on misty, fog-drenched hills.

When he went back to the ballroom, he looked half-absently for his hostess. When he saw her, he stood quite still. Certainly Cartwright's daughter had never before looked like this. She wore a gown of dusky green silk with a strange glint of purple in its shadows. It was unrelieved by shimmer of lace or jewel; and, against the somber folds, her slim arms gleamed like ivory. Dan eagerly crossed the room to her side. The cool, smooth gold of her hair was almost on a level with his head. Her eyes that were the color of her gown met his with a slight challenge.

"Do you know this is the first time you ever crossed a room to come to me?" she asked.

"This is the first time you ever wore this dress," he explained.

Miriam Cartwright's glance traveled deliberately over his slight strong figure. "If it is the dress," she said, "you might have seen it with less trouble in the shop."

"The first time," he corrected, "that *you* wore the dress."

She glanced down over its folds. "You appreciate color," she said in another tone. "I did not know that of you. I should never have thought that of the Dan West we know so well."

"What Dan West do you know so well?" he asked, quickly.

The smooth whiteness of her face was untroubled by a flush. "Tell me," she said, "what this green suggests to

you. Do you think of anything else than a silk evening gown when you look at it?"

He led her to a seat among the ferns.

"You will be disappointed," he warned her. "I have an idea, Miriam, that if I told you exactly what comes to my mind when I see you in this dress you would be offended. It is not of your world."

"What world of mine do you know so well?" she retorted.

His dark eyes became sunny. "Well, this green. Why, it is a green that doesn't belong here, Miriam — not among nice, awfully-dressed people and all these flowers and dancing music. Don't you see a stretch of ivory white sand and an infinite sea beyond, clouded so that you can't tell sea from sky? There is the rustle of rain through the dusky leaves, and the air is maddening with the odor of —"

"Of what?" said Miriam, for he had stopped short.

He could not tell whether a smile had trembled on her delicate lips for the shade of a second. "Oh, of roses and violets and orchids," he laughed.

"You were going to say what I wanted to hear," she said, in a softened tone. "Why are you afraid?"

He hesitated. "It won't be told here," he said, finally. "Honestly, Miriam, it won't. I can't help it. But shall I come to tell you good-by on Monday? Maybe I can tell you then."

She rose. "I will keep the evening for you — and the gown."

Later he stood where he could watch her delicate figure swaying like a leaf among the dancers, and wondered at her gentle aloofness, her delicate, rhythmic movements, her cool graceful disdain — all those subtleties of charm that he was accustomed to think of only in connection with his lady of the eucalyptus.

On Monday he discovered that his train left earlier in the evening than he had supposed; so he telephoned Miriam to expect him in the afternoon. Others were with her

when she greeted him. She was not wearing the green gown, and laughed at his disappointment.

"I couldn't wear an evening gown in the afternoon, could I?"

"No, of course not. No, Miriam, certainly *you* couldn't," he assured her.

He became a little too meditative, and left before the other callers. On his way west, he tried at times to conjecture the result if he had called on Miriam in the evening.

A few days later, he was standing again by the ranch-house window, enjoying his homecoming with all the zest of the unchastened prodigal: he had been served by Ah Lee with steaming hot festival chop-suey savory with thyme and marjoram; had charmed the throbbing bodies of Fernando's young pheasants into a fluttering circle about a handful of sunflower seed; had spent a rare hour in the canyon with Daniel West. Lastly he had come to look out at the eucalyptus tree. He looked for a long time.

"She couldn't wear an evening gown in the afternoon — of course she couldn't," he mused. "Jove, but she really had it — the dignity, all right, and that strange dull color. But she couldn't break through an old convention. And you are as free as the wind in your leaves!"

He was startled to find how strongly the old charm possessed him. He could not look long enough at the feathery branches in traced lacework against the sky. No girl's grace could equal that virginal freshness.

"Lucky I went in the afternoon," decided Dan West.

Soon after his return, his father mentioned Miriam Cartwright. "An attractive girl, I thought."

"Charming," agreed Dan, "and extremely sensible."

"Dignified too," said Daniel West, looking attentively at his son. "I believe you admire poise in a girl."

"More than anything else in the world," said Dan West, heartily, "— except its opposite."

Daniel West grunted. "If you found both in one girl, I suppose she would still fall short?"



"How can I tell?" Dan shrugged lazily. "Is there such a girl?"

In the canyon, axes were already swinging; and, within a week, Dan West was scaling the value of men and trees with the ease of lifelong intimacy. Even to his father's shrewd eye, it became evident that Dan was not the diletante in business he might suspect him to be in sentiment.

They met one day where fallen logs mingled spicy odors of sawdust and torn earth with sunshine.

"I'll have to hand it to you, Dan, for putting me wise to some things in timber," said Daniel West, as he drew a letter from his pocket. "Cartwright has contracted for a big lot of spruce land in the north. He writes for me to send my best man up there in the spring. How about it, Dan? You would like the spruce forests."

Dan did not look interested. "This job suits me," he returned, and led his father through the logs to a spot where a vista of denuded forest lay below them. "Next spring I'm going to have a young sapling growing wherever you see a blank stump. There'll be forests here till kingdom come, Daniel West."

"Hm —" murmured Daniel West. But the song of the sawmill was already in his ears, and he nodded gravely. "Some business, that."

Dan's gaze had traveled on to the edge of the clearing where a feathery mass of eucalyptus quivered in blue sunshine.

On an October day he walked home late from an afternoon in the timber. He found Daniel West seated by his desk, and beside him stood a girl in a dress the color of mist in the canyon. She was carrying a cluster of twigs.

"You know Arabella, Dan," said his father.

She greeted him with the frankly pleased smile of a boy. There was an out-of-door freshness in her crisp chestnut hair and in the sunwarmed tint of her cheeks. As he took her hand, he caught the odor of the leaves she held.

"You really have come in at last," he said.

She recalled their old angry parting with glee. "Now you are bound to tell me that wonderful mystery in the yard," she returned.

Dan felt it would be pleasant to tell her of many mysteries. Arabella had been a rare companion. It was gratifying to have her come back so like the unspoiled little girl of the blue waterproof.

During the autumn days they ransacked woods and hills and shore, sharing things each had discovered and treasured in the years since their childhood. One Sunday they rambled over the wooded headlands, and came out on a cliff overlooking the sea far below the town. On a sandy point under the shade of a scrub oak, they ate their lunch, and lingered till it should be cool enough to walk homeward by way of the beach. Arabella began talking of the new business.

"Aren't you spending too much time romancing?" she suggested. They had been telling each other all the morning the romances they knew how to read in young trees and distant ships. Arabella was as much at home in fairyland as Dan; but she occasionally flitted back to the daylight world. "Won't grim Reality call you to account for neglect of her?"

"This is Reality," said Dan, lying flat on his back gazing into the oak branches.

"I'd like to think that Romance is Reality," Arabella said, thoughtfully. "I hope so. But the question is — is all Reality Romance? Aren't there some things — bills and mosquitoes and even persons sometimes — that won't fit in?"

Dan meditated. There were quite certainly things in his own experience that had not fitted in.

"Reality does fall short of the mark sometimes," he admitted. Leaning on his elbow he pointed out to Arabella the curious likeness of a clump of oaks on a distant cliff to the figure of a man. "Old Nereus come up from Nowhere Land," he suggested.

Arabella nodded, smiling, but she was gazing out be-

yond the headlands. Dan turned from the grotesque image of his fancy to the figure of the girl beside him. She was sitting leaning back on her straightened arms looking out at the sea with her lips parted. What a wild free thing was this Arabella! He touched her arm with an oak leaf.

*"You are Romance, Arabella,"* he said softly.

She turned, surprised, and the bright pink of her cheeks deepened and deepened under his gaze. Her eyes — Arabella's clear eyes — were suddenly confused as if the blur of the sea were caught in their depths. And sudden and strong as the surge of the tide on the sand below, it came to Dan West that, out of the treetops and the mist and the forest shadows, his dream lady had stepped into the radiant light of every day, and had made of it a rarer region than his fairyland. He slipped his hand over hers, but her fingers fluttered like leaves from his clasp. She rose with a little uncertain laugh.

*"You are not Reality,"* she said, and she led him down to the shore. After all, she was an elusive, difficult creature, this Arabella.

Of a winter afternoon, he asked her to climb with him a peak that had been a favorite adventure of their childhood. Some difficulty in finding the old trail made them later than they had planned, and they took a short cut down a wooded hillslope that faced a stormy sunset. Shafts of light pierced the forest shadows, and a suggestion of wind fluttered Arabella's scarf as she swung ahead in her swift sure way. As he followed, it occurred to Dan that there was one story he had never told her; he suddenly wanted to tell her that story.

*"Arabella!"* he called.

She turned, poising lightly, lifting her face to the stream of sunset light — waiting. Arabella would never come to him.

*"Do you want me?"*

*"I want to tell you something."*

She waited. She was looking away from him down into the forest. But, when he reached her, he took her in



his arms, and her resistance was as futile as that of a leaf before the storm. A shaft of sunlight fell upon her face, and her eyes were glowing brighter than the gold among the trees. So he told her a story. But it was not the story of the eucalyptus.

When they returned, Daniel West smiled at Arabella.

"So the boy has found his dream lady?"

"No, I'm real," corrected Arabella.

After their marriage they went away into the hills to haunts they knew. It was April when they returned. A light rain had been falling, and they drove out from town in the scented twilight.

"Smell the acacias!" whispered Arabella.

Dan was silent. A curious restlessness had been growing upon him since the beginning of their journey home, as of old a strange eagerness to be at the ranch, an impatience as if for the answer to a question. He was startled and disturbed to find himself possessed by it now. He looked at his wife's profile outlined against the starlit dusk — her proud, straight forehead, the free sweet curve of her chin. How finely her nature was poised between those extremes! Yet he glanced beyond to see how far they were from the hilltop.

At the house Daniel West greeted them, to the accompaniment of a persistent, noisy fire that beckoned them to its warmth. Arabella gleefully spread her hands over the flames.

"Eucalyptus, Dan!"

When she had gone upstairs, Dan walked over to the window. He stood for some minutes looking into the yard. Then he turned and faced Daniel West in the glow of the eucalyptus fire.

"You hadn't any right." His eyes had the bewildered look of a boy in pain. Then he tried to speak more lightly. "That tree was mine, Daniel West."

"But I wanted a bright fire for your homecoming," said Daniel West. "And haven't I always told you that eucalyptus is good for fuel?"

"And necessary?" countered Dan, his quivering lips growing stern.

Daniel West's eyes met and searched his across a long silence, broken by Arabella's step on the stairs. Dan lifted his head.

"Arabella will like the spruce forests," he said, and he went to meet her.

The eucalyptus crackled merrily on its hearth.

KATE BIGELOW MONTAGUE

### ODORS OF OPOPONAX

**F**AR-FREIGHTED from the sunny seas,  
The idlest little toying breeze,  
Came straying through the orchard trees,  
'Mid paling flowers and homing bees,  
To haunt me, in this hour of ease,  
With odors of opoponax.

And suddenly, my soul lay bare,  
In that quaint, seaside city, where  
The fragrance fills the evening air.  
O Memory, an unspoken prayer  
Finds voiceless utterance, musky, rare,  
In odors of opoponax!

I live again that wondrous night —  
No moon, but star-strewn heavens of light,  
And thou, gowned in that misty white,  
A dream — a spirit — Dear, I might  
Have dreamed it all — that lost delight —  
That dim-lit hour's reluctant flight —  
Save odors of opoponax!

REBECCA LINLEY FRIPP





## Memorandums of my Journey to Paris

My wife M<sup>rs</sup> Denis & myself set out from London  
the 19<sup>th</sup> of May (O.S.) Sunday, & we got to Paris  
the Thursday after (J. 23<sup>d</sup>). we made our Passage  
from Dover to Boulogne in three hours & a half

### Boulogne

all the french writers who have written about England  
complain of the Brutality of our common People,  
but let me say or write what they will, I never yet  
saw so much Dirt Beggery, imposture & Reprehension  
as I did at Boul<sup>e</sup>. the Custom house Officers (what  
Thinking of Freedom of Port) were very unkind &  
stuck. & of Collectors. when we went before, had  
our things (the my wife was w<sup>th</sup> us) opened in y<sup>e</sup> Presence  
of his House & should not y<sup>e</sup> least be taken to  
her or him — as to what else passed at the  
place is of very little consequence, we could  
hardly get Port horses & every thing was as  
disagreeable as it and possibly be —

### From Boul<sup>e</sup> to Paris

The Roads for y<sup>e</sup> most part very good, the Inns very  
bad, the best at Abeville the People very  
civil.

## THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF DAVID GARRICK'S TRIP TO PARIS IN 1751

EDITORS' NOTE: The author of the following paper, while preparing, in the Graduate School of New York University, a dissertation upon the dramatic work of David Garrick, has had access to a manuscript volume that purports to be the autograph diary of Garrick's first visit to Paris, 1751.

Whether this manuscript be indeed that which it purports to be, the author of this paper has not yet proved. But she here presents some specimen excerpts from the diary in the hope that their inherent interest (granted that they be authentic) will induce any readers who know further of this manuscript, to contribute the missing links in establishing its authenticity.

The evidence that should be presented is of three classes: (1) evidence that would establish an identity between the handwriting of the manuscript and the handwriting of unquestioned Garrick autographs; (2) evidence of subject-matter and of literary style; and (3) evidence as to the history of the manuscript as it has passed from hand to hand from Garrick to the present owner.

(1) Evidence as to the identity of the handwriting can be adequate only in the form of a detailed comparison between the diary and several Garrick autographs such as are available in the Shaw Collection of the Harvard Library and the Barton Collection of the Boston Public Library. For her forthcoming dissertation, the author of this paper has permission from the owner of the diary to reproduce it photographically, entire; and with this reproduction she will submit numerous reproductions of Garrick autograph letters. The editors of *The Colonnade* have seen the diary itself, and have in their possession photostatic reproductions of the diary and of Garrick letters. They are happy to certify that — so far as mere laymen may judge — the similarity of handwriting establishes a probability that the diary is indeed in Garrick's hand. The editors of *The Colonnade* regret that they have been unable to secure permission to reproduce here more than a few pages of the diary. The subsequent publication of the entire diary, however, will, in due time, give all who are interested a chance to judge the handwriting for themselves.

(2) As to content, the numerous details of personal reference — such as the mention by name of "Mrs. Garrick" and of "my brother George" — and numerous passages showing special knowledge and professional point of view, do not, of course, debar the possibility that the whole diary is but a clever forgery. As to style, a careful comparison of this diary with unquestioned work of Garrick, especially with the diary of his second visit to Paris, 1763, is still to be made.

(3) As to the history of the diary, the author of this paper especially solicits help. The earliest mention of such a diary is that by Garrick himself in 1763. "In the unpublished journal of his later

journey, he writes, 'I shall say very little of France, as I have done it well though slightly in my first journey in 1751.'" (Fitzgerald, I, 270 ff.) To whom the diary passed on leaving Garrick's hands, we do not know. Fitzgerald, in his life of Garrick, 1868, testifies that the "journal has been lost." Between its disappearance and the first record of our present manuscript, many links remain to be supplied. A reference to the "Hill collection" which someone has pencilled on the flyleaf of the manuscript; mention in the London *Athenaeum*, June 17, 1899, of the sale of the present manuscript with the collection of Mr. William Wright, at the Sotheby Auction Rooms during the week of June 10th; the probability that the purchaser was Mr. J. H. Leigh; a body of misinformation in the sales catalogue of Maggs Bros., London, 1915; and, finally, in 1915, the purchase of the manuscript by its present owner, Mr. Harry Houdini of New York City: these facts are almost all that we possess as to the history of the manuscript. Obviously, the author of this paper has still much to do to establish an identity between the lost diary of David Garrick and the diary now in the collection of Mr. Houdini.

Upon this, and upon any other aspect of the subject, the author of this paper will welcome information. Communications may be addressed to her in care of *The Colonnade*, Box 84, University Heights, New York City.

THE EDITORS

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THE DIARY relating the incidents of Garrick's first trip to Paris, 1751, is a small quarto volume containing some thirty odd pages of what we believe to be the actor's own writing. It extends over a period of thirty-three days beginning with Sunday, May 19th, and ending abruptly with the recording of the date, Friday, June 21st, (Old Style). The material in the diary is arranged most systematically: the entries, on the lefthand pages; and the notes corresponding to and commenting upon these entries, on the righthand pages. The entries and notes seem to have been written simultaneously, for both discuss the same subject-matter. Furthermore, the diarist is similarly disposed to the subject matter in the notes and in the entries. This is true of all the entries and notes in the diary. An especially good illustration of this close relationship existing between entry and note is found



in the following memorandum under the date of "Sunday, May 26th (O.S.)":

I waited upon *Lady Sandwich*, was very politely receiv'd by her Lad<sup>sh</sup>; she is a Woman of great Vivacity (tho very old) & of great parts; & tho much us'd to y<sup>e</sup> French & their Customs, knows all their foibles, & retains y<sup>e</sup> Sentiments of an English Woman — I am to send her L<sup>d</sup> *Orrery's Pliny*.<sup>1</sup>

The note corresponding to this entry reads as follows:

N.B. L<sup>d</sup> Sand<sup>h</sup> told me that y<sup>e</sup> French can't bear y<sup>e</sup> least comparison w<sup>th</sup> Us, and tho they are fond of our Language & of knowing y<sup>e</sup> State of our Arts & Litterature, yet they are in y<sup>e</sup> general always carping & shewing y<sup>e</sup> great distance there is from us to their Perfection.<sup>2</sup>

In but one instance, May 28, does Garrick depart from his customary procedure. The note on this date is on an entirely different topic from the one discussed in the entry. The entry reads:

Went to the Chartreux & was much pleas'd with the paintings in y<sup>e</sup> Church & in y<sup>e</sup> Cloister, tho' these in y<sup>e</sup> last (by Le Seur) are very much damag'd — there is a fine piece of carv'd Wood (a Desk) in y<sup>e</sup> Choir of y<sup>e</sup> Church — representing Faith, hope & Charity — We went this Night to y<sup>e</sup> Opera call'd *Indes Galantes*, the *Shew* is great but y<sup>e</sup> Singing execrable, there was Spirit & Expression in y<sup>e</sup> Musick & y<sup>e</sup> Dancing very well.<sup>3</sup>

The following is the first note that accompanies the entry:

N.B. M<sup>r</sup>. Kidby told me this Morn<sup>g</sup> that y<sup>e</sup> King of France's Bill for Young Peas, which he had a few Weeks ago at Cressy came to Sixteen Thousand Livres, & he was only there for a few Days — <sup>4</sup>

Garrick was probably led, by a subconscious realization of

<sup>1</sup> From the Manuscript Diary in the possession of Mr. Harry Houdini, page 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 5.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 6.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, 7.

the incongruity between the trivial though interesting bit of gossip and his impressions of the arts with which the day had been taken up, to separate the two ideas and include the latter in a note. But the two notes following this one on the bill for the king's peas again correspond to the entry on the opposite page:

The best *Actor* I have seen hitherto is Chassée, y<sup>e</sup> base Singer.<sup>5</sup>  
I was disappointed in *Duprè*. (tame Grace)<sup>6</sup>

These notes refer to the singers who took part in the opera, *Indes Galantes*.

Once home from Paris, Garrick seems to have used this manuscript as a sort of note-book in which he recorded items of personal interest. For instance, on the last page of the diary, Garrick makes note of an agreement he entered into with a certain Signor Frederick, probably his dancing master, which reads:

I began with *Signor Frederick*, the 22<sup>d</sup> Day of Aug.<sup>st</sup> 1753. I gave him one Guinea Entrance & he is to have one Guinea for twelve Lessons.<sup>7</sup>

Garrick makes a memorandum of a second agreement with Frederick according to the terms of which Garrick was to pay him a guinea a month from December 1, 1753, to March 6th of the following year. Another such miscellaneous item, which at the same time gives clear insight into the character of the man, is found on the first page of the diary under the date of July 26th, 1755:

My Brother George paid me one Bond of 110 pounds by his Mortgage which I receiv'd from Mr. Leak of Newport.

the same Day I cancell'd another Bond due to Me from George dated y<sup>e</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> of April 1750 for £200 w<sup>ch</sup> he is to pay me when he grows rich —<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, 7.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 7.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, page unnumbered.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, facing page 1.

A note of special interest is found among the empty pages of the manuscript. It reads:

Paid Mr Johnson 8:8:0 in part of his Subscription.\*

Since no entry in the Garrick manuscript is of a later date than 1755, this memorandum perhaps refers to the subscription for Johnson's dictionary.

Of the many respects in which this manuscript, if authentic, is significant, the present paper will exemplify but two: (1) the value of the diary in correcting the misstatements of the biographers of Garrick; (2) its value as a record of Garrick's opinion of the French stage.

#### I: THE DIARY AND THE BIOGRAPHERS

The more recent biographers of David Garrick have much conjectured as to what took place during his first trip to Paris, in the summer of 1751. The earlier biographers either neglect the subject entirely or ascribe a wrong date to this sojourn in the French capital. The reason for this uncertainty regarding the journey in question is twofold. In the first place, Garrick rarely alluded to this trip to Paris except: (a) in a letter which he sent to his older brother, Peter, immediately upon his return, and (b) in his journal of his *second*<sup>10</sup> journey to the continent, in 1763. Secondly, the diary in which Garrick recorded his activities during his stay in Paris in 1751 had disappeared, leaving no trace behind it. With the recovery of what appears to be Garrick's diary, and with the events therefore of the journey of 1751 now before us, it is possible to ascertain in how far the various Garrick biographers have reached the facts regarding this trip.

To begin with his first biographers, we find that Thomas Davies and Arthur Murphy, who were also fellow-actors of Garrick's, relate the same few out of the many

\* *Ibid.*, page unnumbered.

<sup>10</sup> In speaking of the trips to France in 1751 and 1763 as Garrick's first and second trips to the continent, the journey to Lisbon in Garrick's early boyhood (1727) is not taken into account.



well-known anecdotes of the great actor's second tour to the continent in 1763; but as for Garrick's journey to Paris in 1751,<sup>11</sup> Murphy is silent, and Davies merely tells us:

Mademoiselle Clairon was always a favourite actress of Mr. Garrick; he saw her when she was in the dawn of her reputation, when he paid his first visit to Paris in 1752; etc.<sup>12</sup>

Davies thus erroneously puts that "first visit to Paris" in the year 1752, but, nevertheless, this statement contradicts one of Fitzgerald's:

Neither Murphy nor *Davies* mentions this visit, and Boaden fixes it in 1752.<sup>13</sup>

In 1831-1832, James Boaden, a friend of Mrs. Garrick, published two volumes of David Garrick's "private correspondence with the most celebrated persons of his time," and in a prefatory memoir, he too assigns Garrick's 1751 trip to the year 1752.<sup>14</sup> Furthermore, Boaden characterizes this trip in the following manner:

No period could be better chosen than this of Garrick's journey. He arrived among the literati of France at a moment when they disposed of everything that society had to give, and filled *themselves* with the love of liberty; an illustrious Englishman, like Garrick, was welcomed as a sort of *test* of what the cultivation of great talent in the soil of freedom could produce.<sup>15</sup>

But Boaden did not stop to consider that, in 1751, David Garrick was not the illustrious Englishman we meet with at Paris in 1763. Although much distinguished at home, Garrick was, at the moment under consideration, at the very outset of his fame in France, and was therefore in no position to meet the French literati. He did, however, as

<sup>11</sup> The leather cover and the illuminated title-page of the manuscript diary both give the date of this trip as 1752; but the book-binder in this case was misinformed as to the correct date.

<sup>12</sup> Davies, *Life of Garrick*, 1808, II, 83.

<sup>13</sup> Fitzgerald, *Life of Garrick*, 1868, I, 269 ff.

<sup>14</sup> Boaden, *Garrick Correspondence*, 1831, I, xxvi.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*



& one Laurin a very terrible man, from  
thence we went to Comedie française to  
see Jeanes revuertes, but it was cheap  
to Estimble of Petite piece was de brand

Tuesday June 4<sup>th</sup>.

So Hot I did not stir out all of morning,  
saw Devise from London, din'd with Mr  
John Lambert & went to Comedie  
franchise with Mr Mildmay belonging  
to the Embassy - there was nothing more  
ever so despicable & contemptible as  
Arlequin Scanderbegue. We did not,  
nor could stay it out.

Wednesday June 5<sup>th</sup> (O.S.)

Did nothing in morning but make visit  
to Mr York, (whom I sat in. 12 an hour) Lord Heath-  
ton, Mr Shankope Lord Stormont & had  
an invitation to dine with L<sup>d</sup> Albemarley,  
but could not on account of going to Versailles.



instances from his diary will prove, have ready admittance into the houses of the English nobility then in France, because of his high social standing in England. For example, for Saturday, May 25th, Garrick says,

I left my Name at y<sup>e</sup> Ambassador's (*Lord Albemarle*).<sup>16</sup>

The next day finds Garrick visiting another member of the English nobility:

I waited upon *Lady Sandwich*, was very politely receiv'd by her Lad<sup>y</sup>.<sup>17</sup>

Garrick's diary for Wednesday, June 5th, discloses the following entry:

Did nothing in y<sup>e</sup> morning but make Visits to M<sup>r</sup> York, (whom I sat w<sup>th</sup> an hour) Lord Huntington, M<sup>r</sup>. Stanhope Lord Stormont, & had an invitation to dine with L<sup>d</sup> Albemarle, but could not, on Account of going to Versailles —<sup>18</sup>

To Versailles Garrick went not as a bidden guest of the French royalty, but as a mere sight-seer, as the entry which will be quoted in a later instance, indicates.<sup>19</sup> Five days later, on Monday, June 10th, Garrick records this entry,

Made twenty Visits to English Gentlemen in y<sup>e</sup> morning, & at Night saw the *Femmes Sçavantes* of Moliere with y<sup>e</sup> *Zeneide* after which I sup'd with Lor<sup>d</sup> Huntington, L<sup>d</sup> Stormont, M<sup>r</sup> Stirling, &c.<sup>20</sup>

By virtue of his profession, Garrick came into close contact with the French actors. As his correspondence and his diary show, he had formed, during this first sojourn in Paris, intimate friendships with several of the most celebrated artists of the French stage, chief among these friend-

<sup>16</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 4.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 18.

<sup>19</sup> See entry of June 6th, on p. 164.

<sup>20</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 24.

ships being the one with the famous Clairon. Not, however, until after Garrick's fame had been fully established abroad as well as in England, did Paris, at the time of Garrick's second trip to the continent (1763), shower honors upon him and receive him most graciously into her innermost literary and social circles. In 1751, Garrick was merely on a pleasure-trip — a belated wedding trip,<sup>21</sup> as Fitzgerald would have us call it.

The miniature biography of Garrick which Forster introduces into his admirable work on Oliver Goldsmith, is worthy of highest praise. In this work are found Garrick's early and hitherto unpublished letters, and these form a splendid contribution to the entire body of Garrick literature. Especially noteworthy are those letters which little David sent to his father, who, as captain in the British army, was then stationed at Gibraltar; and the series of letters the débutant actor sent to his older brother, Peter, in which he stoutly defends his adoption of the player's profession. But, notwithstanding all this excellent new material which Forster produces in his life of Garrick, there does not appear the slightest allusion to Garrick's first trip to Paris.

Fitzgerald, the next important biographer of the great actor, adds little to the trifling observations of Davies and Boaden on Garrick's first journey to France. The same can be said of the work of Justin Winsor, late librarian of Harvard College Library. In annotating the works of Murphy and Boaden on Garrick for his proposed life of the English actor, Winsor neither corrected the date of Garrick's first trip to Paris in Boaden's memoir nor added anything to break Murphy's silence concerning this 1751 incident in Garrick's life.<sup>22</sup> Fitzgerald was the first biographer to establish the correct date of the journey in question, and in that lies his chief contribution so far as this phase of Garrick's biography is concerned. Having had

<sup>21</sup> Fitzgerald, *Life of Garrick*, I, 269.

<sup>22</sup> Winsor's unpublished notes in Murphy's and Boaden's works on Garrick, in the Harvard library.

access to the Garrick family documents, Fitzgerald found among these the journal which Garrick kept during his second trip to the continent. Garrick's reference in this journal to his trip abroad in 1751 is introduced by Fitzgerald in the following manner:

In the unpublished journal of his later journey he writes, "I shall say very little of France, as I have done it well though slightly in my first journey in 1751."<sup>23</sup>

Fitzgerald adds, "This journal has been lost."

The year 1751 is more firmly established as being that of Garrick's first journey to France through a letter which was written by Thady Fitzpatrick to James Murphy French, brother of Arthur Murphy, the dramatist. In this letter, dated July 27, 1751, Fitzpatrick refers to an incident which was supposed to have taken place during Garrick's stay in Paris, and which he communicates in the following manner:

I have examined the papers for some time past very carefully, and have observed nothing material, but that on the same day, Mr. Garrick was introduced to the King of France, and Mr. Quin robbed on Hounslow Heath.<sup>24</sup>

Fitzgerald also makes reference to this presentation of Garrick to Louis XV, but the actor's diary is silent respecting this event, as well as another which Fitzgerald emphasizes, namely, that of Garrick's discovering, in the most ingenious manner, the murderer of his friend, Sir George Lewis. Joseph Knight, in his life of Garrick, also emphasizes these same probably fictitious incidents concerning Garrick's adventures on this occasion.<sup>25</sup>

As we approach the Garrick biographers of our own century, we notice that these are just about beginning to get at a bare hint of the facts regarding the journey of 1751. For example, Mrs. Parsons, in her book, *Garrick and his Circle*, says:

<sup>23</sup> Fitzgerald, I, 270 ff.

<sup>24</sup> Foot, *Life of Arthur Murphy*, 1811, 72-73.

<sup>25</sup> Knight, *Life of Garrick*, 1894, 137.



The slight journal Garrick kept of his first experience of the land of his forefathers has been lost. Two or three facts we know — that he “mixed with the natives” — his own phrase, found time to be painted by Liotard, prophesied the future greatness of Mademoiselle Clairon, and was accorded (or so it would appear) the extraordinary honour of being presented to Louis Quinze.<sup>26</sup>

All but the last statement, that of the actor’s being presented to the French king, is substantiated by the diary that Garrick kept while abroad.

Professor Baker, in the list of “Illustrations” in his book, *Some Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick*, gives the following information regarding a print made from the portrait of Garrick painted by Liotard in 1751:

Garrick in 1751 . . . . . 46  
 This print bears the statement ‘Liotard [Jean Etienne Liotard] Pinxt. J. M[ac] Ardell Fecit. David Garrick, Esq<sup>r</sup>. Done from the Original Picture Painted at Paris. London, Printed for Rob<sup>t</sup> Sayer Map & Printseller, No. 53 Fleet St.’<sup>27</sup>

In spite of this information which puts the date of Garrick’s first journey to Paris as 1751, Professor Baker in two other instances in the same book erroneously gives 1752 as the date of this trip. For example, Professor Baker says:

By the autumn of 1747 he had become one of the managers of Drury Lane; by 1752, when he first crossed to the Continent for a vacation, he had become personally known to the artistic world of Paris.<sup>28</sup>

Then again, in placing an undated and unaddressed letter of Garrick’s, Professor Baker says:

Though the next letter is not addressed to any one and bears no date, the references to St. Mary’s — the Southampton home of Hoadley, — and, the recent return from Paris and small changes in Garrick’s company on the return, prove that the letter is to John Hoadley in the autumn of 1752.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Mrs. Parsons, *Garrick and his Circle*, 1906, 299.

<sup>27</sup> Baker, G. P., *Unpublished Correspondence*, 1907, xi.

<sup>28</sup> Baker, *Unpublished Correspondence*, I.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, 41.

But Garrick returned home from Paris in the late summer of 1751.

The nearest approach to the facts concerning Garrick's trip abroad in 1751, is made by Hedgcock, whose account of this journey in his book, *David Garrick and his French Friends*, we shall now proceed to compare with Garrick's own version of the story. For his facts relating to this part of Garrick's life, Hedgcock depends a great deal upon the incidents recorded in the private journal of Charles Collé, a minor French dramatist whom Garrick met while abroad. Hedgcock says,

Garrick appears to have reached Paris in the early days of June.<sup>30</sup>

This statement is perfectly correct; for Garrick in his diary says,

My wife, Mr. Denis & Myself set out from London the 19<sup>th</sup> of May (O.S.) Sunday, & we got to Paris the Thursday after, (y<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>d</sup>).<sup>31</sup>

This date would correspond to the third or fourth of June, new style. Hedgcock gathered this information relating to Garrick's arrival in France from what Collé recorded in his journal under the date of June 7, 1751:

On the 7<sup>th</sup> of this month, Pelletier arrived at Paris, where he found his friend, Denis, the English surgeon, whom he had not seen for seventeen years. The latter had come with Garrick, the most celebrated actor in England and Director of the London playhouse. Denis, who saw Baron act during the eight or nine years that he was studying surgery in Paris, considers Garrick is much superior to that famous actor. There may be, indeed there surely is, some little prejudice in favor of his England in this judgment; but that very prejudice shows that Garrick is, at any rate, no ordinary man.<sup>32</sup>

When we again hear of Garrick in Collé's journal, the Frenchman had already become acquainted with the English

<sup>30</sup> Hedgcock, *Garrick and his French Friends*, 1911, (preface) 108.

<sup>31</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 1.

<sup>32</sup> Hedgcock, 109.

actor; for, under the date of July 13, 1751, we find the following entered with great enthusiasm:

I dined yesterday, the 12<sup>th</sup> with Garrick, the English actor. He gave us a scene from one of Shakespeare's tragedies in which we could easily perceive that the great reputation which he enjoys is by no means unjustified. He gave us a sketch of that scene where Macbeth thinks he sees a dagger in the air, leading him to the room where he is to murder the king. He filled us with terror; it is impossible to paint a situation better, to render it with more warmth of feeling, and at the same time to remain more master of oneself. His face expresses all the passions one after the other, and that without any grimace, although that scene is full of terrible and tumultuous movements. What he played before us was a kind of tragic pantomime, and from that one piece I would not fear to assert that the actor is excellent in his art. As to ours, he considers them all bad, from the highest to the lowest, and on that point we fully agreed with him.<sup>33</sup>

Of the incident just cited, no mention is made in Garrick's diary for the reason that the manuscript closes with the mere recording of the date Friday, June 21st.

For the purpose of bringing together the various facts throughout the discussion which establish the year 1751 as that of Garrick's first trip to Paris, a digression at this point will be pardoned. (1) Collé records under the date of June 7, 1751, Garrick's presence in Paris, and under the date of July 13, 1751, he makes an entry of his having met Garrick socially the day before. (2) Thady Fitzpatrick's letter to James Murphy French, dated July 27, 1751, speaks of Garrick's presentation to the king of France. (3) Garrick in the journal of his second journey to the continent, refers to his first trip as having taken place in 1751. (4) One of the miscellaneous memoranda which Garrick entered in the diary recounting the events of his first journey to Paris, shows him to have been in Paris in the early days of June, 1751. This memorandum makes note of a sum of money which Garrick received on June 8, 1751, from Charles Selwin, an English banker at Paris. These facts are con-

<sup>33</sup> Hedgcock, 109-110.



clusive proofs that Garrick's first journey to Paris took place in the year 1751.<sup>84</sup>

Proceeding with Hedgcock's account of this journey, we find that, following the quotation of the two passages from Collé's journal, Hedgcock reiterates Mrs. Parsons' enumeration of some of Garrick's activities in Paris during the summer of 1751. He tells us that Garrick

saw Mademoiselle Clairon act and prophesied her future success; he had his portrait painted by Liotard, "the Turkish artist," who was very popular at Paris at that date.<sup>85</sup>

But as for Garrick's presentation to the French king, while Mrs. Parsons clings to the traditional belief that Garrick was "accorded the extraordinary honour of being presented to Louis Quinze," Hedgcock denies this event on the ground of insufficient proof. These are all the instances wherein Garrick's diary sustains that which Hedgcock says respecting this trip. But Hedgcock adds another incident founded on a letter that passed between the provost of the Paris Merchants and a police commissioner of the same city. The letter accuses Garrick of endeavouring, with the help of a certain dancer called Devisse, to induce some French dancers to join his corps de ballet at Drury Lane. In attempting this, Garrick was unwittingly committing a political offence, in that he was infringing upon the "regulations and orders of the king,"<sup>86</sup> to whom the dancers were responsible. To avoid embarrassment, Garrick had to hasten his departure from France. But as Garrick makes no mention of this incident in his diary, owing to the fact that the diary closes before this affair took place, we will dismiss further

<sup>84</sup> Hedgcock quotes (p. 109 ff) a letter sent by the Duke of Devonshire to Garrick during the latter's sojourn in Paris. This letter is dated June 11, 1751. Another letter quoted by Hedgcock (p. 111) which proves the date of this journey to be 1751, was written by the Provost of Paris Merchants to a police commissioner, which speaks of Garrick as having come to Paris for the purpose of engaging French actors and actresses for his theatre. The letter also suggests the arrest of Devisse, a French dancer, who was suspected of having aided Garrick in his design. This letter is dated July 1, 1751.

<sup>85</sup> Hedgcock, 110.

<sup>86</sup> *Ibid.*, 112. In reference to Devisse, Garrick, under the date of Tuesday, June 4th, states merely that he "saw *Devisse* from London." (Houdini MS.)

discussion of the event and continue with the comparison of Hedgcock's version of the 1751 trip and Garrick's.

Naturally, the diary enlarges upon the incidents in Hedgcock's account. Taking the events in the order that Hedgcock gives them, we shall see in what manner Garrick disposes of them in his diary. To begin with Mademoiselle Clairon: we find that under Wednesday, June 12th, Garrick makes the following entry:

. . . went to y<sup>e</sup> French Theatre to see *Arianne* a Tragedy by Tho<sup>s</sup> Corneille, when I saw Mad<sup>lle</sup> Clairon for y<sup>e</sup> first Time who pleas'd me more than any actress I have yet seen.<sup>37</sup>

Under Saturday, June 15th, Garrick notes:

*Clairon* has powers but outrée in y<sup>e</sup> Parts of her Character where she might be less Violent & tame in y<sup>e</sup> places of y<sup>e</sup> highest and finest passages.<sup>38</sup>

For Tuesday, June 18th, the diary discloses a comparison between Dumesnil, another French actress, and Clairon:

*Dumisnil* has a face that Expresses terror & Despair, but she has many faults, too Violent at times, very unequal & in y<sup>e</sup> whole does not seem to me so good an Actress as *Clairon*.<sup>39</sup>

As to what Hedgcock says concerning Liotard, the artist, who painted Garrick's portrait at Paris in 1751, the diary, as in the case with Clairon, again offers extended remarks. For Thursday, June 13th, we find this entry:

Went to see *Leotarde's* Pictures w<sup>ch</sup> are indeed very like.<sup>40</sup>

For the next day Garrick records:

Sat for my Picture.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>37</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 26.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, 29.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, 26.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, 31.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*, 28.

on afternoon we went to J. Palmer Comedy to see  
the ~~xxx~~ as it was so much in J. Dille, but it  
was changed for Religious Sermons, they would  
tell for they change things over at both  
Theatres as they please without giving the  
Audience or making any Grace.

Wednesday June 12<sup>th</sup>

all morning at J. Palais Royal  
a fine feast it was! - we dined at Mons<sup>r</sup>  
Fagot & sup'd with him & went to J. French  
Theatre to see Armande & Tragedy by  
J. C. Corneille when I saw Mrs. de Camille  
for 1<sup>st</sup> time who pleased me more than  
any actress I have yet seen.

Thursday June 13<sup>th</sup>

Went to see Rotonde's Pictures w<sup>ch</sup> are made  
very like, went in 7<sup>th</sup> evening to J. D. Oratory,  
& then to the Church of St. Roch





On Saturday, June 15th, Garrick makes an entry to this effect:

Sat again for y<sup>e</sup> Picture, & din'd with *Leotard* a very Sensible unaffected man, a little vain as they all are.<sup>42</sup>

Sunday finds Garrick absent from his sittings, but these are again resumed on Monday, June 17th, under which date Garrick makes the following memorandum:

Sat again for my Picture, din'd at home.<sup>43</sup>

For the next day, we find an entry which reads,

Sat again to *Leotard*.<sup>44</sup>

And for "Wednesday June y<sup>e</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>" Garrick says:

Sat again to *Leotard*, din'd with Selwin & in short did very little this Day but idle & Eat and drink.<sup>45</sup>

Thursday, June 20th, finds Liotard mentioned for the last time in Garrick's diary. On this day, Garrick appears to have made a social rather than a business call on Liotard, as no sitting is referred to in this entry. Garrick says,

Din'd with *Leotard*.<sup>46</sup>

The diary does not inform us as to the completion of the portrait, for the reason that it closes abruptly, with the recording of the next day's date, "Fryday, June 21."

In reference to Garrick's presentation to the French king, Hedgcock says,

It has been asserted that he was presented to King Louis XV; but we have no authority for this statement.<sup>47</sup>

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*, 28.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, 30.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, 30.

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, 32. Mr. Charles Selwin, the English banker in Paris.

<sup>46</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 32.

<sup>47</sup> Hedgcock, 111.

In his footnote, Hedgcock makes further denial of this incident.<sup>48</sup> Various passages throughout the diary will reveal Garrick's relation to the royalty of France. For Wednesday, June 5th, for example, we find Garrick making the following entry in his diary:

We went this Evening to *Versailles*, I was Struck with y<sup>e</sup> view from y<sup>e</sup> Terrass down to y<sup>e</sup> Lake; The Building is large & Extended but in my opinion very inelegant, We saw the Dauphine & y<sup>e</sup> Mesdames return from their Walk and then we return'd to our dirty Lodgings & Supper — the King came from *Cressy* this Night & we saw him enter his palace with great haste & a very dirty dusty retinue.<sup>49</sup>

Thursday, June 6th, shows a memorandum to this effect:

This Evening we saw the King, Queen, Dauphin & Mesdames at Chappel; y<sup>e</sup> Chap<sup>l</sup> is a very Elegant one; after Prayers we went into y<sup>e</sup> Garden & saw the Waters play, & then return'd to our Hotel more fatigu'd than Satisfy'd with our Entertainment.<sup>50</sup>

The diary for *Friday*, June 7th, reads:

We went to *Trianon* where y<sup>e</sup> Waters play'd on purpose for Us — then to y<sup>e</sup> *Menagerie* & so home to breakfast — after that we dress'd & to y<sup>e</sup> Palace again, where we saw y<sup>e</sup> Venetian Embassadress make her Entry. I saw her introduc'd to y<sup>e</sup> Dauphine, where I beheld La Marquise Pr. The Ceremony was a very silent one, scarce ten words past on Either side. Then I saw y<sup>e</sup> Dauphine dine w<sup>ch</sup> as I was hungry myself was no very agreeable sight, so after she had pick'd a bit I gave a wink to my wife & we retir'd to y<sup>e</sup> same Ceremony — <sup>51</sup>

Saturday, June 8th, finds the Garricks on a sight-seeing trip during which they visited various royal residences. Garrick writes:

<sup>48</sup> In the same footnote, Hedgcock makes the following remark: "Mr. Fitzgerald (*Life* p. 142) says that this presentation was duly noted by the English papers; but we have found no trace of this." Yet the fact that James Murphy French speaks of his having read in the papers of Garrick's presentation is presumptive evidence that they did write of the event. (See page 6, ff 24.)

<sup>49</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 20.

<sup>50</sup> *Ibid.*, 20.

<sup>51</sup> *Ibid.*, 22.



We went this Evening to Versailles, I was  
much with of view from the Temple down to,  
Lake; The Building is large & extended but  
in my opinion very inelegant, we saw the  
Dauphin & of Mesdames return from their  
walk & then we retired to our dirty Lodg:  
& Supper - the King came from (reby this night  
& we saw him enter his palace with great  
& a very dirty dirty retinue.

Thursday June 6<sup>th</sup> (38)  
after Breakfast we dined & went to Palace  
the inside indeed is noble & Royal the  
Pictures fine & of Gallery magnificent -  
we saw of Duke Embassador again make his  
entry into Versailles, & June is in Paris -  
this Evening we saw the King Queen Joseph  
& Mesdames at Chappel; of Chapl is a very  
Elegant one. after Supper we went into of  
Garden & saw the waters play, & returned to  
our Hotel here fatigued these Sat. 6<sup>th</sup> &  
with our Entertainment.



We went out by eleven to *Meudon* w<sup>ch</sup> belongs to y<sup>e</sup> Dauphin, then went to *Bellevue* w<sup>ch</sup> belongs to Mad<sup>me</sup> Pompadour & we din'd at *St. Cloud* w<sup>ch</sup> belongs to y<sup>e</sup> Duke of Orleans — from thence return'd to Paris.<sup>52</sup>

Garrick's note to this entry is most interesting in that it shows in what manner the French actors and actresses were rewarded by their royal master for their performances in his suburban theaters:

*Bellevue* is a most Elegant finish'd Thing & has a most beautifull prospect — the Furniture is very elegant tho' not magnificent — the Theatre there is a very pretty one & well decorated, I was told that y<sup>e</sup> King allows to his actors & Actresses when he sends for 'Em from Paris a Bottle of Wine a Day, a pair of Silk Stock<sup>s</sup> & coach hire.<sup>53</sup>

The deplorable condition in which the French actors then found themselves is further emphasized in a note to the entry recorded under Tuesday, June 11th:

*Mons<sup>r</sup>. De La Noue* told me several things of their disagreeable Dependence on y<sup>e</sup> L<sup>ds</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> B<sup>d</sup>chamb<sup>r</sup>: The Reason of his being put into Prison for a month, astonish'd me.<sup>54</sup>

To the entry of Friday, June 7th, Garrick added a note describing an incident which occurred during his visit to Trianon. He says:

I had lik'd to have run against a French Duchess by my haste in getting into y<sup>e</sup> Dauphine's apartment, her Grace smil'd & y<sup>e</sup> Swiss scolded me tho I was more touch'd with y<sup>e</sup> Rebuke of y<sup>e</sup> former than y<sup>e</sup> latter.<sup>55</sup>

This, so far as the diary records, was Garrick's closest encounter with any of the members of the French royalty. As for Garrick's presentation to the French king, the diary is silent; but we must remember that it contains no entry later than June 21.

<sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*, 22, 24.

<sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*, 23, 25.

<sup>54</sup> *Ibid.*, 25.

<sup>55</sup> *Ibid.*, 23.



It must always be borne in mind, however, that Garrick gloried in his friendship with various members of the English nobility and, whenever possible, intimated his relation with these. For example, in one of the letters in which he pleads with his older brother, Peter, for that prejudiced kinsman's approval of his choice of profession, Garrick delights in relating to the mortified Peter the honors bestowed upon him by the greatest in the land. He writes:

Twice I have sup'd w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Great Mr. Murray, Counsell<sup>r</sup>. and shall w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Pope by his Introduction. I sup'd with y<sup>e</sup> Mr. Littleton, y<sup>e</sup> Prince's Favourite, last Thursday night, and that with y<sup>e</sup> highest Civility and complaisance. He told me he never knew what Acting was 'till I appeared, and said I was only born to act w<sup>t</sup> Shakespear writ. These things daily occurring give me Great Pleasure. I din'd with L<sup>d</sup> Halifax and L<sup>d</sup> Sandwich, two very ingenious Noblemen, yesterday, and am to dine at L<sup>d</sup> Halifax's next Sunday with L<sup>d</sup> Chesterfield. . . . In short, I believe nobody (as an Actor) was ever more carress'd, and my Character as a private Man makes 'em more desirous of my Company.<sup>56</sup>

Another instance of this same boasting is related by Boswell in one of his conversations with Johnson:

One morning, when I went to breakfast with Garrick, who was very vain of his intimacy with Lord Camden, he accosted me thus: 'Pray, now, did you — did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh?' No, sir (said I). Pray what do you mean by the question? 'Why (replied Garrick with an affected indifference, yet as if standing on tiptoe) Lord Camden has this moment left me. We have had a long walk together.'<sup>57</sup>

These two citations clearly show how Garrick loved to boast of his familiarity with people of great distinction. Had Garrick been presented to Louis XV, he would undoubtedly have proclaimed the event forever after; and the mere fact that we have no record that Garrick ever mentioned this presentation is almost sufficient proof (notwithstanding

<sup>56</sup> Forster, *Life of Goldsmith*, 1871, I, 242.

<sup>57</sup> Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, Ed. by Hill, 1887, III, 311. To this Johnson retorted, "Well, Sir, Garrick talked very properly. Lord Camden was a little lawyer to be associating so familiarly with a player."

what James Murphy French read in the papers) that the event never took place.

So much for what Garrick's biographers have to say concerning his journey to Paris in 1751.

## II: THE DIARY AND THE FRENCH STAGE

The Garricks, as the diary reveals, set out from London, Sunday, May 19th, O.S., and, after some unpleasant experiences, reached Paris the following Thursday. Their arrival is duly chronicled in the diary:

We got to Paris y<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>d</sup> Thursday between Six & Seven in y<sup>e</sup> Evening & did Nothing that Night but clean our Selves & stare out of y<sup>e</sup> Window of our *Hotel d'Etrangers* which looks on y<sup>e</sup> Palais Luxembourg.<sup>58</sup>

During his stay in Paris, Garrick was a frequent visitor at the various art galleries and churches. The many instances in his diary show not only the great delight Garrick took in examining the works of the old masters, but present him also as a sound and intelligent art critic. But Garrick's opinions on the art galleries of Paris, although extremely interesting, do not here concern us as much as do his impressions of the French theatres. We find that although Garrick was much pleased with the treasures of the art galleries and churches of Paris, he was seldom impressed by her theatrical art. His diary furnishes many instances of his disappointment at what he found at the theatres of the French metropolis. Under May 24th, the day immediately after the one that saw Garrick's arrival at Paris, we discover an entry which contains his first critical remarks on the French theatre:

We went to the *Comedie françoise* [sic] dans les premieres Loges, the Play was Moliere's *L'Ecole des Maris*, very ill acted but as a New Tragedy call'd *Zares* was acted for y<sup>e</sup> first time the Night before, & by y<sup>e</sup> best Actors, we saw none but y<sup>e</sup> inferiour ones in this Play —

<sup>58</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 2.

the petite Piece was *Le Magnifique* (by Le Motte as they told me) taken from *Le Fontaine*, an indifferent farce, & worse acted — <sup>59</sup>

Garrick's note to this entry is interesting in that it gives an idea of the appearance of the Comédie Française at the time of his first visit to France.

N.B. the Appearance of y<sup>e</sup> house was not so bad as I expected from y<sup>e</sup> Report of others, y<sup>e</sup> Glass branches give it a rich look; but y<sup>e</sup> candles instead of Lamps at y<sup>e</sup> front of y<sup>e</sup> Stage are very mean, & y<sup>e</sup> building on y<sup>e</sup> Stage wholly destroys all *vraysemblance*, (as y<sup>e</sup> French call it) & with all their perfection, occasions ten thousand absurdities — they have but one piece of Musick before y<sup>e</sup> Play, & they have only 8 or at most 10 hands in their Orchestra. <sup>60</sup>

The "building on the stage," of which Garrick complains, was a structure of seats raised upon the stage in the form of an amphitheatre, into which the beaux of the town and other persons desiring conspicuous places crowded. It seems that the building on the stage of the Comédie Française was a permanent affair. At Drury Lane, however, this structure was erected only on benefit nights when the select friends of the beneficiary occupied these stage seats. Garrick was very much opposed to the building for the reason that the stage spectators, although they helped to swell the receipts, nevertheless greatly disturbed the actors during the performances. It was not until 1762 when Garrick enlarged the auditorium of the Drury Lane Theatre that he finally overcame this annoying custom of crowding spectators on the stage.

Another instance where we are able to determine the state of affairs at Garrick's theatre by way of comparison with the conditions existing in the French theatre is through the following note which corresponds to the entry of Sunday, June 2nd:

The Stage of y<sup>e</sup> *Comedie Italienne* is like ours behind y<sup>e</sup> Curtain

<sup>59</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 2.

<sup>60</sup> *Ibid.*, 3.



not so deep nor broad but y<sup>e</sup> Wings & Flys seem'd to me to work on y<sup>e</sup> same principle — y<sup>e</sup> Green Room a wretched Hole.<sup>61</sup>

To the Comédie Italienne, Garrick went on May 25th, the evening after his first visit to the Comédie Française. Here he "saw Marivaux's *Fausse Suivante* with an Entertainment of Dancing call'd *Le May*." Upon these he comments:

The first was acted much better than *L'Ecole des Maris* but y<sup>e</sup> Dancing which has great Success & was much approv'd of, would have been hiss'd off y<sup>e</sup> English Stage — <sup>62</sup>

The note that Garrick adds to this entry indicates that certain conditions in the French theatre, so far as the audience was concerned, were similar to those existing in the English theatre. Garrick says:

N.B. Moliere's Comedies scarcely bring a house & are generally acted by y<sup>e</sup> inferiour Actors: Novelty is y<sup>e</sup> greatest incitement to fill y<sup>e</sup> house.<sup>63</sup>

This same sentiment prevailed among the English theatre-goers as among the French, notwithstanding the fact that Garrick put the great classics of the Drury Lane repertory into the hands of his finest performers. The English also sought novel entertainments; and novelty in the English theatres, just as in the French, was "the greatest incitement to fill the house."

The disappointment Garrick felt on witnessing the performances at the various French theatres finds expression in several other entries recorded in his diary. For example, he writes for Friday, May 31st:

After Dinner we went to y<sup>e</sup> Comedie Fran<sup>se</sup> & saw the *Philosophe Mariè* most indifferently acted.<sup>64</sup>

And the entry for June 2nd reads to like effect:

<sup>61</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 17.

<sup>62</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.

<sup>63</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.

<sup>64</sup> *Ibid.*, 12.

Thence we went to y<sup>e</sup> *Comedie Italienne* to see *Arlequin Sauvage* with y<sup>e</sup> *Sylphide* & were very indifferently Entertain'd.<sup>65</sup>

The diary for June 3rd, however, shows Garrick a trifle more agreeably disposed to that day's performance, for he writes without adverse comment:

Thence we went to y<sup>e</sup> *Comedie Française* to see y<sup>e</sup> *Femmes Sçavantes*, but it was chang'd to *Tartuffe* y<sup>e</sup> Petite piece was *La Serenade*.<sup>66</sup>

And in the note Garrick says, "more entertain'd than at y<sup>e</sup> *Philosophe Marié*".<sup>67</sup> But the next day's performance at the *Comédie Italienne* so displeased him that he left before it was over. Garrick's entries for Tuesday and Wednesday June 11th and 12th reveal some justly severe criticisms of the French theatres. For Tuesday Garrick records the following:

In y<sup>e</sup> Evening we went to y<sup>e</sup> *Italian Comedy* to see the XXX as it was . . . mark'd in y<sup>e</sup> Bills, but it was chang'd for *Arlequin Sauvage*, why I can't tell for they change their Pieces at both Theatres as they please without giving their Reasons or making any Excuse.<sup>68</sup>

In the note to Wednesday's entry, Garrick passes censure on the behaviour of the audience during one of Clairon's performances:

Notwithstanding all y<sup>e</sup> Reports we have had of y<sup>e</sup> great decency & politeness of a French Audience, yet in y<sup>e</sup> Middle of y<sup>e</sup> Strongest & best Scenes of *Arianne*, they laugh'd at a Messenger who brought news of Theseus, because he happen'd to be one who acted in Comedy — this was repeated at 3 different times in y<sup>e</sup> same play for nothing at all.<sup>69</sup>

Friday June 14th finds Garrick at the opera, and the entry for that day speaks for itself:

<sup>65</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 16.

<sup>66</sup> *Ibid.*, 18.

<sup>67</sup> *Ibid.*, 19.

<sup>68</sup> *Ibid.*, 26.

<sup>69</sup> *Ibid.*, 27.

Went by myself to y<sup>e</sup> *Opera*, lik'd it worse than before, half asleep, got a headache, went home & in bad humour all y<sup>e</sup> Evening.<sup>70</sup>

Not only was Garrick frequently disappointed in the French theatre and the French audience: often he expressed disapproval of particular actors. Among his more favorable comments upon play and actor are the two passages following:

Saturday, June 15<sup>th</sup> . . . I went in y<sup>e</sup> Evening by myself to see *Manlius* w<sup>ch</sup> seems to be taken from *Venice Preserv'd*. the play was written by Lefosse & has Merit: *La Noue* told me *LeFosse* did not understand English & that both *he* & *Orsay* Stole from *St. Riol* as may be seen in his Account of y<sup>e</sup> Conspiracy at Venice.<sup>71</sup>

To this entry we find the following note relating to the actor who played the principal part in the play:

Grandval pleas'd me more in y<sup>e</sup> Character of *Manlius* than in anything, no Genius in Tragedy, false Expression always, when he Endeavours at y<sup>e</sup> high passions, inattentive to a degree.<sup>72</sup>

Several other entries and notes further reveal Garrick's sentiments with regard to the acting on the French stage. In one of the notes to the entry of Monday, May 27th, he says:

N.B. I can form no Judgment yet of y<sup>e</sup> Genius of y<sup>e</sup> Performers, their Manner both of Speaking & acting being so different from w<sup>t</sup> I have seen & I think not agreeable to their own or any Nature.<sup>73</sup>

Again, in reference to the performance of May 25th at the Comédie Italienne, Garrick notes:

N.B. The *Valet* in y<sup>e</sup> *Fausse Suivante* had merit but was at times very inattentive w<sup>ch</sup> indeed seems to be almost a general fault.<sup>74</sup>

The principal character in the play of *Arlequin Sauvage*,

<sup>70</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 28.

<sup>71</sup> *Ibid.*, 28.

<sup>72</sup> *Ibid.*, 29.

<sup>73</sup> *Ibid.*, 7.

<sup>74</sup> *Ibid.*, 5.



performed at the Comédie Italienne June 2nd, is spoken of in the diary in this manner:

*The Arlequin* is a Genius in his Way, but has many faults, & runs often into gross Buffoonery.<sup>75</sup>

And one of the actresses in the same performance is thus characterized:

*Coralline* appear'd to me this Night a most self conceited, foolish & pretty; but a most inattentive & consequently indifferent actress: her part was not a good one but I was much, very much disappointed.<sup>76</sup>

Inattention to what was going on about them on the stage was the principal fault for which Garrick criticized the French actors.

Of Le Kain, the French actor whom Voltaire addressed as "the Garrick of France,"<sup>77</sup> Garrick wrote May 29th:

*Le Kain* y<sup>e</sup> new Actor seem'd to me to have feeling & Spirit.<sup>78</sup>

In a note to the entry of Saturday, June 15th, Garrick further remarks:

*Sieur Kain* has feeling, but swallows his words & his face is so ill made that it creates no feeling in y<sup>e</sup> Spectator from its distortions.<sup>79</sup>

These two notes out of Garrick's diary form the English actor's opinion of Le Kain as he appeared at the very beginning of his career. Moreover, they contradict a statement made by Hedgcock, who, unaware of the existence of this diary and its contents (as all the Garrick biographers were), declares, "Garrick never expressed in writing his opinion of Le Kain."<sup>80</sup>

<sup>75</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 17.

<sup>76</sup> *Ibid.*, 17.

<sup>77</sup> Talma, *Mémoires de Le Kain*, 1825, 262-263.

<sup>78</sup> From the Houdini Manuscript, 11.

<sup>79</sup> *Ibid.*, 29.

<sup>80</sup> Hedgcock, *Garrick and his French Friends*, 257.

This manuscript diary of Garrick's first trip to Paris, in 1751, furnishes the missing link in the biography of the great actor. With the contents of this manuscript now disclosed, there remains scarcely any incident in the life of Garrick regarding which uncertainty arises. The diary in question supplies the facts of the one period in Garrick's life, of the details of which little were known. It also does much to discredit the several fictitious incidents (already referred to in the discussion) which have somehow or other connected themselves with this part of Garrick's life, and which have been emphasized by the greater number of Garrick's biographers. Moreover, one of the miscellaneous notes found in the diary helps to establish more firmly the year 1751 as being that of Garrick's first trip to Paris. This diary also does away with the false idea that Garrick on his first visit to Paris was welcomed by the French savants into their innermost circles. He did come into contact with the French players and with that part of the English nobility then in Paris. But as for the French savants, these afforded him a royal welcome rather when he visited Paris the second time, twelve years later.

What interests us most in this diary is Garrick's comment on the French theatre and its players. His notes mirror the state of the French theatre under Louis XV, and occasionally give us bits of valuable information respecting the English theatre of his day. Garrick, when visiting the theatres of Paris, was interested in discovering in how far the theatrical art of France had gained progress over that of England and vice versa. He entered the theatre in the attitude of an actor-manager and critic. He was horrified at the rude behavior of a French audience during one of Clairon's performances. The various reports of "ye great decency & politeness of a French Audience" had prepared him for something far different. On the whole, except for his attitude toward Clairon, Garrick was sorely disappointed at the state of the French stage.

Garrick's career as historian of the drama is brief,

extending over a period of but eighteen days; nevertheless, within these narrow limits, his entries and notes on the English and French theatres make this diary one of the most interesting accounts of histrionic art in the France and England of that time now in existence.

ELIZABETH P. STEIN

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### TO ONE ALSO LONG ABSENT FROM IRELAND<sup>1</sup>

COME with me for a moment to the land  
We both have loved, and, loving, hence have sung;  
Where, nestled on her bosom, we may grow young  
Despite her age. Her children understand  
The mystery: her mountains and her strand,  
The ruins whence the hardy weed has sprung,  
And, best of all, the mists about her flung  
Like a great mantle from God's sheltering hand.

Come with me; for the unwearying teacher, Time,  
Soon turns another page; beauties we have seen  
Grow dimmer, as the landscape when the rime  
Thickens the pane; we forget where we have been  
Because of changing seasons; what late was prime  
Is now December . . . Our sight is faint, I ween.

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet, accepted by *The Colonnade* before the war had caused the magazine to suspend publication, has, since then, been included in *Songs of the Celtic Past* (John Lane Company).



## ENGLISH VERSE IN SOUTH AFRICA

“SOUTH AFRICA—hm, . . . Oh, yes, Olive Schreiner’s *Story of an African Farm* . . . morbid religiosity on the bare brown desert . . . words of Dutch sprinkled through the pages . . .” Thus would the average litterateur dismiss the Land of Sunshine in a sentence. If he be radical in mind, he might also have read Miss Schreiner’s *Dreams*, and enjoyed them.

No doubt it is the fate of a land so isolated as this youngest Dominion of the British Empire to have only one or two of its most striking or bizarre literary products known abroad. Yet it is a gross injustice to a land with five languages spoken within its confines, to a land in which local colour and flavour have invited writers, to a land still “in the making” but already not without literary output.

Of the literature of Afrikaans, the Dutch spoken by the Boers of this land, I cannot here speak. My own knowledge of Afrikaans is too meagre to permit me any appreciation of that literature. Of the native languages—Sesuto, Isixosa, Isizulu—there is little to be said. The printed literature of these tongues consists of the Bible, religious tracts, hymnals, and translations of books supposed to be educationally valuable. They possess an indigenous oral poetry of “izibongo” or eulogies. These are long chants in which the virtues of some chief or warrior are repeated and exaggerated, until the voice of the chanter fails; yet such is the sonorous flow of the native languages that the effect when recited by a well-built Zulu or Xosa with a resonant basso profundo voice, is striking as well as musical. One can fancy that here, bound in black, the precursor of Homer is reincarnated.

The British section of the population in South Africa is, up to the present, dependent for the most part on its homeland for its literature. One needs to remember that the British colonies in South Africa, although established eighty to a hundred years ago, are essentially modern growths. The discovery of gold in the Transvaal, in 1886, marked the first great rush of settlers. Since the Boer War the influx has been steady. Naturally, the bulk of the

energies of the new arrivals went towards the economic upbuilding of the country. Whatever æsthetic spirit existed was satisfied amply with importation of books, with tours of a few weeks by artists from Europe, and by sporadic attempts at creative work. South Africa is still a country in the making, still a land without full consciousness of nationality, still too young a soil for the flower of creative art to flourish in its wonted vigour.

Despite these drawbacks, there is some measure of literary production to chronicle. In prose writing, there has been a crop of more or less unpleasant "South African novels," in which *The Story of an African Farm* was poorly copied. At about the turn of the century, a sarcastic Scot, Douglas Blackburn, produced the political tale *Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp*. This, as a clever tale of the vagaries of officialdom in the old Transvaal Republic, represents the height of brilliance in stories of South Africa. More recently one Horace Rose won a publisher's prize of £500 with a "shilling shocker" of adventure in Natal, under the title of *Golden Glory*. Gertrude Page's Rhodesian stories are well-known, but mediocre in craftsmanship. The drama has found one fine exponent in this land: Stephen Black. His African comedies, such as *Van Calabas Does His Bit*, are excellent examples of the modern light comedy well applied to local foibles. Mr. Black must also be noticed as the first to introduce the more serious modern drama to the African stage: he toured the country in 1917 presenting Brieux's *Damaged Goods*.<sup>1</sup>

English verse in South Africa is largely the product of men who were skilled verse-writers before coming to the country. The few colonial-born versifiers have drawn their inspiration either from these or from the same British poets as these. There is not a distinctive school of African poets. There is merely British poetry, written in South Africa, reflecting often the local colour of the land, but at times

<sup>1</sup> The presentation of this play in Maritzburg led to a newspaper controversy in which the present contributor defended the play against clerical attack.

quite neglecting it. The lack of journals for publication of poetry has undoubtedly retarded the African verse-writers. Save for the few years when "Li Phi" (Sir Lionel Phillips) published *The State* at Capetown, there has been no journal in which poetry could be offered adequately to the South African public. Newspaper verse there has been — but of low quality, largely doggerel. During the last four years, it has been mainly fervid appeals on behalf of Belgian Babes and the Motherland, coupled with sombre outbursts against the Germans. The *Natal Mercury* of Durban has been the most liberal publisher of the work of this tribe of poetasters. These writers have nearly always written under pseudonyms, such as "Heather Grey" — a lady whose work often tortured readers of the paper mentioned.

English verse in South Africa shows little of the modern influence. The technique recalls now Wordsworth, now Pope, now Shelley. I think that it is not unfair to say that the influences of these three are the ones most plainly discernible. Kipling, of course, has had his influence in these days of imperialism. Yet it remains submerged beneath the modes, tropes, forms, and verbiage of these three elder writers. The influence of the three is also seen in the choice of subjects. In the many poems on South African scenery, the echo of Shelley's *Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples* can be heard. Humanity is dealt with more often in the spirit of Wordsworth than of Pope: yet the two voices mingle many times.

Let, for example, a few selections out of E. H. Crouch's representative anthology, *Gold Dust: Siftings from South African Poems*,<sup>2</sup> illustrate. The first shall be the sonnet *Drought* by Herbert Price:

Lo! all the land is dry and parched with heat,  
And all the hills are white with withered grass  
That hath no glint of greenness, and, alas!  
See how the lately waving fields of wheat

<sup>2</sup> *Gold Dust: Siftings from South African Poems* which most closely reflect the Life, Scenery, Fauna and Flora of South Africa. Selected by E. H. Crouch . . . London. A. C. Fifield, 13 Clifford's Inn, E.C., 1917.



Drop wearily towards a sure defeat  
 Beneath the breath of scorching winds that pass  
 Over the arid earth; how like a glass  
 The hot flats shimmer in the ruthless heat,  
 More strenuous as the burning weeks increase,  
 Of quenchless and immitigable rays  
 That make a terror of the rainless days,  
 And the fierce vault of fire that will not cease  
 To heap with death the long and dusty ways,  
 And fill the earth with hunger's gaunt disease.

Or take the *Mashona Slumber Song* of Cullen Gouldsbury:

Sleep, Baby mine! The jackals by the river  
 Are calling soft across the dim lagoon,  
 Where tufted rows of mealies stand a-quiver  
 Under a silver moon.

Little One, sleep! The cattle, softly lowing,  
 Seek once again the shelter of the kraal —  
 To-morrow come the reaping and the sowing —  
 To-night the shadows fall.

Little One, sleep! Grow stalwart in your sleeping!  
 The kraal is ringed with fires, redly bright —  
 Out in the forest tracks the beasts are creeping —  
 Sleep, Baby mine, to-night!

Or take the first and last stanzas from *The Bushman* by Thomas Pringle:

Let the proud white man boast his flocks  
 And fields of foodful grain;  
 My home is 'mid the mountain rocks,  
 The desert my domain.  
 I plant no herbs nor pleasant fruits,  
 I toil not for my cheer;  
 The desert yields me juicy roots,  
 And herds of bounding deer.

Thus I am Lord of the desert Land,  
 And I will not leave my bounds,  
 To crouch beneath the Christian's hand,  
 And kennel with his hounds:

To be his hound and watch the flocks,  
 For the cruel white man's gain —  
 No! the brown serpent of the rocks  
 His den doth yet retain:  
 And none who there his stings provoke  
 Shall find his poison vain.

Or, perhaps best of all, take *Komani* by Perceval Gibbon,  
 so called from the river of that name near Queenstown,  
 Cape:

Runs Komani ever?  
 Weep the willows still?  
 Glean the grass-fires nightly  
 Wreathed upon the hill?  
 Comes the summer singing?  
 Tiptoes yet the spring?  
 Tell me of Komani —  
 Tell me everything.

For yonder by Komani  
 I left my lady fair,  
 Who smiled for ever under  
 Her aureole of hair —  
 Smiled and would not hearken,  
 Heard and would not smile,  
 I turned me from Komani  
 A long and weary while.

Oft in my Komani,  
 I heard my lady's name  
 Amid the tinkling ripples  
 And is it still the same?  
 Or goes Komani voiceless  
 Where music used to be,  
 Forgetful of my lady,  
 As once she was of me.<sup>2</sup>

The South African writers, perhaps because of the  
 similarity of the climate and scenery of South Africa to

<sup>2</sup> The Editors of *The Colonnade* regret to find (in a footnote in the copy of *Gold Dust* which Mr. Rich has sent from Durban to the library of the Andiron Club) that Mr. Perceval Gibbon's fair lady of Komani was only "a newspaper venture." Too bad!

those of Italy,<sup>4</sup> have shown especial fondness for the verse-form known as the Italian sonnet. Certainly, whatever be the cause, the sonnet has become established as the form in which the finest verse of South Africa has been cast. It seems to fit the situations of this country: its melody is like the tenour of South African life at its best; it compresses into a small space that which is distinctive of the country.<sup>5</sup> The first of the four poems quoted above is found not only in *Gold Dust* but also in an excellent little collection of one hundred *Sonnets of South Africa*, selected by the same editor.<sup>6</sup> Two more from this volume certainly deserve quotation here, the first whereof is *Sunrise on the Veld (Outside Johannesburg)* by R. A. Nelson:

Across the far-stretched carpet of bronze-green,  
 Veined with red paths, rough-traced by foot and tyre,  
 From out the kopjes breaks night's funeral pyre;  
 And slowly, as it kindles, the wide scene  
 Is pierced with golden searchlights, and through screen  
 Of mystic ambients starts each thin black spire,  
 Whose inky curled pennants, from the fire  
 Of the gold-seeker, blur the morning sheen.  
 Ghost-white the mounds of cyanide appear,  
 Like phantom hills; the Kaffir on the plain,  
 In blanket wrapped, stares mutely as his ear  
 Catches the rumble of the winding train,  
 The moan of bullocks, creak of waggon strain,  
 Then, maddening shriek of siren — day is here.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Horace Rose, speaking of Neapolitan scenery in *A Caper on the Continent*, says: "All that was needed was a Wesleyan to make me think I was back in Natal."

<sup>5</sup> The Editors of *The Colonnade* feel it their duty earnestly to protest against the argument here advanced by Mr. Rich. They are much surprised that a member of the Andiron Club and a scientist of his standing should even suggest the possibility that the (alleged) importance of the Italian sonnet in the poetry of South Africa is to be accounted for on grounds of similarity of scenery and climate. Such a suggestion merely goes to show how hopelessly inadequate is the training of a mere scientist, however distinguished, the moment he steps outside his own particular field. The editors commend to Mr. Rich a careful perusal of such a chapter as that on "Constructive Reasoning" in Langlois and Seignobos's *Introduction to the Study of History*.

<sup>6</sup> *Sonnets of South Africa*. Selected by Edward Heath Crouch. London: A. C. Fifield, 13 Clifford's Inn, E.C., 1911. . . .



Our other selection shall be *To Shakespeare (From Johannesburg)*, a St. George's Day sonnet by Hugh J. Evans:

And here where throbs, amid a silent waste,  
A myriad-hammer'd hum, whose Siren sound  
Is heard re-echoing the world around,  
Luring with golden hope who hither haste,  
Guided by Fortune or by Furies chased,  
To lose again such riches as they found,  
While still the patient worker wins the ground  
Where a new nation's future life is based —  
Even here is heard a voice to swell the praise  
Of thy loved England, who did mother thee,  
And thy world-moving human pageantry;  
Of thee, too, on whose glorious brow the bays  
Will yet be green, when in dim æons to come,  
Poets that sing of England will be dumb.

In giving examples, I have tried to choose those distinctively South African in content. This has led me to omit the work of such able writers as William C. Scully and F. C. Kolbe. The sonnets of these two men are for the most part such as might have been written in England or America. Occasionally each deals with a local subject; but the highest level of work is not then reached. For this same reason, I have had to omit the remarkably fine verse of a young Natal poet, John Lomax, who published recently a volume of finely-chiselled verse called *Songs of Strife* and dealing with the late war.

There is no one man, there are no two or three, that may be cited as the best of South Africa. There are many men, each one isolated, who are writing verse. Much of it is lost for want of proper publication-media; some of it finds its way into magazines oversea. But gradually the work of Perceval Gibbon, Cullen Gouldsbury, William C. Scully, Thomas Pringle, Herbert Price, and F. C. Kolbe accumulates. The way is a-preparing for greater poets in this land of sunshine, Kaffirs, gold, and scenery. Once the pioneering-epoch is finished, the great poet, who will interpret to South Africa its charm and its nationality, will

arrive. South Africa has its Nathaniel Parker Willis and its Bryant; but it awaits its Lowell, its Whittier, or even its Edgar Lee Masters. There is as yet no one in South Africa to do what these men have done in interpreting the life of America.

May I close this meagre survey with the favourite poem of the South African British? It is *The Pace of the Ox*, by Cullen Gouldsbury:

What do we know (and what do we care) for Time and his silver  
scythe?  
Since there is always time to spare, so long as a man's alive: —  
The world may come, and the world may go, and the world may  
whistle by,  
But the pace of the ox is steady and slow, and life is a lullaby.

What do we know of the city's scorn, the hum of the world amaze,  
Hot-foot haste, and the fevered dawn, and forgotten yesterdays? —  
For men may strain and women may strive in busier lands today,  
But the pace of the ox is the pace to thrive in the land of Veldt and  
Vlei.

Crimson dawn in the Eastern sky, purple glow in the West;  
Thus it is that our days go by, bringing their meed of rest —  
The Future's hidden behind the veil, and the Past — is still the past,  
But the Pace of the ox is the sliding scale that measures our work  
at last.

The song of the ships is far to hear, the hum of the world is dead,  
And lotus-life in a drowsy year our benison instead —  
Why should we push the world along, live in a world of flame,  
When the pace of the Ox is steady and strong, and the end is just  
the same?

STEPHEN G. RICH

Durban, Natal

## THE TWELFTH ORATIO OF DIO OF PRUSA: A TRANSLATION

[EDITORS' NOTE: The Editors take especial satisfaction in including in this volume of *THE COLONNADE* the following translation of Dio's *Twelfth Oratio*. To the student of æsthetics, Dio is of interest as a *pater primus* of æsthetic criticism: his present oration deals with the same theme as Lessing's *Laocoön*, the differentia of the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture. To the student of New Testament history, Dio is of interest as being almost contemporary with Paul; as giving light on the social conditions in those towns of Asia Minor that were in part the field of the Apostle's early missions; and as suggesting what may have caused Paul to assay to go into Bithynia prior to his summons to come over into Macedonia. Except for brief passages of Dio—usually buried in citations by Mahaffy and others who are interested in portraying Hellenistic or Græco-Roman life—there exists no good translation of Dio into English. The Editors believe, therefore, that the inclusion of the following translation in *THE COLONNADE* will prove both of interest and of service.]

*Dio assumes to be surprised that he is expected to speak. He is an owl—homely but wise.*

WELL, well, sirs, have I come among you, as I have among very many other people, only to meet with that strange and absurd experience which they say is the owl's? Without any superior wisdom or beauty on her part to make her a bit different from just the bird we know her to be when she utters her mournful and far from pleasing note, she has the other birds paying court to her the moment they discover her, some perching close beside her, others fluttering about, all however having a poor opinion of her, I trow, because of her plain appearance and lack of strength. Men do tell, however, that birds have a liking for the owl. But why don't they fancy the peacock more when they behold what a handsome and gorgeous fellow he is, as in the pride of his conceit he displays the beauty of his plumage, when he trips proudly before his hen with tail expanded and arched all about him, like a lovely grotto or a veritable picture of the heavens studded with stars? And the rest of his body! How wonderful and just like gold tempered with blue lacquer, to say nothing of those eyes, as it were, at the end of his feathers, or those rings, if you prefer, judging from shape and general likeness. Or if you will, note how airy his plumage is, how free from weight and burden, in spite of its length, and how he becomes the perfectly calm and self-assured centre of his own admiring gaze, and turns himself about as though on parade. But let him bethink himself of attack, and he will ruffle his feathers and utter



a kind of note that is not unpleasant but suggests a light wind that has set some deep forest a-swaying.

Yet notwithstanding all this finery, the birds do not care for the sight of the peacock; nor are they allured by the nightingale when they hear the song of her early rising; nor has the music of the swan any blandishments for them, nay not even when, in the ripeness of years, he may sing his farewell song, as he lifts his note of triumph in the glad forgetting of the burdens of life, and seems withal to usher himself peacefully to a death that is peaceful. Nay, not even then do they gather under the spell of his measures at the bank of some river or in a spacious meadow, or on the clean marge of a lake, or on some tiny emerald isle embosomed in a river.

And so it is with you; with all these charming things to see and hear, whether skilled orators or the sweetest of composers in verse or in prose, or scholars without number, whose fame and following float them on pinions of glory, as it were, yet you flock about me and want to hear me, a know-nothing who makes no pretense. Am I not right, then, in likening your zeal for me to that shown by birds for the owl, as probably traceable to some heavenly ordering. This might explain why the bird is beloved by Athena, the fairest and wisest of the deities, and why she merited in Athens the skill of Phidias who did not hesitate to include her by the side of Athena, with the people's approval; while it was an act of his own daring when he put Pericles and himself upon the shield, as it is said he did. Yet it does not occur to me that the owl would have had these nice things coming to her, unless she possessed some superior intelligence too; and in my opinion it is for this reason that Æsop composed his fable about the *wise* owl, that cautioned the birds not to let the oaks grow from little acorns but to destroy them by all odds. "For there will grow from the tree a snare to catch you," said she, "that you cannot escape," meaning the mistletoe. And again when the farmer was planting his flax, she bade them to peck out the seed, for it boded them no good. And again when she saw a fine man armed with a bow, she warned them, saying, "Yon fellow will stand on the ground and send his winged shafts at you and catch you with your own feathers." But they were deaf to her words and took her for a fool and said she was weak in the head. Later misfortune taught them respect, however, and through experience they deemed her the wisest among them. And so whenever she appears, they will gather about her as one who knows everything. But alack! she gives them no more advice — she only mourns.

*He is at best but a second-rate preacher of the art of right living.*

Now perhaps you, also, have received some true word, some wholesome counsel which wisdom delivered to the Greeks of old;

and they comprehended it not, but despised it; today, however, men recall it and flock about me because of my looks and because they respect my wisdom, though, like the owl, it may in truth be mute and loath to speak. For really I am not aware that I have ever said anything worth notice or that I am wiser than you are. Other men there are, however, who are wise and most estimable, whom I will talk to you about if you wish, presenting each name by name. And I shall be glad to do so since, before heaven, I think this is the only merit I can claim, that I am familiar with men of wisdom and shrewdness and universal knowledge. Now if you too wish to come into the goodly fellowship and to deny yourselves to the world — to parents, to fatherland, sacred shrines, ancestral graves — and to follow in their footsteps wherever they may lead you, and to live wherever they may settle you, be it in the city of Ninus or Semiramis or in Bactria or Sousa, or in Palibothra or in any other community of rich and distinguished men, recouping them with money for their instruction or inducing them by any other means, then you will be in the very empyrean of happiness. If you yourselves shrink from the effort, and plead your temperament or your poverty or age or feebleness, still do not begrudge your sons the privilege or rob them of the greatest blessing that might befall them, but encourage them if they have the gumption, and persuade them if they haven't, or force them as a last resort, so that they may be soundly educated and known in all Greece as well as the rest of the world through all future time for their remarkable virtues and distinction and wealth and power almost unlimited. For it is a saying that not only do virtue and glory attend upon wealth, but that wealth must needs follow in the steps of virtue. Moreover, I proclaim this doctrine unto you in the very presence of yonder god, and preach it, prompted as I am by goodwill and friendliness. I think, however, the first word of cheer and encouragement should be for myself, granted that my body and my years stood the strain. Yet don't expect much from me; my health is poor and I shall have to unearth something for you from among the ancients — some musty remnant of long neglected wisdom for lack of better teachers of today.

I'll tell you, however, of another experience of mine that likens me to the owl, though you may be ready to laugh at my words. The owl has no designs of her own against the birds that fly about her, yet she is the most invaluable ally of the hunter; for he does not have to inveigle them with any food or mimic their calls; he just needs to produce his owl and he gets a big bag of birds. And so with me; the attention of the crowd means nothing; for I do not accept pupils, knowing that I couldn't teach anything since I myself am no scholar. And as for cheating and deceiving you with expectations, I have no such hardihood. But having come under the spell of 'one of them



that know,' I might render a great service in gathering a big crowd about myself and then passing it over to him to dispose of the catch as he will. But why none of your learned gentry adopts me and dislikes my very presence, I don't know. I am pretty sure, however, that, though I acknowledge my own inexperience and ignorance, you still have faith in me, because of your own knowledge and intelligence. And not only to me do you grant this assurance, but you would do the same with Socrates too, I think, though he made the same disclaimer everywhere as to his knowledge; and Hippias and Polus and Gorgias, each of whom was filled with unbounded respect and awe for himself, you would also esteem as blessed founts of wisdom.

But yet I have this warning for you, that you who make up this great audience are bent upon hearing a man who is not fair to look upon or vigorous, and is now beyond the prime of his years, and has no scholars, and claims no skill or knowledge—he may well say—of things serious or otherwise; who has no inspiration, no scholarship, no gift of tongue or power of flattery, cannot compose, and boasts of no achievement worthy of praise and admiration, but only belongs to 'the hairy ones.' If, however, you think this is so much the better and fairer, we shall have to do as you wish and make our best effort. Yet you won't hear me talking like other men of today; I shall use words much homelier and funnier, well suiting the figure I make. In short, you will have to let me run along in whatever vein I strike, and you must not be unhappy if I seem to ramble in what I say; for I have been a rambler all my life; so pardon me, for you are listening to a freak and a gad-about.

*Shall he tell of his travels in the valley of the Danube?*

Now it happens that I have just ended a rather long journey, up to the Danube and the land of the Getae, or Mysians, as Homer calls the present name of the tribe. I did not go to sell goods or serve in the army as a pack-carrier or driver, nor did I serve as ambassador to effect any treaty, or as missionary among people who pray only in lip service; no, I went "unprotected by helmet or shield and carried no spear," indeed no other weapon at all. And so I wondered how they stood the sight of me. I could not ride; I had no skill with the bow, was no armed fighter; and as for light warfare without armor, I was no spearsman or slinger; nor had I the strength to cut tree or trench or to mow the grass from an enemy's meadow, with many a backward look; nor could I cause tent or palisade to rise, like the military helpers, you know, who move along with the camps. But useless in all these respects, I fell among men who were not sluggish or fond of spending their leisure in hearing talk, but were high-strung and keen for action, like race horses at the starting line, fretting at delay and pawing the ground with their hoofs in tense



excitement. There one could see swords on every hand, breast-plates everywhere, spears everywhere, and every place full of horses, full of weapons, full of armed men. All alone I appeared among that crowd, as care-free as could be, a spectator of war thoroughly out of place, frail-bodied, past my prime, no golden staff or holy fillets of some god in my hand, forced on a journey to a camp for the ransom of a daughter. No, I wanted to see men in combat for imperial dominion or for liberty and country; and later on, not because I shrank from danger — let no one do me that injustice — but because I remembered a cherished longing of mine, I turned aside this way to you; for my *credo* is that God comes first and foremost in men's affairs, however important these may be.

Well, now, would you like to hear me describe what I saw there, and would it be suitable to tell of the big river, the physical features of the country, how the seasons come and go, what kind of people are there, perhaps to tell about their numbers and their wealth; or do you prefer that I undertake the investigation of a more serious and grander theme — the god in whose presence we are? For he is the universal king of gods and men, their ruler and lord and father; and in his keeping too are peace and war, as hath appeared to the wise and knowing poets of old. Is there some chance that, in speaking along some such line as this, I can give adequate glory to his power and his being, however unworthy of his excellence my faltering words may be?

*But since he is in Olympia, would it not be preferable to speak of Zeus?*

Shall I start, then, as did the good Hesiod, pet of the Muses, who showed his great wisdom in refusing to begin with a coal from off his own altar, but implored the Muses to tell the story of their father themselves? By all odds, too, such a theme was worthier of the goddesses than a catalogue of the forces that went against Ilium, captains and crews seriatim, the most of whom cut no big figure. Yes, a better and cannier poet is he who somewhat thus seeks strength for talking about God: "Muses who glorify with song, come sing of Zeus, your father, and declare his praise, for through him are men famous and unfamed, sung or unsung, as Zeus almighty wills. Lightly he giveth strength and lightly he afflicteth the strong; lightly he bringeth low the mighty and lifteth up the humble; lightly he maketh the crooked to be straight and withereth the proud as chaff: Zeus who thundereth in heaven, who dwelleth on high." Answer me, then, ye sons of Elis, and say whether such a rhapsody would be suitable for our assemblage. You give direction and precedence to this festival. You supervise and are responsible for what is done and heard here. Or shall those who come here be mere tourists to behold among other

objects of unquestioned splendor and mighty repute, the truly wondrous image of God for whose production and dedication your forefathers fortunately had the means and the highly developed art to provide, that it might be the most glorious and to him the most acceptable of all statues on earth, and in whose creation Phidias is said to have vied with Homer's description, where Zeus shook all Olympus with a slight nod of his brows; for Homer has put it most vividly and charmingly in the words: "He spake, and with his dark brows the son of Kronos gave assent, and the heavenly locks of the king streamed upon them, and he caused great Olympus to quake"? Or thirdly, since we have now fallen into a sober discussion, shall we make a more careful study of the propriety of these productions and offerings, and consider whether there exists anything of such nature as can make concrete to us in any wise and reproduce man's notion of the divine?

*How Zeus declares himself to his human children by the heavens.*

Regarding the omnipresence of the gods, but especially of him who takes precedence over them all, there arose, very early and during earliest conditions, and in common throughout all mankind, not only Greeks but all mankind alike, a feeling, or conviction, inevitable and innate in all thinking creatures, proceeding as nature willed and requiring no human teacher, no mystic mummary of priest, but resting on man's kinship with the gods and on many evidences of the truth, toward which it was impossible for the oldest and the most ancient of the race to be indifferent or careless. For man was not set off by himself far from the deity nor beyond his pale, but was in his very bosom, nay united and knitted to him absolutely, and never could for any length of time be unconscious of him, in that he had received the power to comprehend and reason about God, illumined as he was on all sides by mighty manifestations of the deity in the heavens and among the stars, especially the sun and the moon, and confronted with various and surprising phenomena day and night, and awed by what his eyes beheld, and caught by voices innumerable in winds and forest and river and sea, not to omit the cries of beasts savage and tame; while he himself uttered a language most lucid and pleasing, and showed his delight in the capabilities of human speech to find terms and develop its sign for every object of his perceptions, so that he could name and make clear everything of which he was aware, and form permanent conceptions even of things beyond his direct experience.

*How he reveals himself as the great provider.*

This being the case, how could man fail to entertain some suspicion that some one had created him and set him in the world and



was protecting and supporting him? He took in God's nature on every hand, through sight and sound and every possible faculty, with the earth to dwell upon and heaven's light above him and food without stint. For God, our great ancestor, was bountiful; and, for our first parents, sprung from the earth, he had prepared a primary food that was earthy, made of loam that was then soft and rich. And so they sucked, as it were, at the breast of mother earth, just as trees today draw their sap from her.

As they began to develop, however, a second variety of food was provided for them from wild fruits and tender grasses besprent with sweet dews and the nymphs' refreshing showers; for they were dependent upon the all-encompassing One and sustained by the constant breath of his spirit whilst they drank in the juicy air, like tender babes whose milk never fails so long as the mother's breast is at their lips. But we might with better reason perhaps call this food for the first and second stages the first food with no subdividing. For when the babe is born of its mother, and is still an inert and helpless thing, the earth, its real mother, receives it, and the air by breathing upon it with its chill breath at once rouses it with a food more fluid than milk and causes it to cry, and one might well say of the air that that is the first mother's food that nature gave to her children at their birth.

*And awakens in his children a sense of grateful appreciation.*

But the time comes when, having passed through these experiences and thought on them, man cannot fail to wonder and to love this divine super-power, but especially when he notices with what fine adjustment to our safety the seasons come and go and with what freedom from excess at either extreme, beside possessing this gift also from the gods that distinguishes him from all other creatures, to wit, that he can comprehend and reason about them. Indeed it is quite as if one were to take a Greek or a foreigner who was to be inducted, and were to put him in some mystic spot of surpassing beauty and grandeur where he beheld many mystic visions and heard many like sounds, and darkness and light alternate came and went, whilst countless other changes were going on; yes, just like what is accustomed to happen at the so-called 'coronation' where the priests seat the candidates and dance in a ring about them. Is it probable that a man in such a situation would feel no spiritual uplift nor fathom what was occurring, namely that it was all pervaded with a meaning and an adaptation wiser than he imagined, though he were from the ends of the earth, from a tribe unheard of, and though no interpreter were present to explain — provided only that he had the soul of a man?

Could a man remain unmoved under such conditions? And yet shall all humankind when it lifts its eyes unto the truly perfect pageant



of the universe and stands in no puny house prepared by Attic hands to welcome some puny crowd, but in the very heart of the cosmic world, framed with such complexity and so wisely, where wonders unnumbered are constantly occurring, and not a mere man no better than their own untutored selves, but immortal gods enact the scene, ever swinging in the mazy dance — yes, I do so put it — day and night, with sun and stars — shall all mankind, I say, have no sense and get no inkling of all these things, even when the leader marshals on the entire procession and maintains the whole heaven in its orderly course like a veteran pilot in command of a ship built with faultless beauty? It is not to be wondered at that man should recognize this divine ordering; much more wonderful is it that even down to brutes, unintelligent and unreasoning though we call them, this acknowledgment descends, so that even they understand these things and honor God and seek to live in accord with his law. Still more wonderful is it with plants and trees, that act with no set design but with inexpressive silence obey some simple law of nature; for even they bring forth their proper fruit, as though they willed it of their own good pleasure. So perfectly plain and self-evident is the power and the purpose of the indwelling god.

Shall I seem terribly foolish and out-of-date for what I say, when I declare that it comes more properly to beasts and trees to have this sense of God's ordering than it does to us to be ignorant of it and insensible? For some people have become so wise in their own conceits that they have poured — I will not say wax — into their ears, as the seamen of Ithaca are said to have done, if I'm right, so as not to hear the Sirens' song, but some kind of soft leaden substance that the voice cannot penetrate; nay, methinks, these people have buttressed their eyes behind just such a heavy veil of darkness as Homer says prevented a god's being recognized when captured. And they pooh-pooh any suggestion of God, and set up a mean little unperturbed fetish — Wealth, perhaps, or careless Ease in generous measure, or Liberty to the limit — and they dub it Pleasure and bow before it with certain beatings of cymbals and with strident pipes that are heard under cover of darkness. Yet let no one begrudge them their bill of fare if they limit their quackery to their music and do not take our gods from us and drive them forth in exile from the realm of their government — from this whole world of order, to regions uncharted, like so many miserable convicts doomed to dreary islands. And yet they declare that all this world has no purpose, no intelligence, no lord, no ruler, no overseeing controller, but wanders on its haphazard way with no look-out at the present, or any original creator at all; for all the world like a hoop that a child sets a-going and abandons to its own free course. But my words too have been taking their own free course in what I have been expounding; for it isn't perhaps easy

for the serious inquirer to check the stream of his thoughts when once they are started, and some notion strikes him that may be profitable and needful to his hearers, especially when he has not accustomed himself to the limitations of court procedure and its stop-clock — as one man has expressed it — but is caught in the full tide of his enthusiasm. However, it is not more difficult to recover one's course than, in sailing, for a skilful navigator to recover his, if the aberration has not been serious.

*But the knowledge of Zeus is also inculcated by teachers and lawgivers.*

Well, we were groping about for the first source of the belief in the supernatural and our assumption of it — that recognition of it that is implanted in all men and arises from a true vision of facts themselves, and has not shaped itself in any haphazard or stumbling way, but has gathered strength in its ceaseless passage from generation to generation, beginning and abiding among all peoples, being as it were, the common and public property of reasoning creatures. We now speak of a second or acquired or second-hand knowledge that the soul receives through tales and stories and traditions, the authority and authenticity of some of which cannot be settled, while others are well authenticated and have well established authority. Let us describe the knowledge in the one case as a kind of comfort creed to the unquestioning believer, the other as what he is required to have and as obligatory. By knowledge that is comforting to the believer, I mean that which poets furnish; by the other, which is expected and obligatory, I mean the knowledge established by enactment of law. All this knowledge I call second-hand, because neither class could exist without the support of the first-hand, which operates as a kind of propedeutic to incline men as already knowing, to this other, whether inculcated or freely accepted. For both poets and doctors of law teach rightly as a rule and in harmony with the reality of our first perceptions, though some do err therein. At present, I could not state positively which of the two sub-classes aforementioned we may call the older among the Greeks. But it probably stands to reason that any system appealing to faith and mentioning no penalties is older than one that is mandatory and attaches a penalty.

About to this point, then, in human progress, our instincts regarding our original heavenly creator, whom we Greeks unite in calling the Zeus of our fathers, and those who are our mortal parents after the flesh, proceed hand in hand. For on the one side there first arise from the very nature of parental love an instinctive affection and sense of duty in the child towards the parent, since the creature at once answers with love and duty and as best it can the protection and love of the creator. On the other are those second and third phases



which the poets and the lawmakers create, the former of whom appeal to us not to be thankless towards that higher power with whom our lives are bound, in whom we live and have our being; while the latter use force and threaten those with punishment who do not yield, without elucidating and explaining what parental goodness means and what kindnesses have placed us under an obligation, whose payment they insist we must not neglect. It is borne upon me, however, on every hand, that most people find exact thinking a weariness and that men who care for a crowd only find the rules of exposition none the less so. Without any foreword, any analysis of their subject, any real major premises, they ramble over facts most simple and bald with what they call 'unwashed feet.' Well, there's no great harm in 'unwashed feet' so long as people walk through dirt and thick mire; but when an ignorant tongue begins wagging, there is no small harm done to the hearers. Enough of that! It is for disciplined men — the only ones who count — to lend a helping hand in getting me on, till I bring my thoughts out on the straight path again from the by-ways and pitfalls, as it were, into which they have erred.

*The revelation of the deity through creative art then follows.*

Having found three avenues by which man acquires his conception of the deity, to wit, nature, poetry, and definite prescription, we may name a fourth, plastic or creative art, which gives us statues and images of the gods. I am thinking of painters and statuary and carvers of wood and indeed of all who make bold to be known as copyists of the essentials of the deity by means of their art, be it by chiaroscuro, which is a very inadequate means and treacherous to the eye, but gives very sharp effects fairly well by contrasts of color and firmness of outline, or be it by chiselling in stone, or by the making of wooden images as the artist cuts away the superfluous material to a nicety till he leaves us the very picture that hovered in his mind, or by the casting of bronze or the like precious metals, either forged at great heat or run into particular moulds, or be it by the modelling of wax which is most easily shaped to the artist's touch and permits alterations to the fullest degree. Among such artists were Phidias, Alcámenes, and Polyclitus, as well as Aglaophon, Polygnotus, and Zeuxis, the Daedalus who was older than all these. Now they were not content to display their skill and proficiency on trifles; nay, they produced all kinds of likenesses of gods in all kinds of arrangements, and received the patronage of cities as well as private individuals, deluging them with abundant and varied intimations of the deity without differing seriously from poets and lawgivers, partly because they wished to be conservative, partly to avoid an inevitable fine, partly from observing that poets and lawgivers had forestalled them and that the images of the gods which we form by their agency were



more venerable. Far indeed were these artists from wishing to prove unworthy of popular confidence and from offending by striking new paths. So they regularly followed and deepened the impression got from what had been told them, and worked away, contributing at times by their own genius and helping poets in a certain way by contrast and reinforcement, thus unfolding matters divine to the great mass of untrained spectators by means of the eye in simple fashion, while the others relied upon the ear. Yet all this was possible only because of those primitive beginnings, and was done in honor and appreciation of the divine.

Now if we put by itself that crude and earliest conception of the gods that comes to every man because he is of their kin and finds its origin in his very intelligence, we may put those other three classes that are due to interpreters and teachers, i.e., poets, lawmakers, and artists, by themselves, to which we ought to add a fourth. And I refer to the philosophic inquirer who is by no means a listless child but holds that he has some consciousness of these conceptions. His demonstration is logical, and he is perhaps the truest and most perfect prophet of the nature of the godhead. But we shall not ask what philosophy has to say, nor shall we for the moment trouble ourselves to make the lawgiver give an account of himself. He is a forbidding individual, and plays his game upon others. He must spare himself, and consider your own busy program. We may, however, summon before us the best exponent of each of the other classes and consider whether they have plainly done the cause of piety any good or any harm by what they have wrought or said, and what common ground of agreement or disagreement they have, and which of them adheres to the truth most closely by being in sympathy with the innocent faith of early man. The fact is that all do show an agreement owing to their having caught, as it were, the same clue and held to it with more or less definiteness. This doesn't include the genuine philosopher, for he perhaps would not ask for any inducement to come into competition with verse-makers or statue-makers, particularly before a holiday crowd where every vote would go against him.

*Phidias shall defend creative art for giving us a god made with human hands.*

We are limited to poetry and the fine arts, therefore, as the avenues to the conception of deity by means of teachers and interpreters. If, then, we were to call to an account that Phidias whose imposing and faultless workmanship shows him to have been the most talented and wonderful artist among the Greeks, and appoint judges to preside at our contest in the name of the god — or rather should call a general court of all the Peloponnesians and include the Bœotians and Ionians and all the Greeks scattered everywhere throughout

Europe and Asia, not with the idea of having him account for his funds or his expenditures on the statue or tell how much the gold and ivory cost, or the cypress and sweet woods that were the only materials imperishable enough to serve for internal construction, or how much was required to feed and pay his workers, who were not a few nor on short time, to say nothing of the big fat fee that was paid to Phidias for his artistic services, as well as other very respectable masters of art by no means inferior. It was all right of course for the Eleans who footed the bills so generously and handsomely to audit these matters. We have, however, to tell Phidias that he has an issue to meet that touches another matter. Suppose someone, therefore, were to say to him, "Sweetest and best master of thine art, that thou hast given the whole world of Greeks and foreigners that have ever come here — in numbers and at times without number — a charming and lovely object whereon to gaze, an inexpressible joy to the eye, no one will gainsay. Yon statue could overpower even the heart of unreasoning creatures, let them but see it; bulls brought unceasingly to this altar might willingly submit to the sacrificer's knife in grateful surrender to the god; eagles and horses and lions, too, might curb their wild and savage instincts and pause in perfect peace and enjoy the sight. And as for man, him whose soul has been burdened to its limit and has borne many pains and sorrows in life, whose eyes have closed in no sweet sleep — why, it seems to me that if he stood before this statue, he would forget every bitter hardship it comes to him to suffer in this human span. So well hast thou, O Phidias, created and devised for the eye an object 'to lull all pain and anger and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow.' Thine art has clothed it with such light and such loveliness. Not Hephaestus himself could be fairly criticized for such work, if one judged from the pleasure and delight it gives the human eye. But whether thou hast visualized for us an embodiment of the divine nature that is at once appropriate and of proper dignity, in using material that excites our pleasure and after all gives us but a human form of majestic beauty and size — yet only a human form — to say nothing of other details that thou hast worked out in thy manner, that is a question that we ought now to consider. If thou wilt give thy hearers an adequate answer to these questions and convince them that thou hast worked out a composition that embodies him who is first and greatest among the gods, that is true to him and becomes him, then thou shalt receive a larger fee from the Eleans, one that compensates thee too. For thou seest that this question is fraught with great possibilities for us. Hitherto our knowledge has been obscure, and every one worked up his own idea, imagining and sensing with what powers and aptitudes each had, and thoroughly distrusting all puny and meaningless imaginings of earlier artists and giving them no regard. Thou, however, by the vigor of thine



art hast won a victory, and brought not only Greece together, but even the whole world at last by means of this incarnation that gives us something so transcendent and glorious that no spectator can hereafter easily imagine Zeus to be otherwise. Dost thou think that Iphitus and Lycurgus and the Eleans of their day had means sufficient only for instituting games and festivals worthy of Zeus, and not for providing also for some statue to suggest the name and qualities of the god, and that, too, when they had advantages somewhat superior to their children's? Wasn't it rather because they feared that mortal art could not adequately reproduce a nature so supreme and perfect?"

*He urges that his Zeus is true to the tradition of his teachers, the poets.*

Now to this Phidias perhaps might say — for he was the man eloquent from an eloquent city; besides, he was a friend and intimate of Pericles:

"Fellow Greeks, this is the greatest contest ever. It is no matter of administration, of the overlordship of one city, of naval establishments or of enlisted armies, as to whether they have been properly conducted, that I now have to speak about. Nay, it is whether I have made a well-conceived and suggestive likeness of the god who ruleth over all, one that in no way falls short of such a reproduction of the deity as is humanly possible. Bear in mind, however, that it did not fall to me to be your first priest and teacher of the truth. For in those early days of Greece before she had reached any clear and decided opinions about such matters, I was not. I belong to what you may call her maturer days, when she had at length formed a creed and a rigorous dogma concerning the gods. As for the earlier works of stone cutters or of painters, whose ideals were in harmony with mine, I make no allusion to them, except so far as their technique is concerned. No, it is rather your old and deeply embedded notions that I discovered and did not dare to oppose, because you had derived them from other masters in themes divine, who were older than myself and assumed a much greater understanding. I mean the poets, who could by the power of their imagination present the soul squarely with every idea they intended; while the humble efforts of our hands boast only this vague suggestiveness and must be content therewith.

*And the most practical embodiment of Zeus is his noblest work—a perfect man.*

"I grant you that the phenomena of heavenly bodies as we see them in the sun, the moon, the vaulted heavens, the stars, are in themselves surpassing wondrous as mere phenomena; but to express them in art, how flat and elusive, if one for instance were to try to give a



facsimile of the moon's configurations or the orb of the sun! Besides, those very bodies are saturated with personality and principle; but naught of this shows forth in any plastic adumbration. This fact may have directed the thought of the earliest Greeks; for intelligence and reason, in and of themselves, will be beyond any sculptor or painter to reproduce. Such things are absolutely beyond the ken and the quest of all. But faintly imagining, nay knowing, wherein there dwells living personality and principle, there we find our refuge; I mean the body human, which is, as it were, an ark of intelligence and reason, and we clothe it upon God in our helpless lack of a real example, and so seek to show forth the incomparable invisible by means of a less perfect visible. Thus we resort to the magic of the counterpart, and achieve a better effect than those famed animal reproductions of the divine for which we may thank the imperfect and curious intimations that certain barbarous people received. And he ought fairly to be by far the best maker of statues suggesting the divine who best surpasses in the qualities of beauty, dignity, and majesty. Nor would it be better if there were no shrine, no images of gods to be shown among men. No man would say that, as though the vision alone of the heavens ought to suffice us. Intelligent man, to be sure, is filled with awe before all that therein is, and acquires a belief in the blessed gods as he gazes from afar. But every man also has a feeling that reaches out for the divine, and has a deep passion to honor and wait upon the deity intimately, to come before him and to touch him in prayer, to offer him incense and crowns. For it is with us exactly as it is with babes who have been snatched away from the father or mother and are so terribly distressed and homesick to find them. How often in their dreams they reach out their hands for the absent parent! So the very love of man for his gods naturally makes him wish to be with them and to live intimately with them because of their kindness and kinship. Wherefore many of the heathen in their poverty and lack of artistic power call mountains and insensate trees and shapeless rocks gods, though these be not a whit nearer God's true form.

*If Phidias seem too bold creator, let Homer meet the same charge. His diction and imagery are wonderful.*

"Now if you criticise me for what I have constructed, you could not be any too quick with your condemnation of Homer, for he followed very closely in the paths of the plastic artist in physical details, in speaking not only of the locks of the god, but of his beard also, right in the beginning of his work where he tells of Thetis beseeching him to honor her son. Further than this, there are meetings and conferences and speeches of the gods, and flights, too, from Ida to heaven and to Olympus; they also sleep and banquet and cohabit. All of this Homer embellishes with consummate art in his verse; still it is

of the earth earthy. And vice versa, when he had the boldness to liken Agamemnon to God in his most lordly parts, he said that he 'resembled thunder-loving Zeus in eyes and head.'

"As for my handiwork, however, no one could be so mad as to liken my Zeus to any mortal being, in comparing either beauty or majesty. And yet I would rather undergo any punishment you wish than claim to be a creator more self-restrained than Homer or to be his superior; for you have come to look upon him as a divine sage. No, I am speaking of the limited capabilities of my art. For poetry has a heap of wealth; it is well stocked at every turn and is independent, and, by the help of the tongue and its flood of words, is able in and of itself to express whatever the soul desires and whatever shape its thought may take in the matter of action, emotion, or largeness of view, and without any sense of poverty, while the human voice in sounding forth every word is its clear-toned herald. 'Glib is the tongue of man, and many words are therein of every kind,' says Homer himself, 'and wide is the range of his speech hither and thither.' The last thing in the world that the human race could, therefore, dispense with is probably the voice and the power of expression; and in this alone it has a wonderful and rich possession. Nothing, accordingly, that comes within the realm of consciousness has the voice left unexpressed or unsignified. No, it forthwith imprints upon any object of perception the clear seal of a name, and often there are several words for the same thing, so that, whenever any one of them is heard, a notion is conveyed almost as vivid as the original. When it comes to a matter of words, therefore, man has a very great power and instrumentality for expressing his thoughts. Furthermore, the poet is very reckless and unconstrained with his art, especially Homer who uses the greatest boldness of utterance and has not chosen one single characteristic mode of expression, but has mixed together every tongue of Greece that was for the while distinct from the rest — Dorian, Ionian, and even Athenian — making richer combinations with them than dyers with their colors, by employing not only those then current but earlier forms also, and if there was any expression lying loose anywhere, by including that also in his lexical lore, like an ancient coin from some unclaimed treasure or other; to say nothing of hosts of foreign words of which he was unsparing, if they only had for him some possible delight or effectiveness. And more than this, he not only appropriated what was closely related, but what was much less so and even far fetched, just to amaze his hearer and charm him with his spells. Nor would he leave words as they should be, but here he would lengthen, there contract, and there alter in other ways. And he ended by proving himself not only a verse-maker but a word-maker as well, an original inventor, sometimes simply finding names for things, sometimes coining new ones to go with the precise



one, as though he would impress sharper and clearer seals upon seals. No sound had any terrors for him; but presto! and he imitates the sounds of rivers and forests and winds and fire and ocean, of brass and stone also, and of every living creature, in fine, and every instrument, now of beasts, now of birds, and now of flutes, now of pipes. He was the first to find such phrases as 'boiling rivers' and 'screaming shot' and 'bellowing waves' and 'angry winds' and others of the same kind, startling and unusual and wondrously effective in giving the sense of great disturbance and noise. He was, therefore, at no loss for words inspiring fear or pleasure, suggesting peace or violence, and connoting countless other varieties of sound as well as sense. And, by means of such word-forming, he was able to leave in the soul any effect he desired.

*In material and in subject, the sculptor is vastly more limited than the poet.*

"My guild, on the other hand, made up of handicraftsmen and skilled laborers, can in no way attain such freedom; but we require a material, to begin with, that is firm enough to endure and involves great physical labor and is not easily brought to hand, to say nothing of assistants not a few. And again, besides this, we have to express one study in each statue, one that is definite and permanent and shall comprehend in itself the essential nature and power of the godhead. Poets, however, have it easy to include by their art any number of physical types and representations of all sorts, adding movement or repose to them as they may deem proper at any time, and having their gods act and speak, to say nothing, I ween, of their power to deceive and defy time. For the poet, carried by a single inspiration and impulse of his soul, at once fills his pitcher, as it were, at a fount of gushing water with a whole dictionary of phrases, before the vision and the inspiration he received have dissolved and left them. But the thing about my art is that it is toilsome and labored and microscopic in its progress, doubtless because it works with a hard and stubborn substance. But what is hardest of all things is that the same picture must remain constantly fixed in the artist's soul till his work is completed, and frequently for many years. And there is perhaps some truth indeed in the old adage that seeing, not hearing, is believing; certainly the eye is much more incredulous and insistent. For sight confirms the very thing it sees, and it is not impossible that the ear may 'gang aft agley' and lose its reckonings, the hearer being under the spell of suggestions tricked with measures and pleasing sounds. The stern measures of my art, however, have to do with true quantity and bigness; while poets can enlarge their ideas to any degree they wish. Though Homer could easily say, for instance, of the hugeness of Eris that 'she fixes her head in heaven and stalks upon



the earth,' I, forsooth, have to be content to fill the niche decided upon by Eleans or Athenians.

*The conception of Zeus which Phidias grasped in fixing him in statue form.*

"Now you, O Homer, who are the most gifted of poets and so far in advance in the vigor of your poetry as well as in time, will agree that you were the first to give the Greeks many beautiful pictures of the greatest of the gods as well as of all others, some of which were in gentler mood, others awe-inspiring and stern. On the other hand, my Zeus is peaceful and mild throughout as befits a Greece at peace with itself and free from strife. Here have I set him up after taking counsel of my art and of the good and cultured city of the Eleans. I have made him gentle and grave and in placid mood; he is the giver of life and being and all blessings, the one father and savior and protector of men, as far as mortal thought has been able to interpret the divine and ineffable character. See, too, I pray you, whether you will not find the image conforms to all the surnames of the god. Zeus alone bears the title of father and king of gods; he has besides the surnames 'city-protector,' and 'family-god,' and 'god of friends,' and 'god of comrades,' and also 'god of the suppliant,' and 'of the refugee,' and 'of the stranger,' and 'of wealth,' and 'of increase,' to say nothing of his countless other epithets all glorious. We name him king because of his power and authority, and father, I trow, from his solicitude and gentleness, and city-protector because of his justice and aid in communal life, and family-god because of the family tie between gods and men, and god of friends and comrades because he brings all men together and wishes them to be friends to one another and enemy and foe to no one. He is god of the suppliant because he inclines his ear and is gracious to those who call upon him; god of the refugee because he is a shelter from evil; of the stranger because one must not neglect strangers or consider any human being of no concern to him. He is god of wealth and of increase, as the source of income and the giver of wealth and power.

*Phidias is proud of his ability to express this conception for the masters of Olympia.*

"And is not he a past master in his art who could express these attributes without the use of a word? What is strong and august in his figure aims to show the king and his authority. What is gentle and kindly shows the father and his solicitude. The severity and the touch of the austere suggest the city god and his legal side, while the kinship between men and gods is revealed in the very humanness of the figure, perhaps, in the form of a reminder. The god of friends,

the god of suppliants, of strangers, of refugees, and the like, are all simply revealed in the benevolence and touch of goodness that beam forth. That he is god of wealth and of increase is seen in the generosity and openheartedness that are shot throughout the figure; for really his strongest resemblance is to a bountiful giver of good things.

*And is satisfied. Side thrust at Homer.*

"These, then, have been the intimations of the deity that I have worked out to the best of my ability, the employment of words being impossible. A god continually hurling the lightning to provoke warfare and the destruction of an army, or sending a storm of rain or hail or snow, or stretching a dark rainbow, that interpreter of war, in the heavens, or despatching a meteor with its discharge of streaming sparks, dread portent for sailors or soldiers, or rousing bitter strife between Greeks and barbarians so as to inspire wearied and exhausted men with unquenchable love of war and battle, or placing the fates of heroic men or whole armies in the scales to be decided by a mere tilt — all that was not for the artist; nor would I ever have consented to try, had it been possible. What kind of thing would a dumb show of thunder or lightning have been, or an unlighted simulacre of the fiery bolt, formed from earthy stuff quarried down here? The earth in her tremors, and Olympus rocked by a simple nod of the brows, or something of a nimbus of clouds about the head, would have been easy matters for Homer to describe; and, for all such effects, he had the fullest scope; but they are utterly impossible for our art, which must submit to the clear and close test of the eye.

"If any one, furthermore, holds that my material is too commonplace for the dignity of God, there is truth and reason in what he urges. And yet he would not be just in criticising the people who gave it to me or whoever selected and passed upon it; for there was no better quality or more illuminating to the eye that any man could lay his hand upon and impress with the skill of his touch. It is because to manipulate those elements, air and fire and water in its infinite sources, and of earth, that indestructible substance in all these things about us — I refer not to the gold and the stone, for these are but poor humble derivatives from it; but to that universal real stuff that has resistance and weight, and then to select here and there without effort, and then by combination to create animal and plant life, it is, I say, because this manipulation is impossible for all the gods, save perhaps for him alone of whom another poet has very beautifully written

O God Dodonian, great is thy strength; thy handiwork, O father,  
Is perfect.

For such might rests with him, who is the supreme and consummate artificer, who has challenged for the exhibition of his skill not the

city of the Eleans, but the world's pervasive material. Something less than that you probably would demand of a Phidias or Polyclitus; for such mastery as his is too great and awe-inspiring for us. Nay, Homer has not depicted even Hephaestus when he displays his skill as using other materials than the very ones we use, but has equipped him for the making of the shield as though he were but a divine mechanic and did not find any other material for him to work upon than ours. For he says of him how he

Cast stubborn bronze into the flames and tin and precious gold  
And silver.

But as for human competitors, I would concede to nobody that I had ever found a better in my art. As for Zeus himself, the creator of the whole world, it is not right to have any mortal man compete with him."

After such a plea and such a defense from Phidias, it seems to me that the Greeks would naturally have crowned him. But perhaps most of my hearers have forgotten my theme, however much its words were adapted, in my estimation, to the ears of seekers after truth and to a general audience; for it has discussed the principles affecting the erection of statues, the reason why poets do or do not have a better understanding of things divine, what man's first intimations of God are and how derived. Much, too, has been said, I believe, about the power and attributes of God. If it has been a hymn of praise to the statue and to those who have erected it, so much the better. For in truth when we look at it, it seems to me to express such kindness and true concern that I can fairly believe it almost speaks, saying, "These ceremonies, O united Hellas, you carry out so beautifully and properly by offering costly sacrifices from the stores you have, and by celebrating from time immemorial most famous games that try your vigor and strength and speed; and you preserve the traditions you have received as touching festivals and mysteries." But I am pained to observe to myself, "Old man, thou givest thyself no proper care; the aches of years withal get hold of thee; filthy thy rags; unseemly thy dress."

WILLIAM E. WATERS

New York University



## THE FOUNT OF TEARS

**O** POET! tell me whence thy tear that falls  
To earth unfelt, save by one blade of grass?  
A tear — or is't a bead, come to this pass,  
Through centuries and Time's slow-crumbling walls,  
From Agamemnon's death-sweat? Or, alas!  
A penitent, passionless, sweet drop that fell  
From the sad eyes of Magdalen? Or, tell  
If 'twere from Tasso's bitter brine of woe,  
Or Dante's, who wept for Beatrice. O  
Poet! canst thou trace, with vision fine,  
To Sorrow's fount, filled by the Powers above,  
That tender, sadly falling tear of thine;  
Or didst thou shed it when thy hand wrote — Love?

OLIVER S. ARATA

## RONDEL

Charles d'Orleans

**T**HE Year hath flung his cloak away  
(Of winter's bite and sleety rain).  
A garment fresh would he obtain,  
Of cloud and sky, sun-turned gold-grey.  
And bird and even beast to-day,  
Rejoice in this Spring-mad refrain:  
The Year hath flung his cloak away  
(Of winter's bite and sleety rain).

The brook and fountain silver spray.  
River gay livery hath ta'en  
That breaking, falls in jewelry.  
New green for all old habits plain!  
The Year hath flung his cloak away  
(Of winter's bite and sleety rain).

*Translated by* WILLIAM VAN WYCK

## ELECTRONS

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LAST week, respectability.

THIS week, ten thousand dollars gone . . .  
Jack gone . . . a simple matter for an amateur, the transfer of gold from office safe to bank . . .  
three nightmare days of private detectives, including only two days of the forlorn hope that his son had been robbed and murdered (nearly murdered, of course) . . .  
and this morning, the last and worst waking dream from the detectives: an actress gone . . . gone yesterday, skipping fantastically from her debts and her husband to an Atlantic liner, with a man indubitably Jack.

“And now — ”

John Ware's thoughts trailed into the phrase as into the conclusion of a sermon. Clothed in a “sensible” suit of a mixed brown that fitted the color of his dingy office better than it did his solid person, he was seated at his roll-top desk, all alone in the shadows with one funereal companion — his Shame.

To the wretched father, it seemed absurd that a mere word, of but three letters, should weight with all the soggy power of eternal humiliation the heavy shoulders of a respectable business-man half a century old. But *Mae*. M-a-e! To Mr. Ware's agonizing soul, the whole story became a sentence, like that of death, the sentence one detestable word that rouged and footlighted his sudden life-drama of “Decency Gone” . . . gone in this vulgarest distortion of the world's most beautiful name.

Mr. Ware was a good man, of a “good” education, to whom the word “beauty” seemed sentimental, the word “love,” embarrassing. Yet he was himself so sentimental that, in addition to his certainty that marriage was the only

feasibility for the whole human species, he had even a disquietude at the subject of second marriages. His own monogamistic state was shared by a yielding, comprehending woman named Julie, whose one dissention from his standards had been in a disturbing leniency in the upbringing of his son. "His" had been the pronoun in John Ware's mind ever since the first showing of her gentler hand.

He did not thank the lord that he was not as other men, simply because, in spite of his daily paper, he believed that almost everyone was good. Yet he thought himself a distinct entity and "person," and never suspected that there were thousands of him going from the upper West Side to the lower East, and from the upper East to the Battery, every working day, varying only in the shades of brown of their sensible suits, while the very keenest shrinking of his conscious soul was from what he called "vulgarity."

And to-day he was to see vulgarity, in its worst form, and assailing his own name. The press must have at least something, the detectives had warned him; so he was to "see it in the papers." They had already been quite full enough of Mae and her finances, her husbanding and her unhusbanding, until she had been blotted out by a still greater public menace, an impending planet. Annoying science by its approach to the earth in lessening and accelerating fits of speed, this had become the news of the day, now literally the news of the "hour."

But Mr. Ware recalled clearly only one thing relating to such objects as that — a line of verse about a "swimming" planet. He had heard Jack reading it, with the glow of a young discoverer, to Julie, and had asked him if he could find no better use for his mentality than memorizing nonsense; and to-day, foreshadowed upon innumerable weak minds as the date of a possible world's-end, planets and phantoms were the same to John Ware. His good education made them so in a general category of things not concerning this earth, or certainly not the Christian life upon it, whereas his son's crime involved the uttermost roots of all that comprised that life.



It would not have seemed rational to him to harbor the thought of some world not mentioned by either the Bible or his parents suddenly making a playground of the solar system in some game that proportioned humanity to the role of unseen microbes on one of the tossed balls. In regard to undiscovered possibilities in the Universe, his faith was such that he not only could not imagine his own ruin from an unprecedented cause, but could not picture such ruin, in his earthly lifetime, to the bulk of humanity — in other words, that God should consider permitting a great horror in John Ware's sight.

It was a different, horrible enough star that turned torturingly in his brain while weaker people had thought for yellow astronomy; and, in his struggle to keep off the moment of dancing type and faint odor of incriminating ink, his mind harked back to the inception of his personal tragedy, ten years ago. Jack was fifteen years old then; and the boy's birthday had been marked for Mr. Ware by the worst shock of his married years with Julie — a dozen silver spoons had disappeared.

At first, the calamity was but a blow to traditions, in the fact that the respectable Lexington Avenue house, with its respectable servant and respectable scrub-woman, had proved guilty of a weakness. Then shock became wretchedness in a swift progress from police to pawn-shop, pawn-shop to the truth: *his son!*

John Ware strove to bridge the succeeding years without reproach to himself; and, in need of desperate motion, he rose heavily and crossed to the window. Outside, loud trains of the elevated road were lumbering by through that long swerve of dark architecture which resembles its name only in its undeviating curve — Pearl Street. From long custom unconscious of the district's garbled smell of coffee, raisins, dust, steam, and future leather, he stood drinking the air, unmindful of its preternatural warmth. When Jack, commenting on the cow-path theory of the curve, had said that the cows must have taken the Broadway cars home,

his father had told him sharply "not to try to be funny." Quite irrelevantly, it occurred to him now to wonder if he might not have thought it funny if Jack had never stolen the spoons.

Yet had he not tried to be a good father? Given Jack every chance to retrieve? Listened to his wife's mad insistence that the boy would be "good"? Taken him into his office, kept him carefully at home, watched his days and nights, given him a salary, increased it just as he would any *ordinary* boy's, advised him how to spend it, counselled him in every particular of life and living that could be proper conversation for a father and a son? And all for what? For — *shame!* He had seen the creature once . . . when Jack had made his single endeavor to fetch him and Julie to the theatre. And Mae had been scintillant with a Titania-like crown that had instantly suggested to Mr. Ware a dozen silver spoons. *Had Jack no sensitivity?* Mr. Ware had wondered.

Suddenly the nerve-scraping hoot of a newsboy drove him with a shiver from the window. "Plan! Plan!" was all he heard of the boy's blatted version of "planet"; and, with his own voice rasping, he called across the office partition: "Tom!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Ware!" And his cashier, with the soft deferential tread of old affection, came in bearing a tremulous bundle of evening papers. The face pages were covered with varying enormities of type anent the planet, and casting one and another and another helplessly aside, Mr. Ware turned on and on in search of Tom's blue mark.

Thankfulness so great that it was keen pain came upon him as he saw the brief heed given to the departure of Mae and her satellite on the *Meteor*. Yet the father's name, in the name of the son, stared nastily out at him in its diminutive type; and his bitterness of spirit turned against the shouting columns that had shrunk the rod of his notoriety to a scant stick. *New worlds* — who cared to know of them to-day?

"Could it be, Mr. Ware, Mr. Jack was taken by the planet?" quavered Tom.

"Taken by — What — what in the world do you mean, Tom?"

"I don't mean *anything* in *this* world, sir. That's my idea in a spoonful, sir. N — nutshell I mean, sir. Couldn't it be this planet coming — There's hundreds in hospitals already, thinkin' over it. Thinkin' under it's more exact, sir. And mightn't it be Mr. Jack was taken by it? I'm sure he was crazy when he did such a thing, sir, Mr. Ware!"

"*You* must be crazy, Tom!" cried Mr. Ware irascibly. "Can a comet make a man — a — a — *thief*?"

Contemptible as he considered deliberate unkindness in anyone, John Ware, as an end to his hardest and humblest business day, did an unkind thing. He left his office for the first time in their decades of association without bidding Tom good-night.

As his train approached his station in the Thirties, he shrank from the ordeal of worming out. He had sought to descry smiles at Mae in the reading faces; but his glimpses of print had shown him only Planet, Planet, Planet, all down the car. As a rule, he squared himself against the massed stomachs blocking the gate and making a torment of his progress past the straining guard. But to-night he felt no "better" than the unbudging Jew enjoying his newspaper, no "cleaner" than the gigantic red-necked laborer inhaling deeply in humble endeavor to lessen his offending girth. And he, too, breathed deeply when he was hurrying down the station's covered incline among new strangers. He felt as if he had been acquainted with the people in the car, and they with his secret.

Yet here in the streets, whose February dusk was filled with a tin-colored light that suggested nature in some spirit of turbulence profounder than storm, he found a preoccupation and a scurry in the passing human figures which painted sorrow better than had the lit faces in the car, and which in bent shoulder and hasty leg seemed to picture only the furtive, the unrestful. And Mr. Ware catered to the popular mood as he hurried across-town, thrilling in the shiver-



bringing warmth and holding his eyes to the sidewalk, like the rest, instead of upward toward the planet that he refused to fear.

"My Gard, aint it awful?" said someone at his side; and, starting at the sound of a coarse voice addressing him in the street, he turned, and then increased his gait, side-wise a little, at discovering his questioner to be a tawdry young woman in a large cheap side-tilted hat. His instant avoidance failed to affront her — and to discourage her too, for she kept earnestly at his side.

"My room was took away for rent to-night, an' my Gard, I'm so *nirvus*!"

Mr. Ware did not answer. That one of her vast struggling family should address him, John Ware, would have held him speechless if his instincts of deportment had not. He hastened still more, but to little advantage; for, while her words were not persistent, her pace and her manner obviously were.

"I've got to get my rent from *somewhere*," she said, like a small child or a very old person making a simple statement to the ether.

It did not occur to Mr. Ware to offer the rent and bid her depart with it. Instead, his mind was busy with a desperate resolve; for they were nearing the corner of Lexington Avenue, and the thought of turning from her directly toward his home seemed to him vaguely improper. He decided to go on to the substantial crowd at Fifth, and escape there.

"Though if I'm gunter be et up," she said, "I'd sooner be et in the open!" and she laughed tremulously. "Gard, aint it fierce?"

Her last words were themselves so close to fierce that John Ware answered involuntarily.

"Isn't *what* fierce? That you can't pay vour rent?"

She laughed again. "Yes, that too. But I meant — *that*!" She pointed jerkily upward, as though in alarm at her own gesture; and Mr. Ware looked apprehensively toward the sky. The new star was shining down into the

gorge of buildings, bulging greenish and silvery out of the gathered gloom like a small moon, with a fainting glow about it that reminded him of an electric Star of Bethlehem that he had seen in a motion picture.

"Don't — be silly!" he stammered.

"Then you don't fall for it?" she cried eagerly. "You looked like you wouldn't! That's why I froze to you to walk along with. D'ye mind? I'm a fool, I guess. I act one when I see that thing an' aint got some friend by me. I've one on Sixth that might lend me my rent till morning. Are you goin' as far as Sixth?"

"N — no!" said Mr. Ware. They had reached Fifth Avenue, and he had irretrievably stepped with her from the curb and into the waiting crowd stalled by the stalled traffic.

The faces of men and women in the motionless motor-cabs, conspicuous just above them in his line of vision, were lividly white in the mixed radiances of mauve arc-lights and the effulgent star.

The staring features of one woman, alone in an electric hansom, smothered about her throat in fur and jewels, were marked like a cameo on the night and on his mind. It was in the brief but memorial period of New York's "rich-in-the-morning" parade; and, over the fabulous silver fox, a great string of pearls fell in loop within lustrous loop of soft baffling color that shifted hypnotically from the delicacy of snow to the shining gray of rain-water. Above them and the intermediate gleam of snapping diamonds, her still more exquisitely cut features looked like chalk.

Somehow and from somewhere, the frightful loomed through the life of the narrow island-city, as if, in some light from the approaching planet, an unrecognized nature of the town had shown forth suddenly, appallingly, upon unwilling, helpless faces, upon the truth of bodies suddenly decipherable through their clothes. But a little shiver of denial was all that he permitted his thoughts.

"My Gard, think o' the rent strung on that woman's neck!" The envious girl at his side now seemed to cling in her frail grasp upon him; and the intermittent quivering

that went contagiously from her arm to his, embarrassed him more than he had ever been embarrassed in the whole of this fifty-odd previous years. He felt criminal. But her words, tearing him from the fascination of the lovely jewels, had inspired him at last with a practical idea.

"H — here's your rent, young woman!" He fumbled in his left waistcoat pocket, and, from his bills, drew forth a two-dollar note. She gasped, unable to thank him; but, in her silence, John Ware, for the second time that night, was unexpectedly addressed.

The line of carriages had begun to move; and, as the hansom before them slowly rolled away, the beautiful woman within it leaned across the door-sash, her eyes appraising the girl's status against the man's, and rested deliberately upon his horrified gaze. It was Mrs. Mayfield, the only rich friend his wife had and the only one of her few friends he did not like.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she said.

As, panic-stricken, he escaped toward Lexington Avenue, a rush of indignation and pain came over him. Mrs. Mayfield's brief sentence made him feel that he no longer merely suffered, but shared, Jack's degradation. And his anger mounted with his mortification. He more than ever, though for the first time with just reason, disliked her. What had she meant? Had she actually thought — Or had she expressed contempt for the small sum he had bestowed upon the girl? He wondered what rent for such a girl would be. . . . Or had she — she who knew his name and his wife and his son — *read*, and cast her reproach at him as if he were in some way *responsible* as well as sullied? Contempt it had certainly been; but as for his first supposition, what had a lady to do with thoughts — with recognition of — He was mounting the short brown-stone ascent to his house, and, behind the dull glass of the doors, could see the hovering, bleared shadow of his wife. His anger vanished at sickening repugnance from his task in the hallway.

It proved no task, though in his hyper-morbidly an ordeal. In the rare manner of dress of her unnecessarily



white hair, in her choice of gown, a soft very deep lavender that despite its old fashion wrought out her gentle personality as it did her full but pretty person, he read the dreary fact that even to-day she had hoped and watched; for these were Jack's favorite adornments. But, in her sensitive face, from which she had striven with but fair success to erase all traces of hot weeping, he read that she had seen, and her brave message to himself that he need not speak.

Yet he did. In the resentful protest that swept once more through his very relief, without preface he recited the damning A. P. item, slowly, intensely, word for word, bitterly. He had a blind, dazzling impression that, if his memory had failed him in the course of the sentences, he could have found them before him in dancing little stars on the white faces that he had seen in his devious journey home.

"Oh, John, John!" she cried, dry-eyed but her voice low and throbbing, and holding herself nearer to him lest he yet wish to caress her. "Dear, we have nothing left to us now but *faith* — John!"

"Faith in what?" he demanded, with swift, uncharacteristic emotion. "That he'll *die* soon? Do they *ever* die?"

"Not if the belief we pretend to —" she murmured, her words faint as if she did not intend him to hear. . . .

"Supper is ready, dear."

His reply was short. "I can't eat."

"But you look sick, John! Wont —"

"No — I'm going to bed."

"Very well, dear. I don't wonder. With this strange star, everything is so — And yet, John, somehow, to me, it makes God seem nearer, realer — Oh, if only we have *faith* enough —"

"Does it make our *son* seem nearer, realer?" he demanded cruelly. "Can it do the impossible — give us a son?"

"What do you mean, dear? God has already done that —"

"And taken away!" he exclaimed. "I mean that he's *not* — *my son!*"

She winced; but she made no rejoinder, and, with the

ghost of a touch of fingers upon his sleeve, hastened past him and in to the staling supper-table.

Later, as he lay dully suffering in his bed, yielding utterly to his combative grief, struggling only against the abortive summer that floated through the open windows, he felt her presence come into his room and seat itself speechlessly at his bedside. Her still hand lay beside his own on the coverings, patient, unasking. In the deep embarrassment of the dull maturity that had built its slow coral growth of barrier through the gray chamber of their life, he steeled himself against her thoughts and their influence upon his own. He knew that, with her woman's alchemy of their mutual knowledge, in her love of their son she was striving to remind him of long-past days, of the woman she had once been, of their young lovers' happiness, of Jack as a small child. . . . After a time she went silently away. . . . In the little hours, the invading heat was dampened and weighted by a thick iodine fog, in whose dark shifting folds the twisted bedclothes looked like dim undulating sea-waves. Sick with spiritual pain and thirsty for air, nervously he dressed before dawn, and, having crept by her door with shame-footed tread, left the house.

In the freedom of the streets, the new sun was drinking off the miasma toward the east; and he turned from his Avenue and went west to Fifth, where innumerable people were discernible to him through a queer pearl light made up of this world's dawn and an unknown radiance in which he saw that all — and there were hundreds — were going in one direction — north. And north went John Ware, block after block as the light went from tone to tone, less soft, hard, harder color, full color, the full color of natural day, which, blue skied and cloudless and gloriously brilliant, winter in its acute clarity and summer in its warmth, freshened and cleansed the huge city as he and the countless unknowns abreast of him reached the open sweep of the Plaza, and halted.

There, big, and round, and minutely vibrant in its poised splendor, sharp against the blue of distant ether and like the spherical heart of a great picture above the uneven lines of feathery park and bold, erect hotel, hung the new planet.

Nothing in its undiscovered meaning, its monstrous inarticulate threat, its glittering magnificence, its stupendous situation, the sinister smile of its whole being, was more unexpected, more thrilling than its enormous familiarity. To John Ware, as to hundreds of the equally well-educated about him, it was the floating reality of the simple, image-stirring school-room globe. Exquisitely pendulous, as though arrested and invisibly anchored in its swimming journey, it seemed to tread the air; and its only medium of terror-current to his soul was the fact that no gigantic rod of tilted wire circled through the park and shot diagonally up to hold it slantwise to the sun. He also missed from it the black lines of longitude and latitude; but the continents stamped upon its delicately cerulean water had intense, definitively satisfying hues.

This was itself no food for thought to him; for he had always visioned Continental Europe as buff and North America as salmon-pink. Still, the vivid painting of these far countries seethed through his dazzled eyes to his soul.

From its apparent north to its possible equator, swept irregularly a rampant, lion-shaped continent of shining ebony-black, whence, southward from its feet, in relation to it as our own southern to our northern creature of the west, spread a crouching thing, inverted, like a hyena forever falling in an eternal desire to spring, and glittering wildly in its fierce tone of silver.

Beside them to the east, and smaller, a great stain lovelier than Ireland shone in the water and sunshine piognantly green.

And in from the two curving boundaries of the stranger's night, extended two projections of further lands: the one that vanished, a strange heliotrope; the other promising, for the fuller day, a wealth of unimaginable rose.

John Ware, an alien to poetry, and all his life askance



toward the unknown, was gazing upward like some ancient pagan sky-worshipper, with, for the first time in his existence, a wild surmise. There, in the city's great white-flanked, gold-statued plaza, he was silent, as on a peak in Darien. His own tragedy seemed small and far away, as beyond an ocean even wider than the one it sailed.

Turning his back upon the prodigy, he stumbled into Fifty-Ninth Street and on, in company with many around him, again toward his own Avenue. He thought he should feel more at home there, albeit a mile from his own neighborhood. He had been in quick need to rest his eyes; and there, through the crowded runway of buildings, would be some perspective on the glittering marvel. As he gained the desired corner, one from the running and staring thousands slipped and, with a frightened oath, fell into a ditch that laid bare the sewer-pipes of the street. The sharp word was the first that Mr. Ware had heard — since his own last sharp one to his wife. . . . That word "own" had been recurring and re-recurring in his mental phrasing lately. . . . What *did* he own . . . what did anybody own . . . with that thing overhead?

His soul? Did *that* man own a soul? It was a loose-mouthed, drooping-jawed youth who stood close before him in the thinner crowd.

Behind the gaper was a dingy old woman, black and rusty of clothing, tall, meagre, inevitably respectable, doubtless halted in her bent scurry toward her work, suggestive in all her shabby profile lines of a generation gone and of humility — a mere type among types that quietly come and go like spectres in the side-streets of well-to-do domestic lives, and in the light of this glaring wonder suddenly, arrestingly pathetic.

Her plain small peaked bonnet of thirty years ago, spoon-shaped, yearned up from the back of her head as if to break its taut-tied strings and escape to the fascinating world above them. . . . Why had he spoken so to his wife? Should he speak to this old woman? Less admirable

women had been speaking to him. And she had glanced at him as if he had momentarily withdrawn her interest from the planet. In her keen live face turned fully upon him, there had been nothing to stir pity; yet she troubled him. The frightened vacuum of the nearby idiot's face made him uneasy.

"How in the w — How in heaven has it happened?" He was a little awe-struck at his own voice and its innocent timbre of profanity; but her eyes met his with a smile of amused tolerance.

"How did *you* happen? How did *I*?" she inquired briefly.

After a moment's thought, she turned to him again. "If you mean 'What's it here for?'" she said more politely, "that's simpler to answer. It's come to teach us a badly needed lesson. It's come to get them."

"*Who?*" ejaculated Mr. Ware, astonished beyond reach of the "m" which, in the happiest circumstances, rendered him self-conscious.

"Weak people," replied the old woman.

He thought she must be crazy; but he remembered that so he had thought himself, too, when he had first looked up in the Plaza.

"Like that," she added, with a little protruding dart of her lifted finger at the pitiable idiot in front of them; and she seemed to become again as absorbed as she had been in the wonderful globe.

Even in the brief lapse of sunrise in the square, the round thing's imperceptible rotation had lessened the soft heliotrope in the east; and its opposite wonder of color, by little and very little more deeply roseate, contracted his heart in its encroach upon his world with a thrill such as he had never felt before. As, far from receding into accustomedness, the weight of miracle more and more pressed upon him, John Ware felt an impelling need to speak out the emotion it generated.

"It — it's beautiful!" he emitted, in his effort for expression stammering the word he so disliked.

"Yes!" exclaimed the old woman earnestly, as if his word had altered her extraordinary humor. "Yes, it is; and that's the last thing I'd have supposed! Such colors — when you consider what those places mean! Black — that's murder. You'd think it would be red, wouldn't you? But black is really *absence* of color, and I guess that means the ignorance of it. Only I was just thinking that *green* one would be all the general crimes of ignorance, if color has anything to do with it. And it certainly seems to! *Heliotrope* — heaven only knows, and perhaps it's as well we don't! And that silver — "

If he now took her words and the fantastical light that had kindled in her eyes as the appurtenances of the insane, he cast himself forth from sanity with her in the question that he thrust abruptly across her speech.

"Is the silver — *theft*?"

"I was thinking so, exactly," she replied.

"And that, what is that?" he questioned, his eyes inquisitively leading hers into the rosy west.

The old woman blushed, and in silence looked momentarily away.

"The — the whole thing hurts my eyes!" stammered Mr. Ware.

"Yes, yes!" she answered, as if in reluctant admission. "Even mine . . . and makes one thirsty, too! Sha'n't we go in and have some beer? We might as well — considering the segregation of those continents, it'll have to be here all day, you know."

He followed her wonderingly as she led the way around the rickety barrier of the sewer-ditch and across the sidewalk into the corner saloon, whose door-sign of "Family Entrance" reassured him a little as to the discretion of his acquiescence.

"Zwei bier," she said to a desultory tender who, Teutonically pink and blonde, hovered between star-gazing and preoccupied glances at their table. He presently banged through the screened doorway into the bar, and returned shortly from its buzz and clink with two dripping glasses.



He went to look through the side entrance and then repassed them with a lifting of arms and a shrug. "Himmel! Behüter! Behüter!" he said, and disappeared. The planet had sent business to the saloon, for it had brought down a natural holiday; and noise in the degree of din, though with strangely little cursing, came in upon them. Still, this little back room of "family entrance" was sequestered; and whereas he had shivered with nameless apprehension in the street, here, shut away from the great sight, the world seemed more itself again, and he began to feel ashamed of the childish ideas he and the old woman had exchanged.

One thick-necked man sat at a table with his back to them, breathing heavily, like an animal in a drought, yet not tasting the liquor that his eyes bulged at. The old woman had been examining him with a roving look, and now she pointed at his great Atlas-like shoulders.

"You shall see," she said significantly.

Mr. Ware shivered anew. The man's stolid yet quivering back, his heavy creased red neck, were so brutal in suggestion that her short remark sounded like the dispassionate reading of a seer.

"My good woman," he said hesitantly, "I can't make up my mind that you're crazy, although you say such unaccountable things. I'd appreciate it if you'd explain to me what you mean."

She looked at him severely, almost menacingly.

"'My good woman' doesn't sound appropriate from you, my friend! I don't pretend to be *good*, and I'm not *yours*. Remember that, please!"

"I — I beg your pardon!" stammered Mr. Ware. "I'm quite sure you're good, from your look! And your choice of words is certainly equal to mine! But women in saloons — in fact, it's *all* so strange!"

She drank deeply of her beer, her eyes slowly gathering a look that brooded into the sardonic. "What's the use of talking to men like you, I wonder? But I will. I decided I would, if only for the glum humor of it, the moment I saw you standing alongside me and recognized you. Humor isn't a particularly noble thing, but you deserve it!"

"You *recognized* me?" he cried. In his amazement was mixed a disturbing hint of Mrs. Mayfield's contempt.

"Recognized you?" She laughed. "I knew you as well as the planet knows its picked men. And it knows them — oh, it knows! It'll get them! And in another sense, you were certainly *my* picked man. I knew you. As to knowledge of that planet, I don't pretend to much — except that there are, of course, uncountable 'systems' beyond our solar one, and that this must have transcended God knows how many of them to — well, 'come into its own.' How uncanny it makes that expression! And yet, when you think of it, why *should* its beauty strike anyone as strange, or its colors either? Everything, good, bad, horrible, contemptible, must have its beauty, looked at as God must look. And as for color, why shouldn't there be some principle that's applied in less dull places than ours? Black's a fair enough corollary to all the crimes of hatred. And that silver — I can think of nothing just at this moment except the old 'all that glisters is not gold.' *Knowledge* of that fact may be the first stage for the thieves to go through. Naturally, the whole thing is a matter of translation. And that implies transition — "

"I can't understand you, except in a confusing, imaginary way!" broke in Mr. Ware.

"It's going to *take* them!" she cried impatiently. "Bad people, who are first of all weak people. Not the strong, who bad or not, it seems, prove their right here — even their value, perhaps. But the *weak* bad, who can't take care of themselves and whom we, who are responsible for them, *wont* take care of. I *told* you we were being taught a lesson! Humanity, with all its physique and art and science and architecture — and *philosophy*, my friend! — humanity in this one slender regard has been a shabby, dismal failure! What do we do with the sickly units we bring among us? We shut them up, and that's the same as concentrating ulcers and then smothering them so they'll fester better. Well, that's unworthy of the civilization we've achieved in the other main respects, an achievement God recognizes

and wishes to continue. So, they're being taken away from us. They'll be taught there. And so shall we, here — a chagrining object-lesson! *Nature* does what she can to keep things straight — the plagues in India, for instance. But nature can handle only crowds, and this is a case of individuals. They're civilization's job, and we've pitifully bungled the job. So another world — and one quite a bit smaller than we are, judging from the looks of it! — takes it up. 'Up'! We'll see them go *down*, you and I — one, two, scores! Isn't it hot? I want some more beer. It's going to be ghastly."

"N — nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Ware.

"Remember you're mentioning that to God, not me," said the old woman calmly. "Granting me just as stark crazy as you think, my friend Mr. Ware, is the cure I describe any worse nonsense than a prison? We've been living proudly along, beautifully clothed, beautifully housed, beautifully intelligent; and, instead of altering our failures or redeeming them, we've been making collections of them and putting them in little locked boxes on the spare-room bureau! Doesn't the habit make mankind look pretty? Dignified, and virile, and striking likenesses of What it's made in the image of? It's *That* will answer your 'nonsense' presently, and the proud 'sense' of many a virtuous man just like you. Your prisons will be empty — of souls, not carrion — to-morrow morning. You didn't like my suggestion of the reaping. Shall I tell you in a different way what the scythe means? It's an answer to abuse of power. Men of your sort think earnestly enough about abuse of money-power, political power, this power, that. But the very simplest power of the race, the most commonly possessed, the noblest, the first, is the most abused; yet its abuse is the least cried out against! The laws of statute don't reach it; the laws of society leap blithely over it. How do you *dare* be fathers unless you're willing to pay the penalty if there is one to pay? We're going to be taught right now something we either couldn't or wouldn't learn — that the generation we produce is only *lent* to us. Don't you bor-



row to make? Why borrow at all unless you can and *will*? You borrow of God, and He demands an accounting. 'The lord hath given and the lord hath taken away.' This planet has come to change that popular piety. We'll say hereafter, 'The lord *lends*!' He inspired civilization. He'll inspire more! He's a Genius beyond comprehension in putting His treasure where it will grow, as this visitor calling on us to-day for pay will prove. O-o-oh," the old woman concluded solemnly, "God is the greatest Medici in the Universe, Mr. Ware!"

He shuddered at the bald familiarity of her tone. "You — I think you are blasphemous!" he stammered.

To his astonishment, she rose imperiously upon his speech and, the thin fingers of one hand propped upon the table, stood opposite him bent and vehement, her eyes levelled at his and her hot answer flaring from her passionate old lips.

"How dare you say so? How do you dare, John Ware, accuse me with that insufferable word? Me, when I reverence everything God has made — even that heart-rending boy out there in the street — even *you*, a work He has still to handle and complete! This lesson to us should finish you — in one sense or the other! It isn't for me — I've learned it! When I say 'us' and 'we' I mean those of us, and the remaining *parts* of us, that are blind, and hyper-selfish, and self-satisfied. After having been patient for thousands of years, God has had to recognize the great selfish truth of our insolent message to Him: '*We don't want them*!' Well, God wants 'em!"

It was his orthodoxy, not his confused and waning incredulity, that forced from John Ware an interrupting demand. "How do you know all this? And why are you the only one that knows?"

"I'm not!" she said. "Women know — thousands of them! But do you ever listen to us when we say we've discovered something? Oh, my friend," and her response grew cryptic in its very simplicity and readiness, "women who bring children into the world are given vision and knowl-

edge that other women, and all men, are unable to have! The rest of you call it phantasm, delirium, pain. Well, it is pain! Knowledge almost always is — truths are seldom pleasant at first sight! In our fulfilment, we go into the unknown; or, if you choose to think the soul never leaves the living body, then the unknown comes down about us, and we learn! Most of us still think afterward we've been dreaming. Some intelligent few of us profit better. We've seen, and we *remember*! Ether has various meanings, Mr. Ware!"

"Then you — have children?" he hesitated.

"I have one son."

"So — have I." Though, in spite of the ominous approach of death in the air, he still clung inwardly to his renunciation of his son, he did not dare say 'had' to this caustic interlocutor. She said it for him.

"I know you had. And he's a thief. And what are you? The sponsor for his theft. You're collaborator in the authorship of his life, and theft's a part of his life. You've tried to renounce your responsibility, but you can't. You've rid yourself only of the boy. So what have you gained? Nothing. You've lost. You're in God's debt deeper than you realize — *yet!*"

He paled at her first direct reference to Jack's imminent fate, whose slow crawl upon his heart he had been fighting ever since their first strange sentences in the street; and, in sudden blind fear, he began pouring forth the story. "Haven't I been a good father? You seem to know all about me — but do you know how I've suffered? Everybody seems to know my disgrace! You look at me as — as Mrs. Mayfield did last night —"

"Mrs. Mayfield," she impatiently interrupted him, "looked at you and spoke to you with contempt *not* because she knew anything about Jack, but because she saw your unmanly fear of that poor girl at your side, which made her despise you, and your unmanly *contempt* for the girl, which made her angry."

"You *know* Mrs. Mayfield?" he exclaimed.

"I work for her sometimes."

There flashed through his mind "So that's where I've seen you, then!" yet the fleeting thought did not satisfy him.

"But you're angry at me on account of my son," he cried, "and what right have you to be? What business is it —"

"You've renounced your son, Mr. Ware, so mayn't it be the business of anyone who chooses?" she returned calmly.

"But you constitute yourself my judge; so tell me what I've failed in!" he demanded. "What is it you demand of men like me, and of all that you condemn as 'mankind'? How could I make a good man of a bad one?"

"A *weak* one, please!" she threatened. "I'll tell you how you could have tried, John Ware! When I condemn mankind, I do it in broad terms for immature minds like yours. I admit the meandering efforts, the institutions, the day's doctors, the philanthropies. *And* the difficulty. I admit the gigantic loom of that for the amateur. But the amateur has, for all his big task and his lack of science, one greater-than-surgical instrument, John Ware — the instrument *love*. And you've never loved your son. You never did love him, any more than you love him *now*!"

"I have, too, loved my son!" he shouted, jumping up as she had lately done. "How do *you* dare? How do you dare accuse me?"

"Because," she hurled back, "you didn't want that kind of a son, and showed him so! You were even '*blasphemous*' enough to say so, last night! This visit is for just your kind, John Ware! *You didn't want him!*"

"But," he cried desperately, "if that were true, which I won't admit, and if I *were* as contemptible as you seem to think, wouldn't I have been punished enough already? Not that I believe what you've told me! I have to admit I saw that thing in the sky with my own eyes, but I don't believe a word you've said about it! And if it *were* true —"

A soft, thudding fall, with the loud scrape of a chair, sounded beside them. The hulking, red-necked man was



lying mountainously by their table. It was the laborer past whom he had crowded on the train the night before. The screen doors flew open, police dashed in from the bar and through the family entrance from the street. "Ah there, you wife-killer!" And from one, an oath. From another, "Humph! We don't get 'im after all!" In letting the big form drop back again, they disposed it a little nearer the appalled John Ware.

"I'm going out!" he said sickly.

"What will you gain by that?" she asked. But he had stridden already to the doorway of the little vestibule. From the great gazing silent crowd, his dimmed eyes swept up to the round shimmering monster, then under the stab of its brilliance fell to the ditch along the sidewalk. The yellow bottom was lined with dark sprawling splotches. One face stared upward as it had done in life — that of the idiot youth — its mouth open, as if in death it still could not understand. Like a drunkard, he reeled back into the saloon.

"I *don't* believe you!" His hand shook toward the object on the floor. "I believe that that man died of fright!"

"Of course he died of fright!" she answered contemptuously. "Did you suppose it was going to let down a chain and hook, and take them one by one?"

"I didn't suppose at all!" he cried. "I tell you I *still* don't believe you! And if it *were* true — " he reverted desperately to his interrupted words and his own predominating sorrow — "if it were, and God demanded back loans, and for failures took interest out in punishment the way you seem to mean, how *could* I be punished any more than I have been? You don't understand how I feel about — all the — the other of Jack's — sin!" There was silver in his eyes and a deep pink mantled his face as he stammered forth like a school-boy his innermost of self-expression and self-confession. "I couldn't suffer any more than I have for years, any more than just the years and years of these last few days, unless I had to look at anything — oblique — in my *own* life! I've sometimes thought of that, and I don't

know how I could face — *that*. It's the only worse thing I can imagine — to have on my conscience through life some — anything — *not recognized by God!* Oh, why should I tell *you* this? What have you to do with me?" His voice rose abruptly higher. "*Who are you anyway?*"

She looked at him steadily.

"My name is a familiar one — Mary. And my title — that I haven't changed — much as I may have desired to, Mr. John Ware, for I respect the statutes and I respect myself. My legal name is still the same as yours."

In the face, in its level eyes, its seriously set mouth, the May-time countenance of a young girl seemed to gather for John Ware. His forehead lowered to meet his instinctively uplifted fingers. The Guillotine had fallen. When its hideous truth had swept fully down through him, he felt like a decapitated man holding his own staring head in his two helpless hands.

"*I thought you were dead!*" the lips whispered.

The pressure of heavy vibrant silence throbbed against his senses.

"I let you think so," said the woman he had married in his dim youth. "And as far as you're concerned, I *am* dead. You're conversing with a corpse. But I hope I'm an interesting enough corpse to make some impression on you, even at this late day. Murder is a wonderful mortifier, Mr. Ware! And though you didn't know it, as surely as that brute there killed his wife, just so surely as disillusion is dissolution, you killed me. I began to die when I began to *know* you. And when I found you didn't love our son, I did die. That is, I left you. I quietly left you as soon as I knew you were a man who couldn't understand or forgive a weak little boy, and who couldn't respect or love a woman who could love a child that lied and stole. Men like you don't want wives like me. You don't want us at all, unless we're *exactly like you, for the comfort of your self-satisfaction*. I wasn't the wife you wanted, any more than Jack was the son you wanted; so I vanished. You thought I was dead, and so I let you think, and you've had since a

wife who is what you wanted — who can and does love you above everything else, above the son she's tried to be a mother to, above her reason, her ideals; who is the woman you expected me to be, a woman who doesn't allow herself to *think*! But women have *begun* to think, John Ware; and, in that, which in all the fuss to-day is all that really matters, the whole eventual good or harm is already done. When I married you, I only *felt*. *I've been thinking ever since!*"

"And all these years," he whispered with a shudder, "Julie and I have been living in a state of a — a — " A long crackling groan of splitting pine-wood came to his ears from the street. The barrier of the ditch had given way.

"The *fact* of that is tragedy to you," she said, "and that's *vain* tragedy. Why crash down at discovering a condition that you share with countless other virtuous men? There are thousands and thousands leading your blind life, and what do *we* matter? We're pathetic, but you needn't see that — you control the social scheme of things. That, to be sure, doesn't bother us much, because it's a bagatelle to those of us who aspire in our love. But you control the *ethical* system, too, you good men; so what can we do but become phantoms? Our army pegs along to keep itself alive, and for the realities — the *truths* of life — we become watchers of the skies!"

For John Ware there was but one reality, and that was a reality of hell. "My God," he said huskily, "*if Julie knew!*"

"She does know," said his companion.

"*What?*" he breathed.

"Yes, indeed," she continued mercilessly, "your wife and I have to recognize each other, John Ware. We are strange, irreconcilable friends."

"At last I begin to understand," he said tremulously. "You're *the scrub-woman*! And there you've been living, almost the same as under our roof — "

"Yes," she answered, "the scrub, and the woman, both! No wonder you didn't know me — it's an altering life! We're the kind of things you want us to be, and that you



make us in the end, and that we leave you in order not to be *for you* — scrubs. I was willing to be one for my son. I had to be under your roof to live *at all!* And *she's* helped me. For both our sakes, we've conspired to keep me out of your sight — you've had only little unavoidable glimpses of me now and then when she didn't hide me in time. She's not my sort, but she's brave! She loves you; but she knows what she loves, and she's not a happy woman, Mr. Ware!"

At this, the quiet of despair had come slowly into his face; and his look now went to her eyes with an abrupt question. "Am — I to be taken — for — for having murdered you?"

In full worth of the best in him, his Christianity had leaped up to accompany the words; and they held only a calm, unfearing curiosity. His wife with a grim smile slowly shook her head.

"No, my friend. You're neither bad enough nor weak enough. You didn't *mean* to kill me. And you have will-power. Lots of it. That's what you did it with. You escape, but you don't escape nobly. Your will-power has no qualifiers to grace it except 'sheer' and 'mere.' In other words, you're as timid as can be, but you're *stubborn*. So far as I'm concerned, the planet could take you and welcome; for my son is all that I live for. But *it doesn't want you!* In the universal scheme of things, I suppose you and your kind just trail out. Your worthwhile qualities segregate with their own sorts and wander off economically, to the improvement of virile people now under way. Don't you see? In other words, you'll die. Heaven and hell are for personalities. You represent possibility's nearest approach to annihilation. Your 'bad' son is the only imprint you'll leave on the Universe, and that — you're ashamed of!"

"I — I'm *not* — any longer!" he cried. "I have no defense as to you, and you do right to annihilate me in your speech! But I *do* want my son!"

"Ah, you're too late!" she exclaimed exultantly. "I was there in the hall last night when you renounced him, and that gave him to *me!* Your two wives knew that, she

with a quiver, I with an angry silent shout! What could have made him good? *Belief*, and you've never given it to him! *I have*, and I do now, and if he's still alive and my determined thoughts can strengthen him to resist this thing, he's mine forever, mine out there fighting this horror on the lonely sea, or, if he didn't go, and we don't *know* that he went, then mine wherever my praying thoughts reinforce him — for reach him they *must*! Want on, John Ware, for, if the planet doesn't take him, I do!"

Patches of rose-colored light falling in upon the floor had transformed the room of the saloon into a cathedral crypt; one soft luminous stain, filtering upon their motionless neighbor, changed the crypt into a sepulchre. As her eyes roved to this, old Mary for the first time shuddered.

"Oh!" she said with a little indrawn hiss of pain. "With the turning of the planet, it's the women's turn now!"

She went impulsively toward the door, and John Ware of the single standard followed her desolately.

"Sin — isn't divided by sex!"

"Weakness is — in a generality," she answered.

From the shelter of the coffin-like entrance-way, they looked out into the rosy glow. The planet in its erratic day had swum from above the park and was almost overhead. The sun in its worldly relation had come to meet it, and together they shed down an impossible noon, in whose queer heat the throng stood helplessly sweltering and silently accounted for the thudding release of spirits from among them. The lovely, baleful continent hung like a vast pink flower directly over the western world. Its green companion had disappeared, leaving its memory upon the park in a film of fair young leaves. Innumerable sparrows held festival in the unlooked-for color, their holiday reaching to Lexington Avenue in a diluted shrill. In the pink light, unnumbered women, completing their last earthly task, filled up the ditch.

"Oh," cried John Ware, suddenly collapsing into abandoned passion at the broadcast misery, "what, what is the answer to it all?"

"*Faith!*"

He shrank back against the narrow wall, not from the word, but from the fiery inspiration of its shout. His question had sparked the powdery train of her thought; and, with hands flung toward him, she surged out her wild appeal in a voice that rang in his ears like the pleading color of his second wife's a thousand times intensified.

"Faith is the answer, and that's what I've had and that's what I will have till I know he's lost! When I left you I didn't suppose I'd ever again ask you for anything in the world, John Ware; but, for the sake of my boy — *our* boy! — while he still *is* in the world, I ask you now for him! Oh, John, John, with all the strength God gave you, help me to defy that hideous beautiful thing! Faith would frighten it away! If only the whole world knew — but it wouldn't have believed me! John, John, weak and little as we are, let us do our little for our generation of humanity! Let's keep it away from Jack. Faith from *both* of us may do it! Let's show it that there *are* people in the world who aren't afraid and ashamed of their failures!"

And John Ware, once more for a few strange moments hand in hand with the wife of his boyhood, ran from the little family vestibule past the ditch and into the middle of the street, where they halted, their heads thrown back and their free fists shaking frantically up at the radiant monster.

"We don't want you!" they screamed. "*We don't want you!*"

The mad cries turned the crowd angrily upon them. The tacit silence of reverent powerlessness had ruled the city through the whole half-day. The world had gazed upon the gorgeous spectacle as on the panoply of a regal funeral, and the impatient reproving hiss of the public surrounded the two fanatics.

But it died and rose again in a different sound as the staring world broke its long voluntary hush in a great sweeping gasp of hope.

To John and Mary Ware it was as if God with a miracle, or the planet with a huge instance of its self-control, had answered their defiant prayer; for, with one exquisite



turn of its superb body, it rolled itself in front of the sun, and flooded the earth with full darkness and its own effulgent light.

John Ware heard one individual voice rise through the hope that gasped in a hope that shrieked. "Look!" and, following with his eyes her pointing arm, he saw, darting down the Avenue through the city's streaming bath of Nile-silver, its arms flung around its head, a terror-stricken figure — their son.

Dropping his hand, she likewise rushed. Then he. Close at her heels he rounded the ditch; but he stumbled against something on the sidewalk, which he had not seen the old woman leap over undaunted. It was a group of two subjects — still life and quick, the final dead and dying of the day. The shrouding furs were those of Mrs. Mayfield. The big rope of pearls lay upon them, lustrous as yesterday. The moving life that he felt, was that of a hand which clutched them, thrust between his feet. The girl who needed no more rent, was inching her way out of the gutter. As he staggered from her path, she wormed her head through the precious noose and dropped it back upon the rich dead shoulder.

The sob with which he rushed on, was not for either of them: they had lost the old woman from his vision. She had turned the corner. Jack had passed it seconds back. But they must be in Lexington Avenue, and he too turned the corner. The long alley held no crowd . . . it was deserted . . . too deserted . . . full of last night's mist instead of people. . . . Should he ever reach them in that? He ran despairingly on, on. Was Jack running *home*? On, till, through the hopelessly thickened fog, the blinding planet seemed to loom and rush at him. Something seized him: "You're wanted, Mr. Ware!"

It had been a street-light. It was the policeman of his district.

"There, there, you'll be all right, Mr. Ware! See, you're home!"

Julie was standing in the vestibule. At sight of him, she ran trembling, hectic down the stoop.

"Oh, *thank God!* . . . John, John, that strange thing must have distracted you! Deranged you! But it's gone now, dear — it's going away! And it did good, too! Oh, my dear, my dear, *Jack's here!* John, *forgive him!* He didn't go! At the very last, he was afraid and ashamed! And he has *most* of the money, John!"

She led him into the hall and feverishly toward the bent-shouldered boy who dared not look at him.

"John, John, if you've *ever* loved me, try him again!" Then she saw that the elderly man's dazed eyes, leaving their intent study of the lines in her suddenly old features, had travelled down into a confused stare at an object dangling forgotten from her hand, rusty black against the soft heliotrope of her gown; and she flushed crimson, striving to hide it.

"My — my old bonnet, John — the — the one you hated even before we — I brought it — into your room tonight — thinking —"

In her painful embarrassment, her gaze had fallen; but she lifted it swiftly at a choking sound from Jack; and, close against the boy's averted face, she saw the new silver of her husband's hair.

"I want him!" wept John Ware. "I want him!"

## THE INDEBTEDNESS OF LYLY'S "EUPHUES" TO CERTAIN OF ITS PREDECESSORS

GABRIEL HARVEY, literary critic and contemporary of John Lyly, asserted that Lyly merely "hatched the egges that his elder freendes laide"; that is, Harvey recognized that many characteristics of Lyly's style could be found in the works of his predecessors. Feuillerat, in his *John Lyly*, gives examples to prove that all the elements of Euphuism — "*balancement simple, balancement accompagné d'antithèse, rime marquant balancement, consonance et annomination marquant balancement, alliteration euphonique simple, alliterations croisées et alliterations renversées, parallélisms*" — are occasionally found in the works of Lyly's predecessors, John Fisher,<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Elyot,<sup>2</sup> and Sir Thomas More;<sup>3</sup> and Feuillerat cites only three of many such writers.

Even the casual reader of the forerunners of Lyly cannot but be impressed by the fact that the use of alliteration and balance is characteristic of early and middle English. At the beginning of the twelfth century, both Aelfric and Wulfstan<sup>4</sup> alliterated corresponding phrases and clauses, and sometimes balanced one clause with another. Richard Rolle,<sup>5</sup> as early as 1340, marked corres-

<sup>1</sup> Albert Feuillerat, *John Lyly Contribution à L'Histoire de la Renaissance en Angleterre*, 452-550.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 452-460.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 452-460.

<sup>4</sup> Aelfric's *Homily on the Assumption of St. John the Apostle*, in Bright, *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, 78.

Nacode wē wæron ācennede, and nacode wē gewitað. Pære sunnan beorhtnys, and pæs mōnan leoht and ealra tungla sind gemæne þām rican and ðam hēanan. . . . ac sē ungesæliga gýtsera wile mære habban þonne him genihtsumað, þonne hē furðon orsorh ne bricð his genihtsumnysse.

<sup>5</sup> Richard Rolle's *Pricke of Conscience*, in Morris and Skeat, *Specimens of Early English*, 119.

Now es a man light, now es [he] heuy,  
Now es he blithe, now es he drery;  
Now haf we joy, now haf we pyn,  
Now we wyn, & now we tyn;  
Now er we ryche, now er we pur,  
Now haf we or-litel, now pas we mesur;  
Now er we bigg, now er we bare,



ponding stresses by alliteration, elaborately balanced corresponding clauses, and set off ends of sentences by rhyme. In 1387, Sir John Trevisa,<sup>6</sup> in 1523, Lord Berners,<sup>7</sup> and, in 1529, Hugh Latimer<sup>8</sup> employed alliteration of corresponding phrases, used doublets, and balanced words, phrases,

Now er we hale, now seke and sare;  
Now haf we rest & now trauail,  
Now we fande our force, now we fail;

J. P. Schneider, *The Prose Style of Richard Rolle of Hampole with Special Reference to its Euphuistic Tendencies*, Baltimore, 1906.

Of the writers studied, Richard Rolle gave the most striking results. His peculiarities of style and the way in which they are used, if found in a work of the early sixteenth century, would undoubtedly entitle it to the designation of euphuistic. Were there a succession of writers with unbroken literary traditions, leading from the early ninth century up to the Euphuists of the sixteenth century, Richard Rolle would be considered a forerunner of Berners, North, Pettie, and Lyly.

<sup>6</sup> Trevisa's Translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*, in *Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse*, An English Garner, 207.

THE CLERK: Whether is you lieber have, a translation of these chronicles in rhyme or in verse?

THE LORD: In prose, for commonly prose is more clear than rhyme, more easy and more plain to know and understand.

THE CLERK: Then God grant us grace grathly to gin, wit and wisdom wisely to work, might and mind of right meaning to make translation trusty and true, pleasing to the Trinity, three persons in one God, in majesty, that ever was and ever shall be, and made heaven and earth, and light for to shine, and departed light and darkness, and called light, day, and darkness, night; and so was made eventide and morrowtide one day, that had no morrowtide.

<sup>7</sup> Lord Berners' *Translation of Froissart*, in Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*, 159.

"And there Jaques Dartuell, openly in the market place, in the presence of all the lordes, and of all such as wold here hym, declared what right the kyng of Englande had to the crowne of France, and also what puyssaunce the thre countreis were of, Flaunders, Heynault, and Brabant, surely ioyned in one alyance. And he dyde so by his great wysedom and pleasaunt wordes, that all people that harde hym prayed hym moche, and sayd howe he had nobly spoken, & by great experyence."

<sup>8</sup> Latimer's *Second Sermon on the Card*, in *Sermons by Hugh Latimer*, Everyman's Library, 16-17.

"A true and faithful servant, whensoever his master commandeth him to do anything, he maketh no stops nor questions, but goeth forth with a good mind: and it is not unlike he, continuing in such a good mind and will, shall well overcome all dangers and stops, whatsoever betide him in his journey, and bring to pass effectually his master's will and pleasure. On the contrary, a slothful servant, when his master commandeth him to do anything, by and by he will ask questions, 'Where?' 'Which way?' and so forth; and so he putteth everything in doubt, that although both his errand and the way be never so plain, yet by his untoward and slothful behaviour his master's commandment is either undone quite, or else so done that it shall stand to no good purpose."

and clauses. And Roger Ascham,<sup>9</sup> in 1545, frequently appeals to the eye by alliteration, doublets, and the euphuistic device called the "tranlacer." Ascham, moreover, "fully grasped the possibilities of the antithetical sentence." From this evidence, we cannot but conclude that the English language early felt the impulse to fix the esthetic canons of prose style. If we follow this literary tradition back, and glance again at our once familiar Latin texts, we shall find that Cicero balanced phrases and clauses and, in his letters, used rhyme.<sup>10</sup> Moreover, St. Augustine, Sir Thomas Wilson states,<sup>11</sup> "has a goodly gift in this behalf, (that is, in rhyme) and yet some thinks he forgot measure, and used overmuch this kind of figure." This style, "which we call *euphuism*, was, as everyone now recognizes, a very common form of style in the sixteenth century, and it is only in modern times that it has been given a name which associates it particularly with Lyly. The essential feature of the style

<sup>9</sup> Ascham's *Toxophilus*, 29-30, quoted in Krapp's *English Literary Prose*, 298:

"To speake of shooting, Philologe, trulye I woulde I were so able, either as I my selfe am willing or yet as the matter deserveth, but seing with wisshing we can not have one nowe worthie, whiche so worthie a thinge can worthilie praise, and although I had rather have anie other to do it than my selfe, yet my selfe rather then no other. I wil not fail to saye in it what I can, wherein if I say litle, laye that of my litle habilitie, not of the matter it selfe which deserveth no lyttle thinge to be sayde of it."

Cf. Puttenham, *English Poesie*, (1589) ed. Arber, quoted in Krapp's *English Literary Prose*, 297, note:

"which is when ye turne and tranlace a word into many sundry shapes as the Tailor doth his garment, and after that sort do play with him in your dittie: as thus,

Who lives in love his life is full of feares,  
To lose his love, livelode or libertie,  
But lively sprites, that young and recklesse be,  
Think that there is no living like to theirs. . . .

Here ye see how in the former rime this word life is tranlaced into live, living, lively, livelode: . . . which come all from one originall."

<sup>10</sup> Cicero's *Letters* in Tyrrell's *Cicero and His Letters*, 20:

"Velim quid videas, quid intelligas, quid agatur ad me scribas."

<sup>11</sup> Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, Oxford, 1909. Reprint of the 1560 edition, 203. (The 1553 edition of the work is much shorter and does not contain some of the most important parts.)

*Euphuës: The Anatomy of Wit*, edited by Morris William Croll and Harry Clemons.

*Euphuës and His England*, London, 1916, Introd., xii.



is a vocal, or oral, pattern." <sup>12</sup> *Euphuism*, then, is not merely the style we associate with Lyly's *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*.

No form of expression can be separated from thought. Lyly's *Euphuism* is a manner of thinking; the name denotes content as well as form. Lyly's use of the proverb, his "unnatural natural history," his constant moralizing, his didactic tone, and his expression of national spirit are as much a part of his *euphuism* as are his artificial devices. So Jusserand gives 30 out of 32 pages to the content of *euphuism*; and Feuillerat, 50 out of 119.

The proverb and the aphorism made the short sentence somewhat fashionable in the prose of the sixteenth century. Both came from a variety of sources. The direct appeal of the Bible found its natural expression in the proverb; and, because the Bible was read regularly Sundays in churches, proverbs became popular. Many proverbs, too,

<sup>12</sup> Croll, *Introd.*, xv.

"But the safest form of the definition is that *Euphuism* is a style characterized by the figures known in ancient and medieval rhetoric as *schemes* (*schemata*), and more specifically by the word-schemes (*schemata verborum*), in contrast with those known as *tropes*; that is to say, in effect, by the figures of sound, or vocal ornament. . . .

"The most important of these figures are three which can be used, and in *Euphues* are often and characteristically used, in combination in the same form of words: first, *isocolon*, or equality of members (successive phrases or clauses of about the same length; secondly, *parison*, or equality of sound (successive or corresponding members of the same *form*, so that word corresponds to word, adjective to adjective, noun to noun, verb to verb, etc.); thirdly, *paromoion*, similarity of sound between words or syllables, usually occurring between words in the same positions in parisonic members, and having the form either of *alliteration*, similarity at the beginning, or *homoioteleuton* (*similiter cadentis* or *disenantes*), similarity at the end, or, as often in *Euphuism*, of both of these at once. Other *schemata* are also frequently and characteristically used, such as simple word-repetition, and *polyptoton* (the repetition of the same stem two or more times within the same clause or sentence, each time with a different inflectional ending)."

Croll, xxx-xxxv, illustrates these figures by numerous examples.

Clarence Griffin Child, *John Lyly and Euphuism*, Leipsig, 1894.

I have consulted Child's work but have referred only to the works of his successors.

L. Wendelstein, *Beitrag zur vorgeschichte des Euphuismus*, Halle, 1902.

I have been unable to get Wendelstein's work, but, from the references to it in Feuillerat's and Croll's books, I infer that it merely adds more citations from sixteenth century *Euphuists*.



were handed down from the Anglo-Saxon.<sup>13</sup> The fashion of writing aphorisms or maxims<sup>14</sup> was stimulated by the Renaissance influence of Latin and Spanish literatures.<sup>15</sup> The practice of ending every period with a quotable saying, a *sententia*, had become such a fad in the teaching of Roman rhetoricians of the first century A.D., that Quintilian scores it.<sup>16</sup> He, however, objects to the abuse, not the use, of *sententiae*. The Arab invasion of Spain carried the aphorism there, for sententiousness is a habit of the Oriental mind. The tendency to the short sentence made a new departure in prose. The short, antithetical sentence strove for supremacy with the long, rambling, loose sentence, common in medieval English prose, and with the periodic manner of the Ciceronians<sup>17</sup> such as Cheke and Ascham. Prose simple in structure gained popularity. Lyly followed the new fashion. He recognized the convenience of the proverb, for he was writing copybook models for speech for the ladies and gentlemen at court. He found the proverb a tool ready at hand for his purpose. In addition, he needed only to please the ear and aid the memory by alliteration, balance, and rhyme. *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, there-

<sup>13</sup> W. W. Skeat, *Early English Proverbs*.

<sup>14</sup> John Morley, *Studies in Literature*, London, 1897, 62-63.

<sup>15</sup> Schneider, *Prose Style of Richard Rolle*, 82.

"The main cause for the over-refined Euphuism of the sixteenth century was the direct study and imitation (1) of classic and patristic Latin prose; (2) of Spanish prose, either directly, or by way of French translations.

<sup>16</sup> See Rev. J. S. Watson's *Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory*, London, 1871, II, 116, for a definition of *sententiae*.

<sup>17</sup> Saintsbury, *A History of Literary Criticism*, New York, 1905, II, 11.

"The Ciceronian has given his days and nights wholly to the study of Cicero. The 'copy' of his Ciceronian lexicon would already overload two stout porters. He has noted the differing sense of every word, whether alone or in context; and by the actual occurrence, not merely of the word itself, but of its form and case, he will be absolutely governed. Thus, if you are to be a true Ciceronian, you may say *ornatus* and *ornatissimus*, but not *ornatior*; while, though *nasutus* is permitted to you, both comparative and superlative are barred. In the same way, he will only pass the actual cases and numbers found in the Arpinate; though every one but, let us say, the dative plural occurs, the faithful must not presume to usurp that dative."

The foregoing quotation is from a review of the *Ciceronianus*, a satire by Erasmus.

fore, abounds in proverbs,<sup>18</sup> such as, "A pennyworth for your thoughts"; "A new broom sweepeth clean"; "It is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen"; "So many men, so many minds"; "The emptie vessell giveth a greater sound than the full barrell"; "The finest edge is made with the bluntest whetstone"; "The weakest must still to the wall"; "Love knoweth no laws."

A striking feature of *euphuism* is what has been called Lyly's "unnatural natural history." Lyly "cannot relate the most trivial incident without setting parallels between the sentiments of his characters and the virtues of toads, serpents, unicorns, scorpions, and all the fantastic animals mentioned in Pliny or described in the bestiaries of the Middle Ages."<sup>19</sup> "The viper tied to the bough of the Beech tree which keepeth him in a dead sleepe, though it beginneth with a sweet slumber"; the scorpion "engendered by Basill and by means of the same herb destroyed"; the Salamander "which being a long space nourished in the fire, at the last quenched it"; "the scorpion that feeds on the earth"; "the foul toad that has a fair stone in his head"; "the harte that being pearced with the darte, runneth out of hande to the hearbe Ditarium and is healed"; "the Bull that being tied to the figge tree loseth his strength"; these are examples of the kind of natural history that ornaments Lyly's pages.

Inseparable from the form of *euphuism* is its spirit. Lyly shared with his age the growing sense of nationality. Just as Gilbert and Barlow, believing that "God had prescribed limits unto" the Spanish and French nations and that "Englishmen, by the grace of God and the privilege of first discovery, had the right unto those countries of America from the Cape of Florida northward," heard the summons of the nation to extend the boundaries of England; so Lyly, impelled by the same national spirit, felt that he had a "sure call and election" to guide the vernacular. He, too, had a mission. Foreign influence must be combatted.

<sup>18</sup> For a definition of the proverb, see W. C. Hazlitt's *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, London, 1869, viii.

<sup>19</sup> J. J. Jusserand, *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, 105.



God-fearing men dreaded lest the introduction of foreign literature, due to the influx of French and Italian books, might corrupt the old-fashioned virtues of the lady and gentleman in England. Lyly wrote his novel *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, to warn his countrymen against the laxity of Italian morals and to extol the virtue of English women. Of Euphues, the hero, he writes:

It happened thys young Impe [Euphues] to arrive at Naples . . . the very walles and windows whereof shewed it rather to bee the Tabernacle of Venus, than the Temple of Vesta.

There was all things necessary and in redinesse that myght eyther allure the minde to luste, or entice the hearte to follye, a courte more meete for an Atheyst, then for one of Athens, for Ovid then Aristotle, for a graceless lover then for a godly lyver.<sup>20</sup>

*Euphuism*, then, was not merely a form of speech but a state of mind. The growing power of England and the brilliancy of the court of Elizabeth created a school of courtly writers who set men thinking about the ideals ladies and gentlemen at court should have. Among these writers, Lyly was leader. On the title page of *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, he asserts that his book is "very pleasant for all gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember." Quite appropriate, therefore, to this moral purpose, the book bids us take heed from the career of Euphues, a young man from Athens residing in Naples, who is led astray by his Italian environment<sup>21</sup> and tauntingly rejects the counsel of the wise old man Eubulus to avoid the snares of women. The story continues with Lucilla's inconstancy to Philautus. "And canst thou Lucilla be so light of love in forsaking Philautus to flye to Euphues?" And the story concludes with Euphues' betrayal of his friend and Lucilla's desertion of Euphues for another. But what can be expected, Lyly implies, in Italy, a land in which every married woman has her lover! In Euphues' letter to Philautus,

<sup>20</sup> *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, 185 of *The Complete Works of John Lyly*, ed. Bond, quoted in Feuillerat's *John Lyly*, 58, n. 3.

<sup>21</sup> Ascham in the *Scholemaster* warns against travel in Italy and Italian books. *English Works of Roger Ascham*, Cambridge, 1904, 229.



entitled "A cooling Card to Philautus and all Fond Lovers," Euphues warns Philautus against the wiles of love. The serious treatise, *Euphues and His Ephoebus*, at the end of this book, presents Euphues as a repentant for his folly in yielding to the "pleasantnesse of love" and as a model gentleman of the Renaissance, the perfect courtier of *El Cortegiano*. He becomes student, philosopher, religious recluse, and paragon of virtue. *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, then, becomes almost a handbook for such courtiers as, perchance, may be willing to be attentive to the counsels of Calvin concerning daily life. Lyly has heard the stern voices of Puritan divines. He sets forth the "ideals of protestant humanism."

*Euphues and His England* is different in tone. After telling the didactic tale of the retired courtier, Fidus, Lyly renounces somber moralizing and becomes a counselling gallant. Now he reproaches women for their cruelty and prudery; now he discloses the tricks of men and generously gives women good advice. Sometimes he puts before women such questions as, "Do they care more for platonic love or sensual love?" And he declares that those who are living examples of virtue have haggard features. To a remedy for love, which is the theme of *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* and of the story of Fidus in *Euphues and His England*, there succeeds an unmistakable *Art of Love*. In the space of two hundred pages, the book has turned upon itself, and the end is almost a denial of the beginning. The author's attitude toward the reader has also changed. He flatters, cajoles, tries to win. Moreover, *The Anatomy of Wit* is addressed to men; in it, woman appears as the Eternal Enemy. Not for an instant does the author suppose that she could be admitted into a gathering on intellectual equality with man. Lyly now renders to woman, the idol which he had burned, repentant homage. He grants to her a power before which he bows. At the end of *Euphues and His England*, he adds *Euphues Glasse for Europe*, a letter to the ladies of the continent in which he declares the court of England to be the abiding place of virtue. The women in

particular have no faults. They pass their mornings in prayer. They are never seen listening to the proposals of gallants or reading frivolous books such as Ariosto and Petrarch. They are luxuriously clothed; but it is not to gratify their coquetry; they seek only to honor their queen. Their beauty is natural and owes nothing to art: they do not use ointments; the hair they wear is all their own. They are chaste and are as abstemious as they are beautiful. They are never given to idleness. They never reply to the letters of lovers who pay court to them. They never utter coarse words. "They are in prayer devout; in bravery humble, in beauty chaste; in feasting temperate; in affection wise; in mirth modest, in all their actions though courtly, because women, yet Angels, because virtuous." This extreme flattery is surely ironical; but such irony in itself flatters the reader. Lyly knew that nothing pleases women so much — that, above all, nothing pleased women so much then — as this playful raillery. It occasioned long contests of wit, consummate repartee, and cleverly-devised subtilties in which they always gained the victory. Lyly is indisputably a past master in the difficult art of talking with women; and, in exercising this power, he found the true employment of his talents. In fact, *The Anatomy of Wit*, in spite of the success which it brought its author, was a wrong departure. Born a man of wit, Lyly was not adapted to take the solemn tone and inflexible attitude of a stern moralist. On the contrary, he was intended to flit in fashionable and idle society, to enliven by sallies of wit, and to conquer by sly compliance. He had been admitted into the court while he was composing *Euphues and His England*, and he followed the natural springs of his nature. He said farewell, probably without regret, to didactic and moral literature and to his dreams of regenerating society, to play the less noble but more brilliant part of man of wit and entertainer at court. His natural inclinations were too much for him. These inclinations he himself seems to admit, for the retired courtier Fidus says: "I have wished

oftentimes, rather be a BEE than not to be as I should be."<sup>22</sup>

On the side of content, therefore, the frequent use of the proverb, allusions to the fabulous natural history of the time, and an attempt to express English national spirit, to elevate the ideals of the courtier, and to pay homage to the English gentlewoman, are characteristics of Lyly's *euphuism*.

In moral purpose, Lyly was a disciple of Roger Ascham, and, by direct imitation, tacitly acknowledged his leadership. Both regarded themselves as preachers to their age. Ascham defines his aim in writing the *Schoolmaster* thus:

I have had earnest respect for three points: troth of religion, honesty in living, right order in learning.<sup>23</sup>

Lyly, perhaps recollecting Ascham's words, admonished:

When parents have more care how to leave their children wealthy than wise, and are more desirous to have them mainteine the name, then the nature of a gentleman: when they put gold into the hands of youth where they should put a rod under their gyrdle, when instead of awe they make them past grace and leave them rich executors of goods and poor executors of godlynes, then is it no mervaille that the son being left rich by his fathers Will, become retchles by his own will.<sup>24</sup>

An apparent influence, general but perceptible, is Castiglione's *El Cortegiano* (1528), accessible to Lyly in Hoby's translation, 1561. Lyly undoubtedly read this book; for both writers treat of the courtier and both *El Cortegiano* and *Euphues* are in some particulars parallel. *El Cortegiano* is the supreme embodiment of "that spirit of fine courtesy and upright manliness which is the great bequest

<sup>22</sup> The preceding passage concerning *Euphues and His England* is translated and adapted from Feuillerat's *John Lyly*, 88-94. The quotation is from Lyly's *Euphues and His England*, ed. Bond, 46.

<sup>23</sup> Ascham's *Works, Library of Old Authors*, IV, 86. Quoted from Feuillerat's *John Lyly*, 54.

<sup>24</sup> Lyly's *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, 185. Quoted from Feuillerat's *John Lyly*, 57-58, n.



of chivalry to the world." It presents in detail the qualities of the perfect courtier. He must have nobility of birth, proficiency in arms and sports, grace in manners, skill in speech, and wisdom in counsel. Like it, *Euphues* is a moral treatise; but, unlike it, *Euphues* has moral instruction in the form of precepts, grave reflections, and proverbs, scattered along a pathway of narrative. *Euphues* lacks systematic presentation, and abounds so much in eulogy of virtue expressed in general terms that, to speak euphuistically, we sense insincerity. In content, *Euphues* falls short of its distinguished predecessor; but, in point of view, it makes an advance. The reader passes from the objective, medieval world of the knight into the modern, subjective world of psychological analysis. If Lyly had made his inquiry into the springs of conduct more searching, he might have written the first psychological novel, and have anticipated by nearly three centuries George Meredith and Henry James. Still, like them, he is concerned with characters, although the characters move in the artificial life of hall and bower. We realize that we are being led out of the age of the "lance and war-horse" into that of the "walking-sword and pumps and silk stockings. . . . We feel the dawning empire of the fan, the glove, the high-heeled shoe, the bonnet, the petticoat, and the parasol."<sup>25</sup>

A source of influence upon Lyly much nearer to his time and much greater than *El Cortegiano* is Sir Thomas North's *The Diall of Princes*, a translation of Rene la Grise's *Luire dor de Marc Aurele* (1531), which, in turn, was a translation of Don Antonio de Guevara's *Libro del emperador marco aurelio con relox de principes*, published in 1529. *The Diall of Princes* went through three editions before Lyly's time; so it is reasonably probable that Lyly consulted it. It seems to form a bond between *El Cortegiano* and *Euphues*; for all three books are alike in plan; they differ in scope and method. In plan, *El Cortegiano*, in the first book, discusses the qualifications of a courtier;

<sup>25</sup> Introductory Essay of Lyly's *Complete Works*, ed. Bond I, 161.

in the second, his necessary accomplishments; in the third, the qualities of a noblewoman at court; and in the fourth, the proper relations between courtier and prince. *The Diall*, on the other hand, in the first book, explains the need a prince has for the Christian religion; in the second, the qualities of a true woman; in the third, the kind of wisdom a prince requires for public duties; and in the fourth, the qualities of a courtier. In scope, *El Cortegiano* gives the entire education of the prince for complete living, but *The Diall* exhorts him to gain the personal virtues of the Christian character and the public virtues of the Christian prince; in method, the first uses the dialogue; the second, the exhortation and the letter.

Though *The Diall* does not parallel *Euphues* in the striking manner that it parallels *El Cortegiano*, yet Landmann states:

*The Diall of Princes* and Lyly's *Euphues* exhibit the same style. They coincide in their contents in many points and both show the same dissertations on the same subjects. In both works are letters affixed at the end, and these letters treat of the same matter. In both occur the same persons, and some of these persons bear the same name. There is not much of a plot in either work; the principal contents of each are long dialogues, soliloquies, and moral dissertations on love and ladies, God, friendship, courtship, youth and education, Court and country.<sup>26</sup>

For example, the name of Lucilla, the light-minded daughter of the Emperor who is rebuked by him in the fifth of the Letters at the end of the *Diall*, is also that of Lyly's fickle heroine, similarly rebuked by her father Ferardo, pp. 243-4; while Livia is the correspondent to whom the Emperor's last letter is addressed in the *Diall*, as her namesake is the recipient of Euphues' last in Part I of Lyly's romance, p. 320. Book ii. chh. 32-40 of the *Diall* deal with Education; therefore Lyly writes his treatise "Euphues and his Ephoebus," but goes, as Guevara did, directly to Plutarch, whom he practically translates with additions of his own. Guevara devotes chh. 4 and 9-12 of his first Book to religious matters: hence Lyly feels it incumbent on him to introduce a dialogue between Euphues and Atheos to prove the existence of God; but his dialogue owes nothing at all to Guevara's

<sup>26</sup> F. Landmann, *Shakspeare and Euphuism*. *Euphues* an adaptation from Guevara. (*New Shakspeare Society Proceedings*, 1880-5), 255.



chapter. And, further, the *Diall* contains (1) (bk. i. 42) a letter from M. Aurelius to a disorderly nephew Episepo, at Athens, who prides himself on personal beauty, which suggests that of Euphues to Alcius, p. 316, who is similarly misengaged, but whose pride is based rather on old descent. (2) Two letters, to Domicio, iii. 34, and Torquado, iii. 41, to comfort them in banishment, which suggest one from Euphues to Botonio 'to take his exile patiently' (p. 313), taken, however, not from Guevara, but direct from Plutarch, *De Exilio*. (3) The tenth of the batch of Letters at the end of the *Diall* is from the Emperor 'To the amorous Ladies of Rome,' inveighing against their frivolity, and in the middle of it he pauses to exempt the respectable ladies of the capital from his censure: so, too, Lyly writes a misogynist 'Cooling Carde,' pp. 246 sqq., followed by an amende 'To the graue Matrones and honest Maydens of Italy,' pp. 257-9. From another work of Guevara's, *Avise de privados y doctrina de cortesanos*, North translated the fourth book of his *Diall* in the second edition; and this, together with the *Menosprecio del Corte*, is the original of that opposition between Court and country which appears so often in these letters written by Euphues. A sufficiently clear indication that Lyly was really imitating the *Diall* is found in his careless adoption of the university of Athens, pp. 184, 273, l. 29, 316, and of the Emperor, p. 319, of whom we have not previously heard, appropriate enough in Guevara's work, but anachronisms in his own romance of Elizabethan life.<sup>27</sup>

*The Diall of Princes* directly influences only *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, not *Euphues and His England*. The definite relations between North's work and Lyly's have just been pointed out; but, in addition, a general likeness in spirit and content, which it is difficult to appraise, exists. The following condensed table of contents of the *Diall* makes it evident that Lyly obtained suggestions from North:

In Book I. "How God from the beginning punished men by his justice; and especially those Princes who despised his church; how Princes and great Lords in olde time were lovers of men that were wise and learned; of the golden age in times past; and the worldly misery at present."

In Book II. "Of what excellency marriage is; that Princesses and great ladies ought to be obedient to their husbands: and how great shame it is to the husband that his wife should command him; a further persuasion of the author, to Princesses and other great

<sup>27</sup> Introductory Essay, Bond, 155-6.



ladies, to endeavor themselves to be wise, like women in older times were; of the education and doctrine of children while they are young; of ten conditions which good schoolmasters of a Prince should have."

In Book III. "An exhortation of the authour, unto great Princes and Noble men to embrace peace, and to avoyde all occasions of warre; that Princes and Noble men ought to despise the world, because there is nothing in it but plaine deceit; Princes and Nobles ought not to beare with Juglers, Jesters, parasites and common players, nor with any such kind of rascals and loyterers."

In Book IV. "How it is necessary for the Courtier (abiding in court) to be of a lively spirit and audacitie, then it is for the soldier that goeth to serve in the warres; what Courtiers should do to win their Prince's favor; what manners and gestures do best become a Courtier when hee speaketh to his Prince; what countenance and modesty becometh a Courtier for his behaviour at the Princes or Noble mans table, during the time of his meale; that Nobles, and affected of Princes, should not exceede in superfluous fare, nor be over-sumptuous in their Dyet."

The following selections, taken from different parts of *The Diall*, are quoted because they are quaint and because this book, unlike *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* and *Euphues and His England*, is rare:

Why doe the great mock the little, the faire the foul, the right the crooked, and the white the blacke, since they know that the vain glory which they have, their beauty also, shall have an end to day or to morrow.<sup>28</sup>

We see by experience, that women of nature are all weake, fraile fearefull, and tender: and finally, in matters of weight, not very wise. Then if matters of government require not onely science and experience, but also strength and courage to enterprise doubtfull things, wisdom for to know them, force to execute them, diligence for to follow them, patience for to suffer them, meanes to endure them: and above all, great strength and hope to compasse them: why then will they take from man the government, in whom all these things abound, and give it to the woman, in whome all these things doe want? The end why I speake these things before, is to require, counsell, to admonish, and to perswade Princesses and great Ladies, that they thinke it spoken (if they will be happy in marriage) to the end that they should be obedient to their husbands; for speaking the truth,

<sup>28</sup> North's *The Diall of Princes*, London, 1619, 142.

in that house, where the wife commaundeth the husband, we will call her a masculine woman, and him a feminine man. . . .

If a woman's children dye, shee may bring forth others: if she lose her goods, she may get them agayne; if her servants goe from her she may find others: if she see herself sad, GOD may comfort her: if she be sicke, she may be healed: but if shee be at debate with her husband, I cannot tell what she shall doe. . . .

Oftentimes the husbands come home chafed, troubled, wrathfull, angry, and vexed, and then women ought to take heede that they overthwart them not; for if they doe, it cannot be otherwise but that they shall have eyther evill words with his tongue, or else suffer sore blowes with his fists.<sup>29</sup>

She can shewe her worthinesse in nothing so much, as in bearing with an unworthie Husband. I meane, though shee understood that her husband hath little, that he knoweth little, and that he were worth little: yet shee should make men believe that he hath much, that he knoweth enough, and can do much.<sup>30</sup>

O world, for that thou art the world, so smal is our force, and so great our debilitie, that thou willing it, and we not resisting it, thou dost swallow us up in the most perillous gulfe, and in the thorns most sharpe thou dost pricke us: by the priviest wayes thou ledest us, and by the most stony waies thou carriest us. I meane, that thou bringest us to the highest favours to the end that afterwards with a push of thy pike thou mightest overthrow us.<sup>31</sup>

Let every man bethinke with himself, what it is that we suffer with the Beasts of this life: For, the Lyons doe feare us, the Wolves devoure our sheep, the dogges do byte us, the Cats scratche us, the Beare doeth teare us, the Serpents poysen us, the Bulls hurt us with their hornes, the Byrds doe overflye us, the Rats doe trouble us, and the worst of all is, that a little Flye sucketh our bloud in the day, and the poore Flea doth hynder and let us from sleeping in the night.<sup>32</sup>

If any come to speake with the courtier that were equall with his in degree, or meaner of calling or condition then himselfe, it is one of the first and chieftest points of ciuility and good manner, not to suffer him to open his lips to speake to him, before hee haue his cappe on his head, for one to talke commonly with the other with his cappe in his hand, is of great authority and reuerence, as from the duty of the subject to the Prince, or that of the seruant to the master.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, 196.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, 197.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, 431.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, 472.

The good Courtier must euer speake againe to him that speaketh to him, do him reuerence that doeth him reuerence, put off his cappe to him, that putteth off his, and hee must doe without any respect that hee is his friend or foe: for in the effects of good maners, no man ought so much to bee an Enemie, that the enmitie should breake the boundes of curtesie and humanity. It is rather for common persons, then for Courtlike gentlemen, in so meane things to show their enmitie.

For to say truly, the good Courtier should not shewe the enmitie of the heart, by putting on, or pulling off his Cap, but by taking sworde in hand to reuenge his quarrell.<sup>33</sup>

It is evident, then, that *The Diall of Princes* was a convenient source book for Lyly; but since *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* has only 147 pages in Bond's edition and *The Diall* has 768 pages, folio size,<sup>34</sup> Lyly evidently did not slavishly follow that compendious guide to complete living.

*The Diall of Princes* comes nearer to the life of common people and has greater moral sincerity than *Euphues* or *Euphues and His England*. Popular among readers then, it is too didactic for us now. It is, however, little more didactic than our problem plays or novels with a purpose. An apt turn in phrasing a moral was agreeable to their taste; but moral instruction soon cloy's ours. They enjoyed the direct appeal; we prefer to have truth presented implicitly.

In this examination of Lyly's *euphuism*, we have seen what his subject matter is and his probable indebtedness to *El Cortegiano* and to *The Diall of Princes*.

The dominant characteristics of his style are: first, interlaced alliteration; second, elaborate antithesis; and third, balance.

"Lyly," Morley says,<sup>35</sup> "added a new element to alliteration, in a more artful system than the mere pairing of nouns with adjectives that had the same first letter, a trick

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, 633.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, 1619.

<sup>35</sup> As the preceding citations prove, Morley is incorrect in giving Lyly this credit, but the 8th volume of *English Writers* was published before Schneider's *Prose Style of Richard Rolle* was published.



in which all dainty speakers were expert. . . . This particular ingenuity of *euphuism* in this respect was a combination of alliteration with antithesis, making the corresponding words in the same clause begin with the same letter. It is, so to speak, a transverse or interlaced alliteration rather than longitudinal, as in the balanced clauses. 'I shall have thee not only a comfort in my life, but also a companion in my love'; or in the antithesis, 'The faith of men, though it fry in their words it freezeth in their works.' 'Although hitherto, Euphues, I have shrined thee in my heart for a trustie friende, I will shunne thee hereafter as a trothles foe.'"<sup>36</sup>

In addition to the structural devices of alliteration, antithesis, and balance, he "seeks emphasis by use of a string of rhetorical questions, which sometimes answer each other":

And canst thou, Lucilla, be so light in loue in forsaking Philautus to flye to Euphues, canst thou prefer a stranger before thy countryman? a starter before thy companion, Why, Euphues doth perhappes desyre thy loue, but Philautus hath deserved it? Why Euphues feature is worthy as good as I, but Philautus his fayth is worthy a better. I, but the latter loue is most fervent. I, but the first ought to be more faythfull. I, but Euphues hath greater perfection. I, but Philautus hath deeper affection.<sup>37</sup>

"Or by repetition, of which no additional examples need be given.

"Assistant to these general means for giving emphasis (besides alliteration already mentioned) are detailed means, consisting of various means of sound-likeness:

"I. Complete sound-likeness:

"A. Of syllables, i.e., consonance, where vowel and consonant sounds are similar:

*Immoderate sleepe . . . immodest play.* Not the *carved visards* of a lewd woman, but the *incarnate visage* of a lascivious wanton.

<sup>36</sup> Morley's *English Writers*, VIII, 318-319.

<sup>37</sup> Introductory Essay, Lyly's *Complete Works*, 122.

"B. Of words, i.e., repetition, which reads at first like carelessness but occurs too often to be other than intentional:

A *warning* to make you wise, not a *warning* to prove others unfortunate.

"II. Partial sound-likeness:

"A. Assonance, or like vowel-sound only:

By so much the lesse I am to be *condemned*, by how much the more Euphues is to be *commended*. There to *lap* up, that he doth *cast* up.

"B. Annomination, or like consonant-sound only:

*Sophistrye . . . superioritie*. To bewaile hys *nurture*: and to muse at his *Nature*.

"C. Rhyme:

Bicause I *resemble* him in wit, I meane a little to *dissemble* with him in wyles.

"D. Puns and plays on words:

*Mannors . . . manners!* Want of learning . . . wanton lyvinge.

"Among his most ingenious uses of *word play* is the way in which, having used a word in one sense in the first member of a clause, he makes it do without verbal change in another sense, or as another part of speech, or with a different construction, in the second member:

I feare mee I am lyke to infect women with pride, *whiche yet* they have not, and men with spyte, *whyche yet* I would not. As well the Rose to distill, as the Nettle to sting.<sup>28</sup>

"Lyly aimed at quality of mind in style: treatment of

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, 124-125.

sentence, not haphazard agglomeration of clauses, phrases, and words, but as a piece of literary architecture whose end is foreseen in the beginning, and whose parts are calculated to muster to the total effect. Of this mental quality, this architectural spirit in style, Antithesis is the most powerful instrument. It may be, it is, the fact that Lyly abused it; that in his devotion to form he forgot its large dependence on matter. . . . It cannot affect his claim to have taken the first momentous step in the development of English prose, by obeying a rule of design and aiming at elegance and precision of form."<sup>39</sup> He was the first noted writer to make sentence-structure precise. His failure lies in distracting our attention from his thought by artifice and in soothing us into a kind of intellectual stupor in which the mind loses the thread of his discourse.

These devices sugar-coat instruction and make truths easy to remember. Lyly's novels furnished a storehouse of quotations to admonish courtiers. As late as 1632, the publisher Edward Blount, recalling the earliest enthusiasm of the public, writes,

Our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. *Euphues and His England* began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars, and that beauty in Court, which could not parley *euphuism* was as little regarded, as she which, now here, speaks not French.

Jusserand declares that Lyly "created a school, and the name of his hero served to baptize a whole literature. This particular form of bad style was called euphuism." But the so-called "bad" style had a wholesome quality. Many writers of Lyly's time had formed the practice of adorning their English by borrowing many foreign words. Affectation for "Ynkhorne termes," Sir Thomas Wilson denominated it. He scornfully parodied this style in "a letter devised by a Lincolnshire Man"<sup>40</sup> and then counselled authors to use "their mothers language." Lyly served the vernacu-

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, 145.

<sup>40</sup> Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 162-163.



lar by heeding this precept of Wilson and that of Count de Canosa in *El Cortegiano*: "Words should be precise, choice, rich, and rightly formed." He cultivated in his garden some exotic plants, but chiefly grew such old-fashioned flowers as the marigold and sweet william. Or, to change the figure, he blazed the trail for the sturdy steps of Howells, Walton, and Bunyan.

Lyly's style has been attributed to the tendencies of his time and to the direct influence of Pettie. Feuillerat, as has already been mentioned, believes that Lyly merely intensified the formal characteristics of the works of his predecessors, especially those of Roger Ascham and of Pettie, whose *Petite Pallace of Pettie His Pleasure*, published in 1576, two years before *Euphues*, had *euphuism* complete. But Feuillerat seems not to have been aware of the prevalence of "oral pattern" in the patristic literature of the Middle Ages, and of the currency of *euphuism* throughout the sixteenth century. It would be difficult, of course, to discover how much Lyly was influenced by such predecessors and how much by more available models, such as the *Diall of Princes*, which Lyly imitated and which in style resembles *Euphues*.

First, *The Diall* has interlaced or transverse alliteration and, in the following passage, embodies it with the pun:

Vertue maketh a stranger grow naturall in a strange country, and vice maketh the naturall a stranger in his own country.<sup>41</sup>

Let them know that are ignorant, and thou Lady Lyvia, if thou wilt know, Love sleepeth when we waken, and walketh when we sleepe: laugheth when we weepe, and weepeth when we laugh. . . . It assureth in taking, and taketh in assuring: it speeketh when wee bee still, and is still when wee speake.<sup>42</sup>

It uses balance with alliteration:

Bee the beasts never so wilde, at length the Lion is ruled by his keeper, . . . the Horse ruled by the bridell, the little hooke catcheth

<sup>41</sup> *Diall*, 5.

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*, 764.

the fishe, the Oxe contented to yeele to the yoake; onelie a woman is a beast, which will never be tamed, she never loseth her boldness of commanding, nor by any bridle will be commanded. The Gods have made men as men, and beasts as beasts, and mans understanding very high, and his strength of great force; yet there is nothing be it never of so great strength and power that can escape a woman, eyther with sleight or might.<sup>43</sup>

It uses the rhetorical question:

Tell me whither thou goest? from whence thou comest? What thou meanest? What thou thinkest? What thou desirest? What thou demandest? And what thou procurest? And further, to what Realms and Provinces thy disordinate appetite extendeth?<sup>44</sup>

It, too, has the various sound-likenesses:

I. Complete sound-likeness:

A. Repetition:

It hath both pleased *thee* we shuld *see thee*, not desiring to *see thee*, and wee have *obeied thee*, not willing to *obey thee*, and that we should *salute thee*, not desirous to *salute thee*.<sup>45</sup>

II. Partial sound-likeness:

A. Assonance:

Others in the Fieldes *wandering*, others in their gardens *banqueting*.<sup>46</sup>

B. Rhyme:

They would *abstaine* from meates that they should *maintaine* their life.<sup>47</sup>

She . . . made herself in her Honour and *renowne* better to be *knowne*.<sup>48</sup>

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, 748.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, 98.

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, 98.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, 200.

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, 198.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, 200.

North, then, in 1557, twenty-one years before *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* was published, furnished a model of complete euphuistic style.

Mackail, in his *History of Latin Literature*, notes that:

In the second century A.D., there is a new style in Latin which is almost naive and childish in simplicity of general structure and that, in its minute and intricate ornament, it is like a diapered wall of a figured tapestry, where hardly an inch of space is ever left blank.<sup>49</sup>

Of this style, Apuleius' *Metamorphoses*, about 130 A.D., is the great example. Mackail does not hint that this style is euphuistic; Professor Morris W. Croll, in a discussion of *euphuism* in the works of the church fathers, says:

The form of the style of Apuleius is hardly distinguishable in some of his works from that of Cyprian.<sup>50</sup>

But he is the only scholar, I believe, who has called attention to this fact. Since he gives no examples and since this style is remarkable in so early a period, I have selected the following from about ten consecutive pages in *Metamorphoses*, Book I.

#### Simple alliteration:

*Mira, in quam, nec minus, saeva me Socrates memoras.*<sup>51</sup>

*Aliquantulum processeramus; et jam juburis exortu cancta colustrantur; et ego curiose sedulo arbitrabar juglum comitis, qua parte gladium delapsum videram vensane, ajo quin poculis et vono supulitis extrima seminasti.*<sup>52</sup>

#### Interlaced or transverse alliteration:

*Frequens ibi numerus epulorum, et, utpote apud primatem feminam, flos ipse civitatis.*<sup>53</sup>

<sup>49</sup> J. W. Mackail, *Latin Literature*, 238.

<sup>50</sup> Croll, *Euphues*, xxvi.

<sup>51</sup> *Apuleii Opera Omnia*, ed. A. J. Valpy, London, 1825, Vol. I, Sec. 8.

<sup>52</sup> Apuleius, *Metamorphoseon*, Amsterdam, 1786, Libri XI, 58.

<sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*, 134.



Et fores ad pristinum statum integrae resurgunt; cardines ad foramina resident, postes ad repagula redeunt, ad claustra pessuli recurrunt.<sup>54</sup>

Balance with alliteration and rhyme:

At ille qui coeperat, nae, inquit, istud mendacium tam verum est, quam si qui velit dicere, magico susurramine amnes agiles reverti mare pigrum colligari, ventos inanimes exspirare, solem inhiberi, Lunam despumari, stellas, evelli, diem tolli, noctem teneri.<sup>55</sup>

Assonance:

Nam et *liras* et *virgas* et habitum prosus magistratui congruentem in te video.<sup>56</sup>

Rhyme:

Lectulo refoveo, cibo satio, poculo mitigo, fabulis permulceo.<sup>57</sup>

Potens illa et regina caupona quid mulieris est? Saga, inquit, et divina, potens coelum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, Manes sublimare, Deos infirmare, sidera extinguere, Tartarum ipsum illuminare.<sup>58</sup>

This casual reading of these few pages makes it seem likely that a careful study would show elaborate patterns in style, new perhaps in type and more significant even than Lyly's most artificial forms.<sup>59</sup>

Edmund Gosse declares: "The entire history of literature shows that the lamp of genius has always been handed on from hand to hand." Rolle, Fisher, Elyot, Latimer,

<sup>54</sup> *Opera Omnia*, I, Sec. 10.

<sup>55</sup> *Metamorphoseon*, XI, 17.

<sup>56</sup> *Opera Omnia*, I, Sec. 18.

<sup>57</sup> *Metamorphoseon*, I, 31.

<sup>58</sup> *Opera Omnia*, I, Sec. 6. Notice the interlaced rhyme, -ere-are-ere-are.

<sup>59</sup> The only works I have found on the style of Apuleius are the following: Alfredus Kirchhoff's *De Apulei Clausularum compositione et arte quaestiones critical*, Lipsiae, MCMII.

Ernestus Schober's *De Apulei Metamorphoseon compositione numerosa*, Halle, MCMIV.

Neither work touches upon *euphuism* in Apuleius.

Ascham, and Pettie, like the signal lights of the beacon that flashed the tidings of the fall of Troy to the watchman crouching anxiously on the roof of Agamemnon's palace, handed on to Lyly the message of their genius. Antithesis, balance, interlaced alliteration, characteristics of style common to his predecessors, Lyly adopted, intensified, made popular, and in turn carried on to his followers. The influence of these devices on the form of our prose makes us his debtors. Proverbs, literary material from the bestiaries, from *El Cortegiano*, and from *The Diall of Princes*, Lyly refashioned so thoroughly that it is not derogatory to his genius to show that he did not originate *euphuism*. He merits honor because he fused the elements of formal prose into a closely-woven, elaborated style. His example made possible the balanced sentences of Addison, Steele, Johnson, Burke, and Macaulay. We may well apply to *Euphues* what Sidney Lee says concerning North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*: "It is a primordial monument of ripe literary composition, and one of the richest sources of our literary language."

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## MELODIA

From the Spanish of Rafael M. Mendive.<sup>1</sup>

CARESSSED by the zephyr  
The rose bends, and gladly  
Her perfume gives madly  
Her passion to prove;  
And filled with aromas, with life, with rejoicing,  
The woodways, the rivers,  
The winds — Heaven-voicing —  
Exhale, too, sweet perfumes of peace and of love.

So pure — ah, so holy! —  
The sighs of the flower  
That drift from the bower  
To die in the grove —  
As pure as the tears which bright visions engender  
In eyes dark with dreaming,  
Grown misty and tender  
When kissed by the lips of the soft wind of love.

'Tis sweet to lie dreaming  
Of endless tomorrows  
Unburdened of sorrows  
Or cares that reprove,  
That pass like the slow, tranquil flow of a river  
Whose waves in the moon-glow  
With happiness quiver  
When touched by the breath of the soft wind of love.

The bird brings her singing —  
The sea weaves her laces —  
The rose gives her graces —  
Our senses to move;

<sup>1</sup> The author of this Spanish — or rather, Cuban — lyric was born in Havana in 1821 and died there in 1886. The original is one of the favorite songs of the Cubans; and the translator has endeavored to preserve faithfully the metre as well as the content of the original.



The earth offers riches of life overflowing,  
And Heaven its cloud fields  
And stars, faintly glowing  
Like golden-flamed candles on altars of love.

But ah, can the spirit  
Be waked to emotion  
By murmurs of Ocean,  
By notes of the dove,  
By flames and aromas of passion and gladness  
If it breathe not, enraptured,  
The perfumes of madness  
That drift on the wings of the soft wind of love?

To us, mad with longing,  
The world gives its treasures —  
Its pangs and its pleasures —  
While stars burn above;  
And drunk with night's magic that soothes and rejoices,  
Our souls hear the murmurs  
Of Heaven-born voices  
That ceaselessly whisper: To live is to love!

JAMES C. BARDIN

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## THE SUMMA OF ROMANTICISM

TWENTY years ago, Eighteenth Century English literature was the almost undisputed field of Sir Leslie Stephen. Dobson and Gosse had taken a dilettante interest in Queen Anne coffee houses and Georgian beaux; but scholarship, especially American scholarship, had been neglectful. Perhaps it was too deep in Elizabethan tragedies, in emendations of Chaucer manuscripts, and in innumerable *Beowulf* problems; perhaps the curse of the Romantic poets still hung heavy over the bag-wigs and square-cuts: at any rate, there was a hiatus of research between Milton and Wordsworth. Curiously enough, the curse pronounced by Romanticism prevented the study of its own origins and essence; and this failure to understand the Eighteenth Century background seriously impaired all criticism of the Nineteenth Century. But a great change has come. In 1893, Phelps published his *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, and five years later Beers<sup>1</sup> brought out his more authoritative work, pointing out the Eighteenth Century revival of Milton and Spenser, and the interest in Gothic, and in Celtic and Germanic antiquity. A harvest of books and papers soon followed, showing international cross-currents, showing causes and effects, ramifying into the arts and sciences, into politics and the industrial world, into philosophy, ethics, æsthetics, and metaphysics. French and German Romanticism, which have a long scholarly history on the continent, lent their aid with analogies and influences. To-day the field of Eighteenth as well as early Nineteenth Century Romanticism is approaching that state of critical cultivation at which some scholar can achieve a view sufficiently broad, and yet detailed, to enable him to compose a *summa critica*, disengage the essential virtue of Romanticism, define it, and demonstrate its workings and results. No less significant, is the

<sup>1</sup> Phelps and Beers are very similar in tone. Their view, even if one accepts their definition of Romanticism, needs rigid supplementing. See R. D. Havens, *Publ. of Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, 1912, 297-324, and H. E. Cory, *Edmund Spenser*, University of California Publications, 1917, 404 ff.

purpose of Professor Babbitt's recent book, *Rousseau and Romanticism*.<sup>2</sup>

The author has ample background, not only in the literature of Western Europe, both Classical and Modern, but also in that of India and China. The book consists of ten chapters, the first on "the terms Classic and Romantic," the following eight on different phases of Romanticism, and the last on "the present outlook." The style is brilliant: indeed, one forgets Babbitt's learning, in admiration of his piquant phrases and in the gusto of his steely satire, satire begotten of acute perception and a nice analytical faculty. This faculty is particularly employed in puncturing shams and in applying the acid test of ethical probity. The book might be clearer in detail if the analysis had also displayed itself in a more clear-cut plan for each chapter; and the scholar might wish complete footnote references and an ampler index; but, as it is, the work overflows with sound learning, sensible deductions, and purple passages of critical prose.

To frame a definition of Romanticism that will really express the *Ding an sich*, is no easy matter. Efforts have been numerous and conflicting. Beers looks upon Romanticism as essentially the revival, in the Mid-Eighteenth Century, of English as opposed to French or Italian or Classical traditions. Miss Reynolds treats it rather as a renaissance of interest in Nature, culminating in the Pantheistic cult of Wordsworth.<sup>3</sup> Neilson looks upon it, not as an occasional movement, but as a permanent "essential" of literature, sometimes dominant, sometimes submerged, and identifies it with "imagination."<sup>4</sup> Richardson considers it as a phase of the industrial evolution, and studies its economic relations.<sup>5</sup> Finally comes Babbitt who judges it ethically by its fruits in the art-works it has produced, in the lives

<sup>2</sup> Irving Babbitt, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, Boston and New York, 1919. Mr. Babbitt is Professor of French Literature at Harvard University.

<sup>3</sup> Myra Reynolds, *Nature in English Poetry*, University of Chicago, 1909. She does not say that this is all or even the essence of Romanticism.

<sup>4</sup> W. A. Neilson, *Essentials of Poetry*, Boston and New York, 1912, Ch. III.

<sup>5</sup> G. F. Richardson, *The Romantic Revolt*, University of California, 1915.



it has influenced, in the national movements with which it is allied. He defines Romanticism according to the traditional use of the word, as a breaking away from the all-roundness, the fine symmetry, the poise, the dignity and decorum of the classic ideal; he defines it as an excess, spiritual, intellectual, or emotional. He points out that, in the last thousand years, Western Europe has experienced three great Romantic movements, corresponding to these three different types: the Mediæval Romanticism with its stressing of the spiritual, Renaissance Romanticism, with its intellectual excesses that finally ran to seed in the conceits of the "metaphysical" poets, and finally the emotional Romanticism of the last hundred and fifty years.<sup>6</sup> Generalizations are dangerous things; but these combine suggestive value with at least a considerable degree of truth.

The author proceeds to limit the work in hand to an evaluation of this Emotional Romanticism; and he takes up in turn, the Romantic Genius, Romantic Imagination, Romantic Morality, Romantic Love, and various other aspects of the subject. But perhaps the book can most justly be summarized by reviewing his theory of the rise, the progress, and the effects of the Romantic philosophy of life.<sup>7</sup>

Neo-classicism admitted two traditions: one, which was humanistic and classical, aimed to create a man most perfectly fitted to live among men, sane in judgment, balanced in mind, a follower of the useful middle way; the other tradition was religious, emulating a Christian model that came down through the Middle Ages, was somewhat modified by the Reformation, and, by a mutual compromise, lived on comfortable speaking terms with humanism. The classic aim was to form the urbane gentleman by imitation of Socrates or Horace; the religious, to form the humble Christian by imitation of Christ. Both ideals called upon the individual to subject himself to a rigorous discipline of imitation; and both looked upon the individual man in his

<sup>6</sup> Babbitt, 31.

<sup>7</sup> In the examples cited, I have drawn from my own researches as well as from Babbitt.

native and natural state as highly imperfect, if not essentially bad. Calvin preached "original sin"; and Hobbes described the "State of Nature" as a condition of war, barbarism, and distress. Beginning with Shaftesbury, the reaction set in — Shaftesbury, who enunciated the beneficence of God and the benevolence of Man. By the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Rousseau was developing this idea through infinite ramifications, political, sociological, and literary: Man is good; sin and evil are from institutions and conventions. *Ergo*, destroy institutions and conventions. Thus the same movement that guillotined Marie Antoinette, also overthrew the heroic couplet in English verse and gave rise to the music-drama of Gluck and Wagner. Man is good; therefore let him expand his emotions. Man is good; therefore, I am good; let me expand this innate loveliness by cultivating my unique temperament — even though I become an intellectual freak and a social pest. Emotionality ran riot; and the most popular emotion in the Eighteenth Century was melancholy. Society was flooded with tears. Burns' favorite novel, Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, has weeping upon almost every page. The tears were not shed for any cause but the mere joy of shedding, nor to any purpose but the supererogatory deliciousness they induced. They were a genteel display of one's fine "sensibility." Nature, especially in her gloomier and more Romantic moods, was found to be an excellent stimulant to the lachrymose. Gothic ruins added a piquant suggestion of the Golden Age and the blissful State of Nature. The imagination supplied a whole new machinery for pumping up emotions; and, if that failed, "Memory"\* might freely be called upon.

But melancholy palled; the terrible, the horrific, the Titanic, largely displaced it: Shelley wrote a *Prometheus*; Byron, a *Manfred* and a *Cain*; the erotic was not forgotten; and Wordsworth's Pantheism parodied religious meditation.

\* Memory is one of the most popular themes of the minor poets of the period.



From the more ordinary forms of Nature, taste shifted to the wild, then to the stormy, the remote, the exotic, the mystic, and the putrescent. Indeed, Nineteenth Century Romanticism is largely the chasing of thrills; and the same psychology that produced a Titanic Schlegel and a theatric Hugo, fostered Diamond Dick and the yellow journal. Some authors were specialists in emotional *finesse*, like the Æsthetes; some, like Zola and Hauptmann, specialized in intellectual brutishness; for Realism is only Romanticism "gone on all fours." Sometimes, it studies itself as in Flaubert; sometimes laughs at itself, as in Heine. At last even the most *outré* and *précieux* "naturalness" would no longer do; and the movement that started in an ecstasy over Nature, had a culminating point in Huysmans' *A Rebours* and Baudelaire's *Paradis artificiel*. In like fashion, the initial optimism in uncontrolled human impulse was largely wrecked in the French Revolution: it was discovered that these "beautiful souls," like Robespierre, overflowing with human sympathy and innate benevolence, had no difficulty in conducting a Reign of Terror. The contrast between the Real and the Ideal became evident; and the Romantic artist retired into the "ivory tower" of his imagination, emerging from its tintillating melancholy only, like Ruskin, to dart fierce shafts at a mechanistic age or to indulge in Romantic Irony against his own sad lot.

The foregoing sketch of the rise and progress of Romanticism is a very inadequate summary of the facts scattered up and down Babbitt's fascinating pages. The book is, however, more concerned with demonstrating the results of the movement, the results in art, the results on the life of the artist, the results on society and civilization. In its extensive condemnation of modern tendencies, it reminds one of Nordau's *Degeneration*; but *Degeneration* was too purely based on criminology of the Lombroso school; there was something too wholesale and undistinguishable about its dithyrambic jeremiad. Babbitt is more restrained, more reasonable, endowed with a truer insight and a greater



literary background. Both, however, come to similar conclusions.

Romanticism produces, at best, second-rate art; for its basic conception of human nature is wrong: Man is not an angel; and Society is not a fiend — nor is Naturalism any better in declaring Man and Society both fiendish. Either conception obliterates that conflict between Good and Evil which forms the moral life of the individual and gives ethos and universal meaning to art. For this, it substitutes an Arcadia that cannot for a moment endure the light of common day. Moreover, all of these fine Arcadias are different. St. Pierre turns the Isle de Bourbon into an exotic abode of sweetness and light. Schopenhauer makes the world a chamber of horrors, calling the result Buddhist, and craves a spiritual vacuity, terming it Nirvana.<sup>9</sup> Sentimental comedy preaches the natural virtue of the fallen woman. Schiller, whose Karl Moor used the proceeds of highway robbery to send meritorious young men to college, and, indeed, the whole fraternity of Titans, assure us that the criminal is really a benevolent gentleman and a useful member of society. Wordsworth wanders around in the woods, "mixes himself up with the landscape," finds it pleasant, and calls it a new Philosophy and a new Religion.<sup>10</sup> Hugo declares that an ass that avoids crushing a toad is "holier than Socrates and greater than Plato."<sup>11</sup> The sense of relative values in Balzac, Browning, Ibsen, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoi, is not much better. Such literature turns the facts upside down. Art is no longer put upon an ethical foundation of actual human experience but upon an Æsthetic basis: its business — whether it pretend to follow Nature photographically, or to invent an Arcadia, or to expound theories, or what-not — is actually to give thrills. Whether we are deepened in insight human or spiritual, is beside the point: advertising, melodrama, paradox, and sham, sham philosophy, sham religion, sham social panaceas, these do

<sup>9</sup> As a student of the original Pali MSS., Babbitt is able to criticize with some authority the pseudo-Buddhism of Schopenhauer.

<sup>10</sup> Babbitt, 83, 91.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, 146.

not make for "high seriousness," for a literature that "sees life and sees it whole." Romantic art at best is a charming Arcadian lie; and not even the wittiest defense of lying can make it a serious criticism of life, a thing to believe in and to act upon. It serves only a recreative function, to banish ennui from an idle hour or soothe the ubiquitous tired business man.

Those who have taken such works seriously, especially the authors, have done so at their peril. Man, they say, is essentially good; remove all barriers of civilization, and his innate virtue will flower in the millennium: but, unfortunately, when the Romanticists had "cracked" these barriers, what they found was *la bête humaine*. The terrible disillusion crushed many promising careers; and it is the common story for the Romantic dreamer to end a drug-fiend like Coleridge or De Quincey, or insane like Turner or Ibsen or Wilde. By their fruits, ye shall know them! Gautier's famous introduction to *Les Fleurs du Mal* has a certain homiletic suggestion, which he doubtless never intended. He is discussing Baudelaire's club of hasheesh-eaters, composed of disillusioned "beautiful souls," sufferers from *Weltschmerz*. He was writing only a few years after the events described. Toward the end, he adopts an elegiac tone, and reminds us that of all the society of youth that had frequented those brilliant purlieus, none were still alive but himself — and he was only an occasional visitor. Even those Romanticists, like Wordsworth and Chateaubriand, who managed to acquire some stability in later years, are liable to show only an incomplete maturity. The head and the heart do not correspond; and the poetic gift is extinct. The wonder and the dream fly, chiefly because they were based in the green-sickness of youth and in youth's undue excitement, not in any well-founded exaltation of the highest faculties. Romanticism is not the outstanding merit of Wordsworth's inner life, but is the blight that reduced his art to second rate, and finally killed it outright. To the individual, Emotional Naturalism is a curse: the Naturalism blots out spiritual insight; and the Emotionalism takes



away the *frein vital*, the moral check, puts the Romanticist "beyond good and evil," and leaves him a chaos of sensations instead of a well-ordered plan of life.

In dealing with nationalities and large social groups, Babbitt has somewhat less opportunity for concrete detail; but he makes vivid use of Taoism, China's great Naturalistic movement from 550 to 200 B.C. The arts and sciences perished; learning was destroyed; libraries burned by imperial command; the social structure dissolved into anarchy, and a long Reign of Terror ensued, a condition not altogether unlike that of Bolshevik Russia. The blossoming of Romantic *Kultur* into the Great War points another moral; and the Rousseauistic trend of education and culture in America to-day is an ominous sign that our own country is rapidly emulating Germany's example. Romanticism, in short, is a vicious and dangerous intellectual phenomenon, a blight to the works and the lives of its professors and a danger to civilized society. In discussing American conditions, Babbitt gives one passage that I cannot forbear quoting. He is illustrating the fact that the Rousseauist allows love and professions of sweet emotions to pass for "fulfilment of the law":

If it can only be shown that a person is sympathetic, we are inclined to pardon him his sins of unrestraint, his lack, for example, of common honesty. As an offset to the damaging facts brought out at the investigation of the sugar trust, the defense sought to establish that the late H. O. Havemeyer was a beautiful soul. It was testified that he could never hear little children sing without tears coming to his eyes. His favorite song, some one was unkind enough to suggest, was "little drops of water, little grains of sand." The newspapers again reported not long ago that a notorious Pittsburg grafter had petitioned for his release from the penitentiary on the grounds that he wished to continue his philanthropic activities among the poor. Another paragraph that appeared recently in the daily press related that a burglar while engaged professionally in a house at Los Angeles discovered that the lady of the house had a child suffering from croup, and at once came to her aid, explaining that he had six children of his own. No one could really think amiss of this authentic descendant of Schiller's Karl Moor.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Babbitt, 141.



Babbitt's position toward Romanticism is unequivocal. He satirizes it out of court with trenchant acumen and Voltairean wit. But what has he to put in its place? If his book does not achieve a certain fame as the *summa* of Romanticism, scholars of the future may perhaps mark it as a document in the rise of a New Classicism, based upon a fresh insight that, one hopes, may beget a new decorum and a new art. Romanticism has run to seed in the "erotic, neurotic, and tommy-rotic"; Realism has declined into Naturalism; Balzac has had his Zola; and Zola, his Hauptmann. Prophecies are dangerous; but at least one can say that the "imaginative insight" that Babbitt recommends, insight that is to see life and see it whole, through all the beclouding veil of sensuous illusion, would be an alluring program for a new art. In society, Babbitt hopes for a new humanism, a humanism that cultivates the human as opposed to the "natural" and brutish in men, that improves rather than destroys the social structure. A deepened religious sense, he also desires, to make men realize that, however cleverly they have chained the forces of Nature to their will, it is after all a triumph only of man's meaner powers, and that there are such things as moral law and religious humility.

The adequate summary of such a work is difficult; but any just criticism is even more so. Anyone who has worked in the field, however, can test the book's general validity, can suggest certain limitations to its breadth of view, and can make queries as to the completeness of its synthesis. The case against Romanticism is very strong; the facts are there; and the deductions, inexorable — but are *all* the facts there? Babbitt himself admits that at least two Romantics finally achieved something that approached true ethical and imaginative insight, Goethe and George Sand. The Renaissance had but one Shakespeare, the Middle Ages but one Dante — what can we expect? Babbitt might reply that these two achieved their insight too late in life for it to do much literary good. What then of Keats who "has written lines that have high seriousness"?<sup>18</sup> After all, is

<sup>18</sup> Babbitt, 358.

there not something in Neilson's attitude that there are certain "essentials" in poetry — imagination, reason, sense of fact — and that the supreme masterpiece comes from a proportionate blending? The Neo-Classical Age had too much reason and too dry a sense of fact; the Romantic revolt threw over both for a type of imagination that may have been ecstatic but was founded on a chimera. Nineteenth Century art has gained ecstasy at the cost of ethics. The result is not happy; but is it any worse than the stilted Pseudo-Classicism of the Eighteenth Century? Perhaps the last two hundred years have not produced a single artist to rank with Homer; but, at least, there are individual poems showing the substantial insight and the formal proportion of true beauty. One may pick one's own examples: what of Keats' *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, of Wordsworth's sonnet *To Milton*, of Shelley's *Adonais*? Romanticism *per se*, may be poisonous; but a little poison sometimes has a salutary effect.

From the point of view of the professing Romanticist, Babbitt's case is very significant; but the career of letters has always been, in Gautier's phrase, "a dolorous path." Marlowe died in a brawl; Tasso and Swift went insane; and, as Macaulay pointed out in his essay on Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Eighteenth Century conditions were wretched. If the Romantic career of letters was all emotional, why, one asks, did the authors persist in it when the emotions became unpleasant? The answer is difficult, and would differ in individual cases. At the risk of Babbitt's moral anathema, I would suggest that the misery was not quite always their own fault. Richardson's work on the rise of science<sup>14</sup> and the industrial revolution, is not without meaning. The social stress has been bitter and long; and no wonder it has made Arcadia a desirable place of residence; no wonder unreal emotions have often produced insincere and unethical art: the world has not been a happy place for him who deals in the commodities of the spirit; and it is not surprising that many who could not attain the greatest

<sup>14</sup> Babbitt realizes this relation, 122, 138, 165-7, 179, 299-300, 345, 364.



heights have perished miserably: it is not everyone who can fight the fight of *Athanasius contra mundum*.

As a national philosophy, Emotional Naturalism is a serious menace; for it may lead direct to anarchy. But after all, are the examples Babbitt gives quite as typical as he would have us believe? Our literature may be third-rate, and its point of view none too ethical; but is it worse than the cant of Eighteenth Century didacticism, than the obscenity of Restoration comedy, than the melodrama of the decadent Elizabethans, than the furbelowed affectation of a Lyly or the worn-out artificiality of late Mediæval romance? And after all, just as these monuments served a literary and social purpose, have not Sentimentalism, Romanticism, Emotional Naturalism, been serving a purpose? Babbitt recognizes and approves their recreative function: in this age of racing machinery, anything is to be given at least a sort of approval that can soothe mankind's exasperated nerves, and give a moment's diversion. Psychological criticism has been much sneered at of late, largely, I suspect, because of its Freudian relation and its interest in sex-problems; but Psychology can help us to correct Æsthetic evaluations. It can perhaps give us side-lights on the functioning of recreation, and tell us something of the mind's reaction to art. Romantic literature may be little more than a hodge-podge of sense-impressions with little rhyme or reason; and yet, if it has helped mankind to face and assimilate the terrible gift of power over Nature that modern Science has bequeathed to us, to endure the crash of endless elevated trains outside our windows and the danger of automobiles at every crossing — not to mention the scientific horrors of the Great War — it has fulfilled a grave historic purpose. Of course, the question arises: does it actually help us in the long run? The sale of yellow journalism and of cheap fiction is the obvious reply of the majority. Whether the social good or bad outweighs in these influences, only criticism, psychology, and the future can tell.

<sup>15</sup> Babbitt, 356.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, 360.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 290.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 264.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, 358.



Of the positive side of Babbitt's theory, little can be said; for we have no exact definition of "imaginative insight." A return to classical proportion and decorum would have enormous advantages after a hundred years of Romantic debauch: history is used to these repentances of the morning after; the effect is often good; but is it art? Such was Neo-Classicism; and although Babbitt condemns it in general for superficiality of insight, yet he admits that Dr. Johnson, as nearly as anyone this side of Sophocles, approximates his ideal.<sup>15</sup> Only a few pages later, however, he is constrained to grant that Johnson is "wise without being poetical."<sup>16</sup> This is an unfortunate condition. He gives Shakespeare at least a comparative praise; but even his "truth sublime with fairy fiction dressed," would appear to be none too poised and balanced.<sup>17</sup> Cervantes occupies a place just below him.<sup>18</sup> Chaucer has not even a rating. Sophocles and Dante are put above Keats; and Milton is "on the whole highly serious."<sup>19</sup> The critic's standard seems too high to find very perfect exemplification in earlier any more than in modern generations; and one suspects that, after all, the standard is rather a theoretic concept than an actual thing that any author is ever likely to embody very exactly.

*Rousseau and Romanticism* is a valuable *summa* of a hundred and fifty years of literature and culture. Its analysis of fact is highly suggestive to the scholar; its brilliant style is sure to be alluring to the general reader. Its point of view is a reasonable deduction from the facts presented: whether these are all the facts, or always the most characteristic facts, however, is a matter of question. The book is a land-mark in summing up the past, and perhaps in pointing a way to the future. As a work of scholarship, it seems the most complete synthesis yet accomplished of the Romantic revolt; for the general reader, it combines delightful reading with the wise monition that Arcadia is Arcadia, and not Chicago or New York.

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## THE PROFESSOR RAMBLES

### Random Reminiscences of 1919-1922

**W**ITHIN sight, and almost within speaking distance, of the Hall of Fame — that colonnade which suggested the name of the publication of the Andiron Club — there stands a red brick building, vine-clad, piazza-ed, the Faculty Club of the city's younger university. Homely is the building — both in the American and in the British meaning of the word — yet, in itself and in its outlook, not without touch of beauty. Within, a spacious living and dining-room fills the entire floor. Portraits of former members of the faculty "look down" upon the inevitable (but comfortable) leather chairs and couches, upon the reading and writing tables at one end of the room, upon the grand piano in the big bay-window, and upon the dark dining-tables at the other end. In winter, the blazing logs in the great fireplace welcome the snow-blown wayfarer; in summer, the long windows, opening to south and west and north, admit the breeze, and, through surrounding elms and oaks, give glimpses of the Harlem valley, of the green crests of upper Manhattan and the gap of Spuyten Duyvil, of the blue Hudson, and the purple Palisades. As a faculty club, the building (itself a Victorian survival) is but young; yet even now, it holds its memories: gatherings at Commencements and on Alumni Days; luncheons to French and British and Chinese educational commissions; faculty dinners in welcome to officers of infantry and artillery, of engineers and aviation, of Red Cross and of Y.M.C.A., returned from overseas; and a reception in honor of his Eminence Cardinal Mercier. Homely and homey though it be, the old "converted" building is, in short, an epitome of academic life — the "cloistered" life formerly, and perhaps still, ascribed to academic circles. The "cloistered" life, indeed! Around its table and its fire-side assemble those whom it is a joy to know; from its high windows, they look out afar, not ignorant of the throbbing city at their feet, yet never out of sight of green lawns, green trees, blue rivers, and the blue horizon; from its por-

tals, they go forth to serve; to it are they welcomed home; and with them they bring the choicest spirits of the age.

The "cloistered" life, indeed! As if the interests of the world outside had never permeated the academic life! As if the academic world had never looked—and gone—abroad! Be sure that, not solely in his lectures and his writings does the professor ramble!

And yet, the Professor who here records his ramblings for the years 1919-1922, finds that they take him with especial frequency to three gathering-places: as writer, the Professor goes to the Authors Club; as amateur of book-making, he goes to the Grolier; as "A. van Dyke," he goes to the Andiron Club—no, he summons the Andiron Club to meet with him.

What one will find at the Grolier Club varies, of course, with the exhibition of the month. A collection of books and manuscripts important in the history of literature, from a Chaucer manuscript and a Caxton Chaucer down to recent date; illustrations of William Blake; pictures for children's books by Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott; fine printing from Didot the Elder to the Ashendene Press; a Keats Centenary exhibition; illustrated books, 1742-1896; prints, drawings, and bronzes by Degas: these were some of the exhibitions of 1919-1922. But, to the Professor, the most interesting—certainly the most unusual—was that of books in silver and in velvet bindings.

One's first impression upon entering, was of a pleasant, spacious room, of tapestry-covered walls, and of little groups of decorous men and women bending above the cases. One's next impression was of bindings and more bindings: of silver plaques, brass plaques, ivory plaques, enamel plaques; of intaglios; of bosses of gold and bosses of silver; of cabochon crystals; of semi-precious stones; of crosses and chains and saints and filagree; of tortoise-shell mounted in silver or in gold; of English and French embroidered bindings—monstrosities of needlework on velvet, silk, or satin, canvas or linen; of bindings from the ninth



century to the twentieth—German, Italian, Austrian, Turkish, French, Spanish, Swiss, Flemish, Dutch, English, Nuremberg School, German-Jesuit, South Italian-Greek, several by (or in the style of) the Nuns of Little Gidding, and one by Miss May Morris, daughter of the poet.

But eventually, from this seemingly incomprehensible multitude of details, emerged a realization of the beauty of certain major works: the exquisite silver filagree of the French binders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the great gold covers of the Ashburnham Gospels (made in the ninth century at St. Denis and St. Gall) enclosing the illuminated manuscript of the *Evangelia Quatuor*.

Yet, may the Professor be pardoned if he preferred even to the gorgeous gold and jewels of the Ashburnham Gospels, the fine simplicity and dignity of the one American item in the exhibition: the Bible made for St. Thomas's Church, New York, in 1916. On a background of rich brown leather (one hates the connotation of the more specific "pig-skin"), was a cross of hand-wrought copper gilt in a rectangular frame of the same material. In the four compartments between the cross and the frame were four panels of ivory, exquisitely carved: Moses; Solomon; St. Thomas at the Feet of Christ; and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The noble unity of this design—the cross against the four white panels—stood out in contrast to the heterogeneous mediaeval bindings even as the art of the highly focused modern Short-story, at its best, stands out against the ramblings of a Picaresque romance.

In the Dutch "tappery" upon the upper floor—if one were among the favored guests—one concluded the afternoon over a cup of tea: talked of bindings, of book-papers, and of printers' inks; lamented the passing of Theodore Low De Vinne; and did one's best to avoid the tallow that drips from the candles overhead. As one bade good-bye to host and hostess—the genial Secretary and the gracious Librarian—one overheard from a corner the remark:

"After all, the only artistic printing now-a-days is in

the high-class commercial catalogue. The book-publishers get neither good printing nor good binding — they are unwilling to pay artists to create it."

Of making of many books — thanks to the high cost of post-bellum printing — an end has well nigh come; yet, among the few in 1919-1922, are several by members of the Andiron Club. Newman Levy of the Club is collaborator with Edna Ferber in a delicious three-act comedy, *\$1200 a Year* (Doubleday, Page, & Co., 1920), which establishes not only that "without economic freedom" — for the college professor — "there can be no freedom of the intellect," but also that radical professors when they die (academically) will be translated into "movie" stars — a symbol, we believe, of a profound psychological truth. Professor James Melvin Lee, author of the *History of American Journalism*, 1917, is now author also of *Opportunities in the Newspaper Business* (Harper & Brothers, 1919). Professor Hugo C. M. Wendel's *Evolution of Industrial Freedom in Prussia 1845-1849*, (The New York University Press, 1921), Professor F. J. Foakes Jackson's *Introduction to the History of Christianity, A. D. 590-1314* (The Macmillan Company, 1921), and Mr. Horace Fish's novel *The Great Way* (Cassell and Company, London, and Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1921) mark the beginning of the return to normalcy.

Two members of the Club, however, Professor Charles Gray Shaw and Dr. Joseph Spencer Kennard, are to be credited each with two volumes during the period covered by this summary.

Professor Shaw is the author of *The Ground and Goal of Human Life* (The New York University Press, 1919) and of *Short Talks on Psychology* (Brentano's, 1920). Of the former, a reviewer in the *New York Evening Post* has written:

Many readers will be ready to take up the gauntlet which Professor Shaw throws down as a challenge to most current ideals and preconceptions. But the call to battle is itself stimulating. And Professor Shaw's presentation of his case is far from shallow and uncon-



sidered — and has the inestimable merit of making no concessions to prejudices, of being absolutely unafraid. As sidelights on his main thesis he throws off some flashing bits of literary criticism; the startling appearance of Milton as the precursor of Nietzsche and Strindberg is particularly noteworthy. Moreover, it is a positive and too rare joy to find a book with exact footnote references, and one so richly endowed with knowledge of the history of thought and literature.

Joseph Spencer Kennard, whose books like his doctorates are too numerous to be listed here, is author of two volumes published in 1920: a novel, *Memmo, One of the People* (Doran), and *Goldoni and the Venice of His Time* (Macmillan). To interpret Goldoni and Goldoni's Venice, Dr. Kennard is particularly well equipped. Widely experienced among books and men, mature in human judgment and in artistic appreciation, scholar in many fields, but especially in the life and letters of the Italy in which he has spent so large a portion of his later years, Joseph Spencer Kennard is a critic uniquely fitted for this task. Indeed, his *Goldoni* is so rich in what even its 570 pages have not space to say that it conveys the impression of being merely a by-product from some encyclopædic work as yet unpublished.

May we yet see from the pen of Joseph Spencer Kennard, such a history of the Italian drama, such an encyclopedia of Italian life and letters. The world has need of more "contributions to scholarship" that are as delightfully readable — as delightfully human — as Kennard's *Goldoni*.

Not solely, however, in literature and scholarship have members of the Andiron Club been active. With the birth of the twentieth century, a notable school of stained-glass-window painters has come into being in America, a school that has happily grafted, on the fourteenth and fifteenth century tradition, the teachings of Morris and of Burne-Jones. American taste has come to recognize the superiority of this style to the nineteenth century opalescent creation; and, as a result, J. Gordon Guthrie, Art Editor of *THE COLONNADE*, a Mediaevalist by training and by inheritance, is now accounted one of the ablest artists in the field.



Of his recent drawings for windows in the United States — most of which have been rendered into glass by Henry Wynd Young of New York — two excellent examples may be viewed in Manhattan: the windows in the north aisle of the new Saint Bartholomew's Church, Park Avenue at Fifty-first Street, and the altar windows in the Church of the Incarnation, Thirty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. The six windows in Saint Bartholomew's, recently completed, are Romanesque, to go with the style of the remainder of the church. Starting from the basic idea of the architect, the composition and treatment represent the most primitive period of glass as seen through the eyes and executed by the hand of a modern glass-man with eight centuries of window-making behind him. Each light has two circular medallions on a pale background. The groups of saints and allegorical figures are placed to give at once contrast and emphasis to the enclosing circle. The windows are small and on a level with the eye; and the consequent intimacy is made the most of by a finesse of workmanship and a jewelled exquisiteness of small glittering fragments set around with heavy black leads. Mr. Guthrie's study for one of these windows is reproduced on an adjacent page.

More recently, Mr. Guthrie has been engaged upon three more designs for Henry Wynd Young: two great windows for the new building of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church on Park Avenue, New York; and, for the Bishop's chapel in the Washington Cathedral, a three-light window showing the Annunciation between choirs of angels bearing emblems of the nine hierarchies.

"What is the approved method of entertaining ladies at an Authors Club tea?" inquired the newly elected member.

"Oh, that is easy," replied one of the Club patriarchs, Dr. Francis Hovey Stoddard. "What your guests will desire is to meet some well-known author. Find out first in whom they are most interested. Of course, he will not be present; for to bring in a lion among ladies is a most dread-



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ful thing — for the lion. Then you can arrange with some fellow-member to assume the lion's skin; and he will roar for the ladies as gently as any sucking dove."

Forthwith, the newly elected member turned to one of his guests, and to her he presented Dr. Stoddard as the celebrated author of that year's best-seller.

How the Professor-Emeritus and sometime President of the Authors Club met the emergency, we have now forgotten. To be accused of having written a best-seller must have been to him, as to any other member of the Club, a great shock: self-respecting members of the Authors Club do not write best-sellers. Indeed, although no man is admitted unless he has written *and published* some really substantial book, yet, in most cases, these works are so erudite that they are unknown not only to the general public but even to his fellow-members. Ask any man at the Club what So-and-so has written, and he will reply: "I've not the least idea: look him up in the Manual."

But even a real author may sometimes write a "pot-boiler" on the side. Professor Brander Matthews, whose little textbook on American Literature was formerly reputed to be selling by the hundred thousand — chiefly to public school systems — once greeted Professor Stoddard, at the Century, with the remark:

"Do you know, Stoddard, my 'American Literature' is to be printed in raised letters for the blind!"

"Why, Brander," replied Stoddard, "I thought you wrote that for the blind!"

What do you recall concerning Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch?

If you, like the rambling Professor, were present at a certain "reception to ladies" at the Authors Club in 1920, you may have noticed, among the many portraits, books, and autograph MSS. that crowd the walls, a queer little photograph, a pressed flower, and a bit of verse, all framed together beneath a Russian flag. And, if you made in-

quiries, you may have been shown a whole book, published by the Authors Club, concerning one Larrovitch — poet, novelist, philosopher. Had you pressed your inquiries still farther, perhaps you would have heard this story:

Once upon a time, there was a minor author (much like the rest of us) who posed as an authority upon everything from Greek to Socialism. Such was his insistence upon the said omniscience that certain of his colleagues of the Authors Club permitted him, one evening, to overhear their difference of opinion concerning a certain major author — of their own creation — “Larrovitch.” The omniscient one drew nearer, and they appealed to him to settle their dispute.

“Larrovitch? Larrovitch?” retorted his omniscience, “I never heard of him!”

“What! Never heard of Larrovitch? But you know all about Dostoievsky?”

“Yes.”

“And Turgeneff and Tolstoi?”

“Of course!”

“And you have never heard of Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch?”

“No! And what is more, I don’t believe there is, or has been, any such person!”

At that moment, there drew near Dr. Titus Munson Coan, who, be it noted, was wholly ignorant of the conspiracy. The conspirators hailed him:

“Here’s a man who declares that there’s no such person as Larrovitch! *You* know about Larrovitch, don’t you?”

“Know about him! I should say I do! Why, I used to meet him frequently at the American Embassy when I was at the University of Paris!”

Some months later, it occurred to the Authors Club to celebrate the birthday of Baron Münchhausen. In the papers read on that occasion, and in a newspaper controversy that followed, several contributors cited, as their chief authority, the works of Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch; and the merry war raged furiously until the editor of the New

York Times put a temporary stop to the hostilities by heading the correspondence "Münchhausen and his Successors." Thus grew the myth of Larrovitch.

In April, 1917, the myth received definite form. The Authors Club devoted an evening to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Larrovitch. Professor Giddings presided, and opened the exercises with appropriate remarks. Mr. Clinton Scollard contributed a sonnet. Others delivered papers on "The Personal Side of Larrovitch," "Larrovitch's Place in Literature," "Talks with Larrovitch," *et cetera*; and there were translations from his verse and prose, a flower from his grave, numerous souvenirs of his life, stereopticon views of the scenes that he had known, the manuscript of one of his poems, and even a portrait of Larrovitch — the latter (according to Dame Rumor) a composite photograph of several members of the Club.

A year later, the Authors Club published the papers presented on that occasion: *Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch: An Appreciation of his Life and Works*. It is a notable memorial volume, beautifully printed and fully illustrated. To it are appended an annotated bibliography of the works of Larrovitch, and a select list of references in English, French, and Russian. The Larrovitch myth is a delightful — a remarkable — creation.

Whether the foregoing anecdotes were actually being told at the "reception to ladies" at the Authors Club, we cannot say; but, as "F.P.A." would express it, "an enjoyable time was had by all." One missed, to be sure, the sparkling repartee of Dr. Stoddard, whose ill-health in recent years has kept him from the Club. One missed, and with the realization that this loss is for all time, that dapper little old-school gentleman, the Club's ever-kindly, much-loved curator, the late Stephen Henry Thayer. But Professor Erskine, the newly-elected president of the Club was there: genial as always, perhaps "more fat than bard be-seems," and built, indeed, according to Diedrich Knicker-



bocker's specification for a burgomaster of New Amsterdam in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, yet fresh from his laurels as head of the American Army University in France. There, too, was Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, the Club secretary, doing his efficient best to fill the twofold job of curator and chairman-pro-tempore of the House Committee. Dr. Rossiter Johnson, maker of many encyclopedias and historian of many wars, beamed graciously down from his four-score years; and Mr. Henry Holt, likewise of the class of 1840, moved from group to group, seeking ever for his "best girl." He told us who — it was not Patience Worth, but "Marion Harland." ("Civilized man cannot live without cooks.")

And the guests, the dear ladies old and young — mothers, wives, daughters, granddaughters — oh, well, what's the use? For them it was just one more afternoon tea. What did they care for the beautiful smoke-pattern on the ceiling?

One met him perhaps at the *Maison Française*, or perchance at luncheon at the Columbia Faculty Club, or possibly at some dinner given in his honor. Once, to our great joy, he was our guest at a meeting of the Andiron Club, and, to our fireside discussion of some essays on Rostand, he contributed from his store of personal reminiscence. From the slight stoop of his shoulders and from the touch of gray in his beard, one might imagine him a grandfather; but from the light in his eyes, one would swear that he is but twenty-five — and a poet. English he speaks with ease, and with a beauty of enunciation unknown to most Americans. Whatever the topic of conversation, his alert mind brings its contribution; but, if you would hear him at his best, you should turn the talk to Celtic fields or induce him to tell his experiences in gathering tales among his Breton fisher-folk. Someday, if we can get his consent, we purpose to publish in *THE COLONNADE* an appreciation of his life and work. We hope, indeed, that this may be in our volume for the coming year, and that the author of the study will

be our advisory editor for Romance literatures, Professor Earle B. Babcock. And the subject of the appreciation? It is Professor Anatole Le Braz, poet-scholar of the University of Rennes.

The last few years have been bringing to our shores numerous interesting Europeans, not all of whom have been publicly welcomed by the New York *American* and Mayor Hylan. Among these is a certain scion of a royal house who, although he bears on his visiting-card an ancient title, accounts business his vocation and finds his avocation in democracy. As opportunity offers, he comes to the fortnightly gatherings of the Andiron Club; and, at one of the autumn meetings of 1921, he spoke to the Club at some length on the conditions—economic, political, and social—that he had observed on a then-recent business trip to Athens, Constantinople, and Asia Minor. He had, as always, many a good tale to tell; but neither his story of his reception by the Sultan nor the story that the Sultan told to him, has appealed to us as has one incident of his experiences in New York City in the winter of 1918-19:

A few weeks after the Armistice, as he was strolling up Broadway attended by his *adjutant*, he discovered, standing before the window of an "Automat" restaurant, two very young French officers. Their evident desire to enter and their equally evident hesitation aroused his interest. They entered. He followed to observe them. Ignorant of the self-service system of the Automat, they seated themselves at a table and wondered why no waiter came. Presently wonder gave way to embarrassment—but at that moment came Democracy to the rescue! He discovered their need—two plates of American ice-cream. He translated to them the notices upon the wall; he guided them to the cashier to secure coins of the right denomination; he showed them where to put their coins in the slot. The young officers were most grateful. They thanked their rescuer profusely. Out of their scanty pay, they tipped

him — a whole American quarter. He gravely accepted it, and departed, leaving before them on the table — his card.

"And the plates of the ice-cream they shook just like *that!*"

One autumn evening, having mailed to the printers the "copy" for this volume of THE COLONNADE, the Professor, in his ramblings, suddenly resolved to follow it — back to America. So, leaving his colleagues in the midst of their monthly dinner in the upper room at Keen's, the Professor took the State of Maine Express — that seven-thirty train which (*O, tempora!*) departed at what Manhattan watches then called half-past eight — and awoke barely in time to make the change at Portland.

And then — the welcoming familiar face and voice of the Conductor who wears the White Carnation; the little old news-agent who sells wintergreen wafers, not "hershey-amobars"; the beloved Kennebec, gorgeous in its yellows, browns, and scarlets, real and reflected; the old town climbing up the hill; the Gothic church, gray granite bound in crimson woodbine; the Common, its doves and squirrels foraging amid the falling and fallen leaves of oak and elm and maple; the tiny cottage high above the town; the waiting coffee and doughnuts before the open fire; the book-filled rooms; the old mahogany secretary; and, out of doors, pansies and candytuft, petunias and old-time pinks, and flaming salvia. Was it good, think you, to be back in America again?

And then — the bell of the telephone; the summons from the printer in the neighboring city; and, an hour later, Flynt and Titus and Cole and Plummer and White and the other loyal and efficient American men and women who are making the work of a certain old New England printing-plant increasingly the joy of a certain metropolitan University Press and of the editors of THE COLONNADE.

Yes, it *was* good to be back in America again!

But, as usual, the Professor has rambled over-far. To return — at least part way — what of the Andiron Club?



Since the publication of the closing issue of *THE COLONNADE*, VOLUME XIII, (September, 1919, as of May and June, 1917), the Club has engaged in active reconstruction. Of its nearly sixty members in war service, all but two (Ripperger, military aviator, and Arnold, of the Lost Battalion) returned in safety, and, in due time, resumed their habits of attendance or non-attendance at the fortnightly meetings. Of the work at those meetings, the content of the present volume of *THE COLONNADE* bears witness. In addition, the Club has enjoyed addresses, papers, and informal talks, some of which are to appear in *THE COLONNADE*, VOLUME XV: Professor Anatole Le Braz contributed to a discussion of Rostand; Mr. Fish read two of his short-stories; Mr. Ashton Sanborn of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (a guest) spoke on the work of the American Archaeological Expedition in Egypt; Dr. Kennard, on "Woman in the Italian Novel"; Mr. Quimby, twice, on "The Influence of *The Spectator* in America"; Mr. Padraic Colum (a guest subsequently elected to membership), on "Irish Literature"; Mr. Hotchkiss, on "Portraits of Shakspeare"; Mr. Davis, on "The Brass Check" and on "Some Malicious Political Memoirs"; Mr. Kimball, on "Charles Brockden Brown"; Dean Bouton, on "The Function of Literature"; Professor F. J. Foakes Jackson (a guest subsequently elected to membership), on "Dante and the Decay of Medievalism"; Mr. Mindil, on "Herman Melville"; Mr. Holmes, on "Martin Fierro"; Professor Carleton Brown (a guest), on "Survivals of Celtic Paganism in the Middle Ages"; Dr. Wolff, on "A Pragmatic Rhetoric"; and Professor John Erskine (a guest), on Molière. In the field of world affairs, Dr. Racca has spoken twice on "Political and Economic Conditions in Europe"; Mr. Rich, on "Conditions in South Africa"; Professor Danton of Tsing-Hua College, on "Chinese Civilization"; Mr. Overton, on "Conditions in Australia"; and H. R. H. Prince Louis de Bourbon (a guest), on "Conditions in the Near East." Dean Withers (a guest) has presented "Some Impending Changes in American Education." In the field of art, Mr. Guthrie has spoken on "Stained Glass"; Professor

Rice, on "Porcelain"; and Mr. Dudley James (a guest), on "Japanese Painting." In music, the Club has enjoyed the singing of Mr. Zimmer; of three guests, Mr. Milo Luka, Mr. Francis Pangrac, and Mr. Alois Havrilla; and, at its recent Christmas meeting, a programme of Christmas carols by a double quartet trained by Mr. William Lyndon Wright. Mr. Weitzner has repeatedly delighted the Club with his violin; Mr. Anis Fuleihan (a guest) and Mr. Gaebelein and, repeatedly, Mr. Arthur Loesser have presented brilliant programmes on the piano — the latter supplementing one of his recitals with amusing anecdotes of his then-recent concert-tour of the Far East. And always, following the programme of the evening, the Club has taken its "recess and cocoa," whereof our youngest member, Mr. Lief, has sung:

I've chanted hymns of lemonade;  
 I've warbled praises of vanilla;  
 Sweet songs upon the lute I've played  
 Of sars'parilla.

I've fashioned odes to ginger ale;  
 On root beer have I oft indited;  
 And even water, tasteless, pale,  
 Has not been slighted.

On phosphates, punch, and cherry smash,  
 I've often planned a panegyric;  
 And cider, full of kick and dash,  
 Has earned a lyric.

But these concoctions may be sunk  
 One hundred fathoms deep in caissons:  
 A cup of cocoa I have drunk  
 At Mrs. Nason's.

But what does it all mean? To the Professor, who has rambled with the Andiron Club all the way from that first evening before his open fire, December 20, 1907, to the moment when this fourteenth volume goes to press, it means that the Club and THE COLONNADE have developed from an interest merely in the creative to an interest in both the cre-

ative and the scholarly. To the Professor, something of this change is symbolized in certain verses that, as long ago as December, 1919, Mr. Draper, then buried in research at Harvard, sent to the Club as an anniversary poem, contrasting his own earlier creative work with the labor that then engrossed him — a dissertation upon that epitome of eighteenth century culture, William Mason, Gray's biographer. The ramblings of the Professor shall conclude with the poetical greetings of the editor-in-chief of the next volume of THE COLONNADE:

## AN EPISTLE TO THE PROFESSOR

Who solicited a "word of greeting" from the poor graduate student  
for the Reunion of the Andiron Club

Tribute he asked, but I've naught to pay:  
Something pointed with jest or quip,  
A villanelle or a roundelay,  
Tribute to bygone fellowship,  
Rollicking laughter, cup to lip —  
A cocoa-cup from the Madam's tray.

Tribute he asked; but who can tell  
Roundelay or rollicking rhyme  
To trip to an Anglo-Saxon spell,  
Dance in Gothic, or keep strict time  
To Sanscrit consonants? 'Twere a crime  
To ask such things of a villanelle!

Tribute he asked — "Make it 'sinuous sheen' —  
Your earlier manner — with 'slimy' and 'lush';  
Something that never was heard of or seen,  
Something shines through the slumbering hush;  
Something — of course you can — tush, man, tush! —  
With vermeil, enveloping, villainous green."

Tribute he asked; but I've naught to pay:  
My laughter is lost, and my lute unstrung;  
Laughter and lute are both bartered away  
For tales of Bill Mason, as yet unsung.  
But in an appendix, or notes among,  
Still, if I cannot sing, I'll say:



All hail, ye Andirons small and great!  
Much good cheer for many a day!  
May the cocoa pitcher flow long and late  
And slimily shine on the Madam's tray!  
This is my tribute: drink deep, I say;  
For *we* drank deep, as our times relate.

The hearth-log flames like a blazing rush;  
The light-waves, lambent, gleam and stray;  
Converse follows the reading's hush;  
And Madam dictates from the cocoa-tray:  
Such was the cheer in *our* bygone day —  
Drink deep, my sons! May it taste as lush!







# THE COLONNADE

VOLUME XIV

1919—1922

PART II

THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.

*Reprinted from  
the original edition of  
1820*

Published by  
The Andiron Club of New York City  
Box 84, University Heights, N. Y.  
1922



# THE COLONNADE

PUBLISHED BY  
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## EDITORIAL NOTE

THE present Centenary Reprint of *The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL.D.*, is designed to be, in respect to spelling, punctuation, and capitalization, an exact reproduction of the original edition of 1820. Because of the difference in the size of page, no attempt has been made to preserve the original pagination; and, for the same reason, the footnotes have been renumbered, and the half-title pages of the individual minor poems have been omitted. The tables of contents, moreover, have been consolidated with that of Part I of this volume of THE COLONNADE; and the engraved title-page which, in Trumbull's edition, appeared in both Volume I and Volume II, is here reproduced but once. In all other respects, however, this reprint endeavors to reproduce, *verbatim et literatim*, the edition of 1820. Even the typographical errors have been scrupulously preserved: the frequent mismanagement of the quotations-marks; the interchange of *s* and *t* in the word *constant* (page 453); the wrongly italicized *and* (page 321); the alien *p* in the name of the poet *Thomson* (pages 297 and 497); *shall* for *shalt* in the quotation from Isaiah, xiv, 20, (page 517); *comcom* for *common* (page 356); and *sunday* for *Sunday* and *bells* for *belles* (page 450). The type has been set from photostats of the original, and the proof-sheets have been examined and corrected with especial care, a labor in which the Managing Editor desires especially to acknowledge the efficient coöperation of Clinton Mindil,



Esq., M.A., secretary of the Andiron Club, instructor in English in New York University, and author of *A Course in American Literature for the Columbia University Home Study Courses*, 1920. The editors hope and believe that—so far as an accurate reproduction is humanly attainable—this reprint may be relied upon as accurate. But let us be humble: to typographical accuracy as well as to style and content apply the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "I'm always glad to hear that a friend is as well as can be expected after he's had a book."

A. H. N.

1922



THE  
Poetical Works  
OF

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.



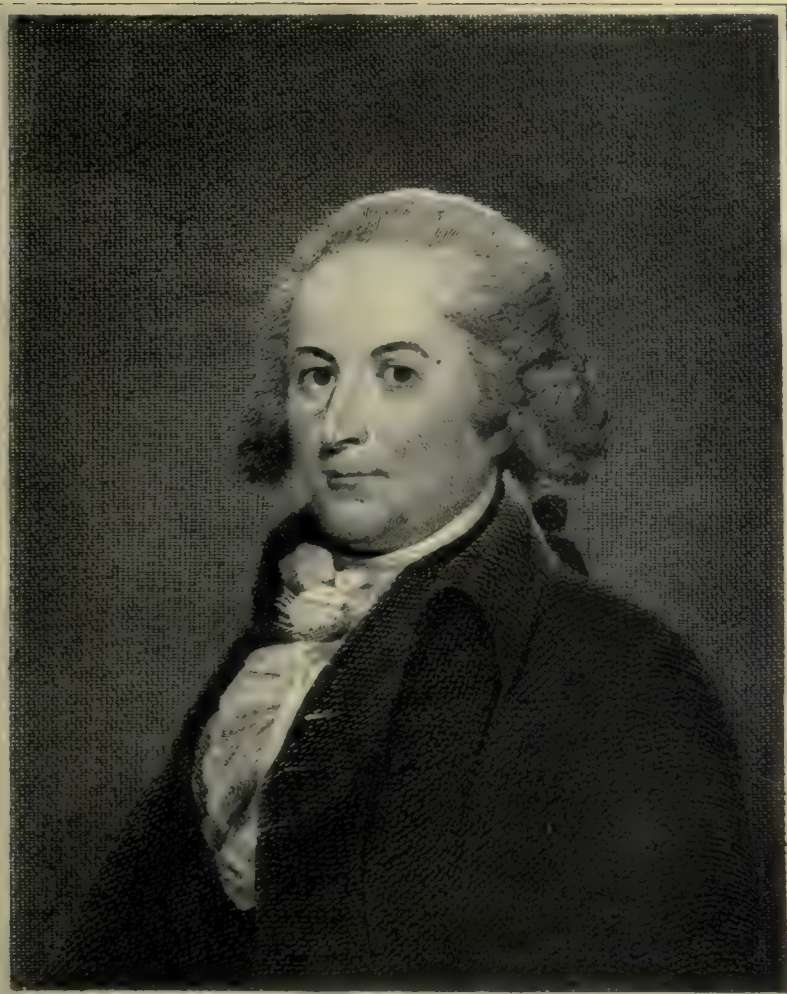
HARTFORD

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

1820.

Printed by D. Russell.





Painted by John Trumbull 1793

Eng by P. Maverick Durand & Co.

JOHN TRUMBULL ESQ.

Printed by D Russell



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.  
CONTAINING  
M'FINGAL,  
A MODERN EPIC POEM,  
REVISED AND CORRECTED,  
WITH COPIOUS EXPLANATORY NOTES;  
THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS;  
AND A COLLECTION OF  
POEMS  
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
WRITTEN BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

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HARTFORD:  
PRINTED FOR SAMUEL G. GOODRICH,  
BY LINCOLN & STONE.  
M DCCC XX.





MEMOIR  
OF THE AUTHOR.





## MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.

M'FINGAL, the principal Poem in this collection, has been more than forty years before the public, and has passed through the ordeal of criticism, in all its various forms of gazettes, magazines and reviews, both in England and America. Being published anonymously, the world were left to their conjectures, as to the author. The first part of the poem, containing the two first cantos, was printed in Philadelphia, in the fall of the year 1775; and in the course of the next year, reprinted in London, where it passed through several editions. The nature of the subject and the situation of the times gave it popularity with the anti-ministerial party, who were averse to the war with America: but it was asserted that the author was an Englishman. Sometimes he was affirmed to be an Oxford scholar, then on his travels in this country; sometimes a British officer, who had been superceded in their service, had joined the Americans and written the poem in revenge. When it was afterwards discovered that the writer was a native of New-England, he of course received his due share of that obloquy and contempt, which is lavished by their compilers of reviews, on every thing which appertains to this country. The Quarterly Review, with its usual accuracy of information, has lately declared that the poem was written by one Mr. Fingal, who, it assures us, is no descendant of the hero of Ossian. The Edinburgh Review contents itself with simply asserting that "the Americans have no literature." In the United States, the conjectures were for a long time equally various; and after his name became generally known, many false anecdotes, and several erroneous accounts of his life, have been printed by those, who had no other information, than rumour and hearsay. Hundreds of essays have been charged upon his pen, containing principles which he never held, abuse on persons whom he respected, and low attempts at humour, which would have disgraced the scurrility of Peter Pindar. In a word, to him have been ascribed, as he once complained,

"Jests he ne'er utter'd, deeds he ne'er atchiev'd,  
Rhymes he ne'er wrote, and lives (thank heaven) he never lived."

On these accounts it seems necessary, that a short and accurate Memoir of his life and writings should accompany this collection of his poems.

The family of Trumbull was among the early settlers in New-England. Their ancestor came from England, and in 1645 fixed his residence at Ipswich in Massachusetts. His son, named John, removed and established himself at Suffield in Connecticut. He had three sons, John, Joseph and Benoni, whose descendants are still living in this state. The Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D. the respectable historian of Connecticut, was the grandson of Benoni. Joseph settled in Lebanon, and at his death left one son, Jonathan Trumbull, who was Governor of the State during the whole revolutionary war, and whose patriotic exertions are amply recorded in history. Two of his sons were Jonathan Trumbull, afterwards Governor of the State, and John Trumbull, the celebrated painter, whose merits have long been distinguished, both in Europe and America.

The author of these poems is the grandson of John Trumbull, eldest son of him who first settled in Suffield. He was born on the 13th day of April, old style, (the 24th according to the present mode of computation,) in the year 1750, in the parish of Westbury, then a part of the town of Waterbury in New-Haven county, but since formed into a separate township, by the name of Watertown, and annexed to the county of Litchfield. The settlement of that village was begun a few years before his birth. His father, who was the first minister of the Congregational church in that place, was a good classical scholar, highly respected by his brethren, and for many years one of the trustees, or Fellows, of Yale-College. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Whitman of Farmington in Hartford county, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, D. D. of Northampton in Massachusetts.

Being an only son, and of a very delicate and sickly constitution, he was of course the favorite of his mother. She had received an education superior to most of her sex, and not only instructed him in reading, from his earliest

infancy, but finding him possessed of an extraordinary memory, taught him all the hymns, songs and other verses, with which she was acquainted. His father's small library consisted mostly of classical and theological books. The Spectator and Watts' Lyric Poems were the only works of merit in the belles-lettres, which he possessed. Young Trumbull not only committed to memory most of the poetry they contained, but was seized with an unaccountable ambition of composing verses himself, in which he was encouraged by his parents. The country clergy at that time generally attempted to increase their income, by keeping private schools for the education of youth. When he was about five years of age, his father took under his care a lad, seventeen years old, to instruct and qualify him for admission as a member of Yale-College. Trumbull noticed the tasks first imposed; which were to learn by heart the Latin Accidence and Lilly's Grammar, and to construe the Select Colloquies of Corderius, by the help of a literal translation. Without the knowledge of any person, except his mother, he began in this way the study of the Latin language. After a few weeks, his father discovered his wishes, and finding that by the aid of a better memory, his son was able to outstrip his fellow-student, encouraged him to proceed. At the commencement in September 1757, the two lads were presented at college, examined by the tutors and admitted as members. Trumbull, however, on account of his extreme youth at that time, and subsequent ill health, was not sent to reside at college till the year 1763. He spent these six years in a miscellaneous course of study, making himself master of the Greek and Latin authors usually taught in that seminary, reading all the books he could meet with, and occasionally attempting to imitate, both in prose and verse, the style of the best English writers, whose works he could procure in his native village. These were of course few. The Paradise Lost, Thompson's Seasons, with some of the poems of Dryden and Pope, were the principal. On commencing his collegiate life, he found little regard paid to English composition, or the acquirement of a correct style. The Greek and



Latin books, in the study of which only, his class were employed, required but a small portion of his time. By the advice of his tutor, he turned his thoughts to Algebra, Geometry, and astronomical calculations, which were then newly introduced and encouraged by the instructors. He chiefly pursued this course during the three first years. In his senior year he began to resume his former attention to English literature. After receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1767, he remained three years longer at college as a graduate. Being now master of his own time, he devoted himself chiefly to polite letters; reading all the Greek and Latin classics, especially the poets and orators, and studying the style and endeavoring to imitate the manner of the best English writers.

His acquaintance now commenced with Doctor Dwight, afterwards President of the university, who was then in his third year in college, and two years his junior in age. That young gentleman had translated two of the finest Odes of Horace, in a manner so elegant and poetical, as would not have disgraced his more mature productions. Happy in the discovery of a rising genius, Mr. Trumbull immediately sought his acquaintance, and began an intimacy, which continued during their joint residence at New-Haven, and a friendship terminated only by death.

At this period the learned languages, mathematics, logic, and scholastic theology, were alone deemed worthy of the attention of a scholar. They were dignified with the name of *Solid Learning*. English poetry and the belles-lettres were called folly, nonsense and an idle waste of time. The two friends were obliged to stem the tide of general ridicule and censure. This situation first called forth the satirical talents of Trumbull, in occasional humorous and poetical essays. Their party was soon increased by the accession of several young men of genius; and a material change was eventually effected in the taste and pursuits of the students.

In 1769, they began the publication of a series of essays in the manner of the *Spectator*, in a gazette printed in Bos-

ton, and continued it for several months. They next commenced a course of similar essays in the newspapers printed at New-Haven, which they increased occasionally to more than forty numbers.

Yale-College was founded in the year 1700, by the donations of a number of the Congregational clergy; and a Board of Trustees was soon after incorporated by a charter from the legislature. It was designed as a religious institution for the education of youth for the ministry. In 1739, the Rev. Thomas Clapp was appointed President and continued in office almost thirty years. He was an accurate scholar in the learned languages, particularly fond of the Hebrew, and uncommonly skilled in geometrical and astronomical calculations. By his aid and influence, some of the students were induced to turn their attention to these subjects. About the year 1740, a few members of the higher classes had attempted the cultivation of polite literature, and produced some successful essays in English poetry. But when they quitted the college they left no successors; and the poem entitled, *Philosophic Solitude*, by William Livingston, afterwards Governor of New-Jersey, is all that remains to the public, of their productions at that period. In 1763, the study of Algebra was first introduced by the tutors, and made a part of the collegiate exercises.

But Yale-College had now become unpopular among a large proportion of the inhabitants of the colony. The trustees, relying on their charter, claimed to be completely independent of the government; and denied its right of visitation, or of any interference with the management of the institution. They were charged with illiberality towards all denominations of Christians but their own. Many civilians encouraged the students in opposition to their authority. A petition was drawn and signed by almost every member of the higher classes, addressed to the trustees, containing a variety of charges against their instructors, and praying for their dismissal from office. All authority and subordination were now at an end; the tutors abdicated, and the scholars were dispersed during the summer of the year 1766.

After holding the commencement in September, the President resigned his office. The professor of theology was appointed president *pro tempore*. Three very respectable gentlemen and accomplished scholars were chosen to the tutorship; one of whom was Mr. Mitchell, since Chief Justice of the State. After the vacation the students were assembled, and order was again established. The management of the institution fell almost entirely into the hands of the tutors. They encouraged the study of the English grammar and language, and excited some attention to composition and oratory. But the state of the college precluded any great or immediate innovation in the usual course of instruction.

In 1769, Mr. Joseph Howe, afterwards pastor of a church in Boston, was appointed one of the tutors. He was not only a good classical scholar, but possessed an elegant taste and considerable poetical talents. Besides the usual collegiate studies, he employed the class under his immediate care in English compositions, instructed them in the beauties of style, and exercised them frequently in public declamation. A relish for polite literature became general among the students.

In September 1771, all the tutors, except Mr. Howe, resigned the office. Messrs. Trumbull and Dwight were chosen to supply the vacancies. From this period, every effort was unanimously made, to cultivate in that seminary, a correct taste in style and elocution.

In 1772, Trumbull published the first part of a poem, which he entitled, the Progress of Dulness, designed to expose the absurd methods of education, which then prevailed; he added a second and third part in the course of the next year. Dwight published a poem entitled, America, written in the manner of Pope's Windsor Forest. He had some time before begun his greatest poetical work, The Conquest of Canaan; and now completed his first sketch in five books. By the advice of Mr. Howe, he added the Vision of Futurity, which now makes the tenth book, and upon the suggestion of Mr. Trumbull, he inserted the night-scene of the battle,



illuminated by the flames of the burning city of Ai. The whole was the work of Dwight; those gentlemen assisted him, only by their criticism and advice. After their dispersion he considerably altered and enlarged the poem, and published it in its present form, in eleven books.

During their residence at the university, several young gentlemen were associated in their literary and poetical society, particularly Messrs. David Humphreys and Joel Barlow.

Trumbull, while he held the office of tutor, paid as much attention, as his other avocations would admit, to the study of Law, which he had now selected as his future profession. In November 1773, he was admitted as a practising attorney at the bar in Connecticut: but immediately went to Boston, and entered as a student in the office of John Adams, Esq. since President of the United States; and took lodgings with Thomas Cushing, Esq. then Speaker of the House of Representatives, afterwards a delegate to the first Congress, and Lieutenant Governor of the State of Massachusetts. He was now placed in the centre of American politics. The contest between Great-Britain and the Colonies approached rapidly towards a crisis. The violence of party was extreme. The Governor, Council, Judges, and all the legal authority under the crown, employed their utmost efforts to establish the universal supremacy, and enforce the oppressive acts, of the English parliament. The leaders of the popular party had the complete control of the House of Representatives, and directed every movement of the populace. By means of an extensive correspondence, with men of the best information at the British and French courts, they were fully convinced, at that early period that nothing, short of warlike resistance, could successfully oppose the claims of Great-Britain to unlimited authority; and that, without eventually declaring independence and assuming the rights of sovereignty as a nation, no important assistance could be obtained from France, Spain or any European power. Still the people were impressed with an awful idea of the omnipotence of Britain, and shuddered

at the thought of attempting a separation. They placed their hopes on the effect of their petitions to the king, their agreements to stop all commercial intercourse, and the exertions of their numerous friends in the British nation and parliament. To cement the union of all the colonies, to counteract the fears of the people and encourage their confidence in their own strength and resources, to lead them into measures decisive in their consequences, and to prepare their minds for resistance by arms, was the only policy which the leaders could, at that time, pursue. Trumbull entered into their sentiments, with all the ardor in favor of liberty, which characterizes a youthful politician. Though he prosecuted the study of law with the utmost attention, he frequently employed his leisure hours in writing essays on political subjects, in the public gazettes; which had perhaps a greater effect from the novelty of his manner, and the caution he used to prevent any discovery of the real author. Nor did he neglect occasionally to cultivate the muse; and just before he left Boston, anonymously published his *Elegy on the Times*, which is contained in the present collection. Every thing then verging towards hostility in Massachusetts, the session of the courts being suspended, and Mr. Adams absent at the Congress in Philadelphia, he returned to New-Haven, and successfully commenced practice at the bar, in November 1774.

The year 1775 was a period of terror and dismay. The war had commenced by the battle at Lexington. Unconditional submission, or a total rejection of the authority of the crown, presented the only alternative. Every exertion was made by the friends of American liberty, to inspire confidence in our cause, to crush the efforts of the Tory party and to prepare the public mind for the declaration of independence. With these views, at the solicitation of some of his friends in Congress, Trumbull wrote the first part of the poem of *M'Fingal*, which they immediately procured to be published at Philadelphia, where Congress was then assembled. He had also formed the plan of the work, sketched some of the scenes of the third Canto and written the begin-

ning of the fourth, with the commencement of the Vision, at which point, not being gifted with the prophetic powers of his hero, he was obliged to leave it then unfinished.

In November 1776, he married Miss Sarah Hubbard, daughter of Colonel Leverett Hubbard of New-Haven. That town being exposed to invasion, and all business rapidly declining, he returned in May 1777 to his native place, where he remained four succeeding years. Too constant application to his studies, and the fatigue of attending courts at a distance, in all seasons, and especially during the severe winter of 1780, occasioned the loss of his health by a nervous decline. With the hope of recovery, by a change of situation to a place more advantageous for his professional business, and more agreeable by its literary society, he removed, in June 1781, with his family, to Hartford, where he has ever since resided.

A friendly club was soon after established, who assembled once a week for the discussion of questions on proposed subjects, legal, philosophical and political. Trumbull, though fully employed in the duties of his profession, was one of its most active members. The fate of the revolutionary war being now eventually decided by the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, the friends of the author urged him to complete the poem of M'Fingal; and having obtained his promise, immediately put into circulation a subscription for the work. Thus situated, he employed his leisure hours in revising the first half of the poem, which he divided into two cantos, and in composing the last. The whole was finished, and the first edition published at Hartford, before the close of the year 1782. As no author, at that period, was entitled by law to the copyright of his productions, the work soon became the prey of every bookseller and printer, who chose to appropriate it to his own benefit. Among more than thirty different impressions, one only, at any subsequent time, was published with the permission, or even the knowledge of the writer; and the poem remained the property of newsmongers, hawkers, pedlars and petty chapmen.

After the peace in 1783, the United States were left



without any efficient government, and connected only by the Articles of Confederation. Each State was an independent sovereignty and pursued its own separate plans of policy. The officers of the revolutionary army were everywhere unpopular, on account of the extra pay for five years, granted them by Congress in lieu of half pay for life, which was first stipulated. Their remaining in combination by forming the society of the Cincinnati was also a subject of general jealousy and clamour. A large addition to the national debt arose from the unpaid arrears of the army, and the sums promised to the soldiers, as a compensation for payments in depreciated bills, and as a *douceur*, to persuade them to retire peaceably to their homes, on being disbanded at the close of the war. The country was greatly impoverished; and almost every individual believed, that he had already paid and suffered more than his just proportion of the public expense.

In Connecticut, mobs were raised to prevent the officers from receiving their certificates for the five years' pay. A self-constituted Convention assembled to second the views of the populace, and for that purpose, to effect a revolution in the State, and fill every office with the leaders of disorganization. Had not the insurrection of Shays, in Massachusetts, been speedily crushed, the eastern States would have become a scene of anarchy and confusion. A considerable proportion of the people of Connecticut were prepared to join in a general opposition to government, and involve the country in the horrors of civil war. The friends of order, justice and regular authority, endeavoured to counteract this spirit by every effort in their power — by remonstrance, argument, ridicule and satire. Among other occasional productions, a course of essays was published under the signature of Lycurgus, in a strain of ironical humour, exposing to contempt the principles and views of the jacobinical party.

The public in time became sensible of the want of a general and efficient government; and the contest ended happily in the adoption of the federal constitution. During

most of this period, several of the principal literary characters of the State were resident in Hartford, and gave to the friends of order whatever assistance could be afforded by their publications. The principal work they produced was a set of essays, entitled *American Antiquities*, first printed in the gazettes in Hartford and New-Haven, and reprinted in other newspapers, in almost every part of the United States. At this time public curiosity had been awakened by the discovery of ancient Indian fortifications, with other relics, which were considered as proofs, that this country had once been inhabited by a people highly advanced in the arts of civilized life. The story of the emigration of Madoc, with a body of Britons and Welch, about the year 800, and of an existing tribe of their descendants in the interior part of the continent, was revived and circulated. These writers assumed the fiction, that in digging among the ruins of one of those forts, an ancient heroic poem in the English language was found. The essays consisted of supposed extracts from that poem, (which they styled, *The Anarchiad*,) accompanied with critical remarks in prose. Colonel Humphreys, who had seen in England a similar work, called the *Rolliad*, ascribed to Fox, Sheridan and their associates, was the first proposer of the design. Most of the essays were written in concert. The writers were Humphreys, Barlow, Doctor Lemuel Hopkins, and our author. The publications of these gentlemen were supposed, at the time, to have had considerable influence on the public taste and opinions; and by the boldness of their satire, to have checked and intimidated the leaders of disorganization and infidel philosophy.

After the adoption of the federal constitution, Trumbull was first called forth to act in a public capacity. In 1789, he was appointed Attorney to the State for the county of Hartford. In May 1792, he was representative of the town of Hartford in the State legislature, where he took an active and influential part in their debates and deliberations; particularly in obtaining an enlargement of the funds, and an alteration of the charter of Yale-College. But the

increasing burthen of his employments, public and professional, again impaired his health, and at length reduced him to the lowest stages of nervous debility. He spent his summers, for two or three successive years, in taking long journeys and visiting the most noted mineral springs, in quest of health, but in vain. In 1795, he resigned his office of State's Attorney, and declined all public business. In November 1798, he experienced a severe fit of sickness, from which, contrary to expectation, he escaped with life, and which appeared to form the crisis of his nervous disorders. His convalescence, though slow, was favorably progressive; and as, during his long confinement, he never relinquished his habits of reading, nor his attention to public affairs, he was enabled, on his return to society, to resume his former rank, in professional business, and official employments. In May 1800, he was again a member of the legislature. In 1801, he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut. From this period he declined any interference in the politics of the state, and applied himself exclusively to the duties of his office — being of opinion, that the character of a partizan and political writer was inconsistent with the station of a judge and destructive of the confidence of suitors in the impartiality of judiciary decisions. In 1808, he received from the legislature the additional appointment of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors. He was happy in the society of his brethren on the bench; and the Courts of the State were at no period more respectable for legal science, or more respected for the justice and integrity of their adjudications.

To these offices he was annually appointed by the legislature, till their session in May 1819, when \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* *Desunt nonnulla.* \* \* \* \* \*



**M'FINGAL,  
A MODERN EPIC POEM.**



## M'FINGAL.

### CANTO I.

#### THE TOWN-MEETING, A. M.

WHEN Yankies,<sup>1</sup> skill'd in martial rule,  
First<sup>2</sup> put the British troops to school;  
Instructed them in warlike trade,  
And new manœuvres of parade,  
The true war-dance of Yankee reels,  
And *manual exercise* of heels;  
Made them give up, like saints complete,  
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,  
And work, like Christians undissembling,  
Salvation out, by fear and trembling;  
Taught Percy fashionable races,  
And modern modes of Chevy-Chases:<sup>3</sup>  
From Boston, in his best array,  
Great 'Squire M'FINGAL took his way,  
And graced with ensigns of renown,  
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace  
From Ossian's<sup>4</sup> famed Fingalian race:  
For though their name some part may lack,  
Old Fingal spelt it with a MAC;  
Which great M'Pherson, with submission,  
We hope will add the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands  
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;

The Notes marked, *London Editor*, are copied from the fifth English edition, printed at London in the year 1792.

<sup>1</sup> *Yankies*,—a term formerly of derision, but now merely of distinction, given to the people of the four eastern states. *Lond. Edit.*

<sup>2</sup> At the battle of Lexington. The reader will easily recollect how often these salutary lessons have been since repeated—from the action at Bunker-hill to the battle of New-Orleans inclusive.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Percy commanded the party, that was first opposed to the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chase arose from the precipitate manner of his Lordship's quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boston. *Lond. Edit.*

<sup>4</sup> See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian Bard of the third century, by James M'Pherson. The complete name of Ossian, according to the Scottish nomenclature, will be Ossian M'Fingal.



Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right,  
 Rebellion, and the Second-sight.  
 Of these, the first, in ancient days,  
 Had gain'd the noblest palm of praise,  
 'Gainst kings stood forth and many a crown'd head  
 With terror of its might confounded;  
 Till rose a king with potent charm  
 His foes by meekness to disarm,  
 Whom every Scot and Jacobite  
 Strait fell in love with at first sight;  
 Whose gracious speech with aid of pensions,  
 Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,  
 And with the sound of potent metal  
 Brought all their buzzing swarms to settle;  
 Who rain'd his ministerial manna,  
 Till loud Sedition sung hosanna;  
 The grave Lords-Bishops and the Kirk  
 United in the public work;  
 Rebellion, from the northern regions,  
 With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance;  
 All hands combin'd to raze, as nuisance,  
 Of church and state the Constitutions,  
 Pull down the empire, on whose ruins  
 They meant to edify their new ones;  
 Enslave th' Amer'can wildernesses,  
 And rend the provinces in pieces.  
 With these our 'Squire, among the valiant'st,  
 Employ'd his time, and tools and talents,  
 And found this new rebellion pleasing  
 As his old king-destroying treason.  
 Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,  
 And Scottish gift of second-sight.<sup>5</sup>  
 No ancient sybil, famed in rhyme,  
 Saw deeper in the womb of time;  
 No block in old Dodona's grove

<sup>5</sup> They, who wish to understand the nature, and *modus operandi*, of the Highland vision by second-sight, may consult the profound Johnson, in his Tour to the Hebrides.

Could ever more orac'lar prove.  
Nor only saw he all that could be,  
But much that never was, nor would be;  
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,  
Though former days produced a plenty:  
For any man with half an eye  
What stands before him can espy;  
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,  
To see what is not to be seen.  
As in the days of ancient fame,  
Prophets and poets were the same,  
And all the praise that poets gain  
Is for the tales they forge and feign:  
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by seeing  
Such things, as never would have being;  
Whence he for oracles was grown  
The very tripod<sup>6</sup> of his town.  
Gazettes no sooner rose a lie in,  
But strait he fell to prophesying;  
Made dreadful slaughter in his course,  
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse,  
Brought armies o'er, by sudden pressings,  
Of Hanoverians, Swiss and Hessians,  
Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,  
And hang'd all rebels to a man,  
Divided their estates and pelf,  
And took a goodly share himself.  
All this with spirit energetic,  
He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stored with intellectual riches,  
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches;  
Where strength of brains united centers  
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.<sup>7</sup>  
But as some muskets so contrive it,  
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,

<sup>6</sup> The tripod was a sacred three-legged stool, from which the ancient priests uttered their oracles.

<sup>7</sup> Stentor, the loud-voic'd herald in Homer.

And though well aim'd at duck or plover,  
 Bear wide, and kick their owners over:  
 So fared our 'Squire, whose reas'ning toil  
 Would often on himself recoil,  
 And so much injured more his side,  
 The stronger arguments he applied;  
 As old war-elephants, dismay'd,  
 Trod down the troops they came to aid,  
 And hurt their own side more in battle,  
 Than less and ordinary cattle.  
 Yet at Town-meetings every chief  
 Pinn'd faith on great M'FINGAL's sleeve;  
 Which when he lifted, all by rote  
 Raised sympathetic hands to vote.

The Town, our hero's scene of action,  
 Had long been torn by feuds of faction,  
 And as each party's strength prevails,  
 It turn'd up different, heads or tails;  
 With constant rattling, in a trice,  
 Show'd various sides, as oft as dice.  
 As that famed weaver, wife t' Ulysses,<sup>8</sup>  
 By night her day's-work pick'd in pieces,  
 And though she stoutly did bestir her,  
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer:  
 So did this town with ardent zeal  
 Weave cobwebs for the public weal,  
 Which when completed, or before,  
 A second vote in pieces tore.  
 They met, made speeches full long-winded,  
 Resolv'd, protested and rescinded;  
 Addresses sign'd; then chose committees  
 To stop all drinking of Bohea teas;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Homer's *Odyssey*.

<sup>9</sup> One of the subjects of dispute, which brought on the war, was a tax upon tea, on its importation into the colonies. And therefore one of the weapons of opposition was an universal agreement by the people, not to drink any tea, till the tax was taken off. The committees referred to, were called Committees of Correspondence: part of their business was to enforce the execution of the voluntary regulations made by the people in the several towns.



With winds of doctrine veer'd about,  
And turn'd all whig committees out.  
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,  
In pomp the tory faction led,  
Still following, as the 'Squire should please,  
Successive on, like files of geese.

And now the town was summon'd, greeting,  
To grand parading of Town-meeting;  
A show, that strangers might appal,  
As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.  
High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,<sup>10</sup>  
Mid den of thieves in house of prayers,  
(That house, which loth a rule to break  
Serv'd heaven, but one day in the week,  
Open the rest for all supplies  
Of news, and politics, and lies;)   
Stood forth the Constable; and bore  
His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore,  
Waved potent round, the peace to keep,  
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.  
Above and near th' hermetic staff,  
The Moderator's<sup>11</sup> upper half  
In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,  
Like Sol half seen behind a cloud.  
Beneath stood voters of all colours,  
Whigs, Tories, orators and brawlers;  
With every tongue in either faction  
Prepared like minute-men<sup>12</sup> for action;  
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,  
Drew all their legions forth to fight.  
With equal uproar scarcely rave  
Opposing winds in Æolus' cave;  
Such dialogues with earnest face

<sup>10</sup> In country towns in New-England, the town-meeting is generally held in the church, or meeting-house.

<sup>11</sup> Moderator is the name given to the chairman or speaker of a town-meeting. He is here seated in the pulpit.

<sup>12</sup> Minute-men were that part of the militia of our country, who being drafted, and enrolled by themselves, were prepared to march at a minute's warning wherever the public safety required.

Held never Balaam with his ass.

With daring zeal and courage blest,  
Honorius first the crowd addres'd.  
When now our 'Squire, returning late,  
Arrived to aid the grand debate;  
With strange, sour faces sate him down,  
While thus the orator went on.  
—"For ages blest thus Britain rose,  
The terror of encircling foes;  
Her heroes ruled the bloody plain,  
Her conq'ring standard awed the main.  
The different palms her triumph grace  
Of arms in war, of arts in peace.  
Unharrass'd by maternal care,  
Each rising province flourish'd fair;  
Whose various wealth, with liberal hand,  
By far o'erpaid the parent land."<sup>13</sup>  
But though so bright her sun might shine,  
'Twas quickly hasting to decline,  
With feeble ray, too weak t' assuage  
The damps, that chill the eve of age.

"For states, like men, are doom'd as well  
Th' infirmities of age to feel,"<sup>14</sup>  
And from their different forms of empire,  
Are seiz'd with every deep distemper.  
Some states high fevers have made head in,  
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding;  
While others have grown dull and dozy,  
Or fix'd in helpless idiocy;  
Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour  
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour;  
Or vex'd with hypochondriac fits,  
Have broke their strength, and lost their wits.  
Thus now while hoary years prevail,  
Good mother Britain seem'd to fail;

<sup>13</sup> Before the revolution, the colonies ever stiled Britain their mother-country, themselves her children, and England their home.

<sup>14</sup> This is asserted by all the grave statesmen, who treat on the disorders of that noted allegorical personage, the Body Politic.

Her back bent, crippled with the weight  
 Of age, and debts, and cares of state.  
 For debts she owed, and those so large,  
 As twice her wealth could ne'er discharge,  
 And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,  
 She'd come upon the parish soon.  
 Her arms, of nations once the dread,  
 She scarce could lift above her head;  
 Her deafen'd ears, 'twas all their hope,  
 The final trump perhaps might ope;  
 So long they'd been, in stupid mood,  
 Shut to the hearing of all good.

Grim death had put her in his scroll  
 Down on the execution-roll;

And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,  
 Began to whet their beaks to pick her.

"And now her powers decaying fast,  
 Her grand climact'ric had she pass'd,  
 And just like all old women else,  
 Fell in the vapors much by spells.

Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,  
 And gave her brain a dismal shock;

Her memory fails, her judgment ends;

She quite forgot her nearest friends,

Lost all her former sense and knowledge,

And fitted fast for Bedlam-college.

Of all the powers she once retain'd,

Conceit and pride alone remain'd.

As Eve, when falling, was so modest

To fancy she should grow a goddess;<sup>15</sup>

As madmen, straw who long have slept on,

Style themselves Jupiter and Neptune:

So Britain in her airs so flighty,

Now took a whim to be Almighty;<sup>16</sup>

Urg'd on to desperate heights of frenzy,

<sup>15</sup> So says Milton.

<sup>16</sup> See the Act declaring her right to bind the colonies *in all cases whatsoever*. See also Blackstone's remarks, in his Commentaries, on the *Omnipotence* of the British Parliament.



Affirm'd her own Omnipotency;  
 Would rather ruin all her race,  
 Than yield supremacy, an ace;  
 Assumed all rights divine, as grown  
 The church's head, like good Pope Joan;<sup>17</sup>  
 Swore all the world should bow and skip,  
 At her almighty goodyship;  
 Anath'matized each unbeliever,  
 And vow'd to live and rule for ever.  
 Her servants humour'd every whim,  
 And own'd at once her power supreme;  
 Her follies nursed in all their stages,  
 For sake of liveries and wages;  
 In Stephen's Chapel<sup>18</sup> then in state too  
 Set up her golden calf to pray to;  
 Proclaim'd its power and right divine,  
 And call'd for worship at its shrine;  
 And for poor heretics to burn us,  
 Bade North<sup>19</sup> prepare his fiery furnace;  
 Struck bargains with the Romish churches,  
 Infallibility to purchase;  
 Set wide for Popery the door,<sup>20</sup>  
 Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore,  
 Till both the matrons join'd in clan;  
 No sisters made a better span.

"What wonder then, ere this was over,  
 That she should make her children suffer?  
 She first without pretence or reason,  
 Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on;  
 And with determin'd resolution  
 To put her claims in execution,

<sup>17</sup> Whether there actually was a woman, who assumed the dress of a monk, and was finally elected Pope, has occasioned violent disputes among the ecclesiastical historians. To them we must leave it—since the world have not the benefit, as in the case of the Chevalier D'Eon, of the report of any legal trial for ascertaining her sex, before any Lord Mansfield of that age.

<sup>18</sup> The parliament-house is called St. Stephen's Chapel.

<sup>19</sup> Her Prime Minister of State at that period.

<sup>20</sup> Alluding to the Act of parliament, establishing the Papal worship and religion in Canada.

Sent fire and sword, and call'd it Lenity;  
Starv'd us, and christen'd it Humanity.  
For she, her case grown desperater,  
Mistook the plainest things in nature;  
Had lost all use of eyes or wits,  
Took slavery for the bill of rights;  
Trembled at whigs and deem'd them foes,  
And stopp'd at loyalty her nose;  
Styled her own children, brats and catiffs,  
And knew us not from th' Indian natives.

"What though with supplicating prayer,  
We begg'd our lives and goods she'd spare;  
Not vainer vows with sillier call  
Elijah's prophets raised to Baal;  
A worshipp'd stock of god or goddess  
Had better heard and understood us.  
So once Egyptians at the Nile  
Ador'd their guardian crocodile,  
Who heard them first with kindest ear,  
And ate them to reward their prayer;  
And could he talk, as kings can do,  
Had made as gracious speeches too.

"Thus, spite of prayers, her schemes pursuing,  
She still went on to work our ruin;  
Annull'd our charters of releases,  
And tore our title-deeds in pieces;  
Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,  
And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks on:  
And on these errands sent in rage  
Her bailiff, and her hangman, Gage;  
And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,  
Dispatch'd her *Posse Comitatus*.

"No state e'er chose a fitter person  
To carry such a silly farce on.  
As heathen gods in ancient days  
Receiv'd at second hand their praise,  
Stood imaged forth in stones and stocks,  
And deified in barber's blocks:

So Gage<sup>21</sup> was chose to represent  
Th' omnipotence of Parliament.  
As antient heroes gain'd by shifts,  
From gods, as poets tell, their gifts;  
Our General, as his actions show,  
Gain'd like assistance from below,  
By satan graced with full supplies  
From all his magazine of lies.  
Yet could his practice ne'er impart  
The wit to tell a lie with art.  
Those lies alone are formidable  
Where artful truth is mix'd with fable.  
But Gage has bungled oft so vilely,  
No soul would credit lies so silly,  
Outwent all faith, and stretch'd beyond  
Credulity's extremest end:  
Whence plain it seems, though satan once  
O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce,  
And blundering brutes in Eden shunning,  
Chose out the serpent for his cunning;  
Of late he is not half so nice,  
Nor picks out aids because they're wise:  
For had he stood upon perfection,  
His present friends had lost th' election,  
And fared as hard, in this proceeding,  
As owls and asses did in Eden.  
"Yet fools are often dangerous enemies;  
As meanest reptiles are most venomous:  
Nor e'er could Gage, by craft or prowess,  
Have done a whit more mischief to us;  
Since he began th' unnat'ral war,  
The work his masters sent him for.  
"And are there in this freeborn land  
Among ourselves a venal band;  
A dastard race, who long have sold

<sup>21</sup> General Gage, commander in Chief of the king's troops in North America, was in 1773 appointed Governor and Vice-Admiral of Massachusetts; in the room of Hutchinson, who had been the most active agent of the Minister in fomenting the disputes which brought on the war. *Lond. Edit.*







Engraved by T. G. Smith

Engraved by J. G. Smith

## M<sup>r</sup>. FINGAL

AS THUS HE SPAKE, OUR SQUIRE M<sup>r</sup>. FINGAL

GAVE TO HIS PARTIZANS A SIGNAL. ———

————— THE TORIES

SET UP A GEN<sup>l</sup>.AL ROUT IN CHORUS;

Canto I

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL S. GOODRICH HARTFORD

Printed by D. Russell

Their souls and consciences for gold;  
 Who wish to stab their country's vitals,  
 Could they enjoy surviving titles;  
 With pride behold our mischiefs brewing,  
 Insult and triumph in our ruin?  
 Priests, who, if satan should sit down  
 To make a bible of his own,  
 Would gladly, for the sake of mitres,  
 Turn his inspired and sacred writers;  
 Lawyers, who, should he wish to prove  
 His claim to his old seat above,  
 Would, if his cause he'd give them fees in,  
 Bring writs of *Entry sur disseisin*,  
 Plead for him boldly at the session,  
 And hope to put him in possession;  
 Merchants who, for his friendly aid  
 Would make him partner in their trade,  
 Hang out their signs in goodly show,  
 Inscribed with, *Beelzebub & Co.*;  
 And judges, who would list his pages,  
 For proper liveries and wages;  
 And who as humbly cringe and bow  
 To all his mortal servants now?  
 There are; and shame, with pointing gestures,  
 Marks out th' Addressers<sup>[22]</sup> and Protesters;  
 Whom following down the stream of fate,  
 Contempts ineffable await;  
 And public infamy forlorn,  
 Dread hate and everlasting scorn."

As thus he spake, our 'Squire M'FINGAL  
 Gave to his partisans a signal.  
 Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,  
 When Moses waved his potent wand,  
 Nor with more uproar, than the Tories

<sup>22</sup> The Addressers were those who addressed General Gage with expressions of gratitude and attachment, on his arrival with a fleet and army to subdue the country: the Protesters, those who published protests against the measures of the first Congress, and the resolves of the people in town-meetings and conventions.



Set up a general rout in chorus;  
Laugh'd, hiss'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd and jeer'd;  
Honorius now could scarce be heard.  
Our Muse, amid th' increasing roar,  
Could not distinguish one word more;  
Though she sate by, in firm record  
To take in short hand every word,  
As ancient Muses wont; to whom  
Old bards for depositions come;  
Who must have writ them; for how else  
Could they each speech verbatim tell 's?  
And though some readers of romances  
Are apt to strain their tortured fancies,  
And doubt (when lovers all alone  
Their sad soliloquies do groan,  
Grieve many a page, with no one near 'em,  
And nought, but rocks and groves, to hear 'em)  
What sprite infernal could have tattled,  
And told the authors all they prattled;  
Whence some weak minds have made objection  
That what they scribbled must be fiction:  
'Tis false; for while the lover spoke,  
The Muse was by with table-book,  
And least some blunder should ensue,  
Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.  
And though the speech ben't worth a groat,  
It can't be call'd the author's fault;  
But error merely of the prater,  
Who should have talk'd to th' purpose better:  
Which full excuse, my critic brothers,  
May help me out as well as others;  
And 'tis design'd, though here it lurk,  
To serve as Preface to this work.  
So let it be—for now our 'Squire  
No longer could contain his ire,  
And rising 'midst applauding Tories,  
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.  
Quoth he, "'Tis wondrous what strange stuff  
Your Whigs-heads are compounded of;

Which force of logic cannot pierce,  
 Nor syllogistic *carte and tierce*,  
 Nor weight of scripture or of reason  
 Suffice to make the least impression.  
 Not heeding what ye rais'd contest on,  
 Ye prate, and beg, or steal the question;  
 And when your boasted arguings fail,  
 Strait leave all reas'ning off, to rail.

"Have not our High-church Clergy<sup>23</sup> made it  
 Appear from Scriptures, which ye credit,  
 That right divine from heaven was lent  
 To kings, that is, the Parliament,  
 Their subjects to oppress and teaze,  
 And serve the devil when they please?  
 Did not they write, and pray, and preach,  
 And torture all the parts of speech,  
 About rebellion make a pother,  
 From one end of the land to th' other?  
 And yet gain'd fewer proselyte Whigs,  
 Than old St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs;<sup>24</sup>  
 And changed not half so many vicious,  
 As Austin when he preach'd to fishes,  
 Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,  
 Were edified, and wagg'd their tails:  
 But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,  
 That e'er one Whig was edified.  
 Have you not heard from Parson Walter<sup>25</sup>  
 Much dire presage of many a halter?  
 What warnings had ye of your duty,  
 From our old rev'rend Sam. Auchmuty;<sup>25</sup>  
 From priests of all degrees and metres,  
 T' our fag-end man, poor Parson Peters?<sup>26</sup>

<sup>23</sup> The absurd doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and the divine right of Kings, were inculcated with great vehemence at this period.

<sup>24</sup> The stories of St. Anthony and his pig, and of St. Austin's preaching to the fishes, are told in the Popish Legends.

<sup>25</sup> High-church clergymen, one at Boston, one at New-York.

<sup>26</sup> Peters, a Tory clergyman of Connecticut, who after rendering himself generally detestable, absconded from the contempt, rather than the vengeance of his fellow-citizens, and went to England, where he published a libel, which he called, A History of that Colony; Cooper, a writer of the same stamp, President of the College at New-York, Poet, Punster and Satyrist; Seabury, a clergyman of the same Province.

Have not our Cooper and our Seabury  
 Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah;  
 Proved all intrigues to set you free  
 Rebellion 'gainst *the Pow'rs that be*;  
 Brought over many a scripture text,  
 That used to wink at rebel sects,  
 Coax'd wayward ones to favor regents,  
 And paraphrased them to obedience;  
 Proved every king, ev'n those confest  
 Horns of the Apocalyptic beast,  
 And sprouting from its noddles seven,  
 Ordain'd, as Bishops are, by heaven;  
 (For reasons similar, as we're told  
 That Tophet was ordain'd of old)  
 By this lay-ordination valid,  
 Becomes all sanctified and hallow'd.  
 Takes patent out as heaven has sign'd it,  
 And starts up strait, the Lord's Anointed?  
 As extreme unction, which can cleanse  
 Each penitent from deadly sins;  
 Make them run glib, when oiled by priest,  
 The heav'nly road, like wheels new greased;  
 Serve them, like shoe-ball, for defences,  
 'Gainst wear and tear of consciences:  
 So king's anointment clears betimes,  
 Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes,  
 For future knaveries gives commissions,  
 Like Papists sinning under license.  
 For heaven ordain'd the origin,  
 Divines declare,<sup>27</sup> of pain and sin,  
 Prove such great good they both have done us,  
 Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us;  
 For without sin and pain and folly,  
 Man ne'er was blest, nor wise, nor holy:  
 And we should thank the Lord 'tis so,  
 As authors grave wrote long ago.  
 Now heav'n its issues never brings

<sup>27</sup> See the modern Metaphysical Divinity.



Without the means, and these are kings;  
 And he who blames when they announce ills,  
 Would counteract th' eternal counsels.  
 As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,  
 By constant grumblings fell from grace,  
 Heav'n taught them first to know their distance,  
 By famine, slavery and Philistines;  
 When these could no repentance bring,  
 In wrath it sent them last a king:  
 So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty  
 Of modern kings for plagues are sent you;  
 Nor can your cavillers pretend  
 But that they answer well their end.  
 'Tis yours to yield to their command,  
 As rods in Providence's hand;  
 For when it means to send you pain,  
 You toss your foreheads up in vain;  
 Your way is, hush'd in peace, to bear it,  
 And make necessity a merit.  
 Hence sure perdition must await  
 The man, who rises 'gainst the State,  
 Who meets at once the damning sentence,  
 Without one loophole for repentance;  
 Ev'n though he gain the Royal See,  
 And rank among *the Powers that be*.  
 For hell is theirs, the scripture shows,  
 Whoe'er *the Powers that be* oppose;  
 And all those Powers (I'm clear that 'tis so)  
 Are damn'd for ever, *ex officio*.

"Thus far our Clergy: but 'tis true  
 We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.  
 Had I the Poet's<sup>28</sup> brazen lungs,  
 As soundboard to his hundred tongues,  
 I could not half the scribblers muster,  
 That swarm'd round Rivington<sup>29</sup> in cluster;

<sup>28</sup> Virgil.

<sup>29</sup> Rivington, printer of the Royal Gazette in New-York.—The Legislature of that Province were opposed to the measures of the country.

Assemblies, Councilmen, forsooth,  
 Brush, Cowper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth:  
 Yet all their arguments and sapience  
 You did not value at three halfpence.  
 Did not our *Massachusettensis*<sup>30</sup>  
 For your conviction strain his senses;  
 Scrawl every moment he could spare  
 From cards and barbers and the fair;  
 Show, clear as sun in noonday heavens,  
 You did not feel a single grievance;  
 Demonstrate all your opposition  
 Sprung from the eggs<sup>31</sup> of foul Sedition;  
 Swear he had seen the nest she laid in,  
 And knew how long she had been sitting;  
 Could tell exact what strength of heat is  
 Required to hatch her out Committees;  
 What shapes they take, and how much longer's  
 The time before they grow t' a Congress?  
 He white-wash'd Hutchinson, and varnish'd  
 Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd;  
 Made them new masks, in time no doubt,  
 For Hutchinson's was quite worn out:  
 Yet while he muddled all his head,  
 You did not heed a word he said.

"Did not our grave Judge Sewall<sup>32</sup> hit  
 The summit of newspaper wit;  
 Fill every leaf of every paper  
 Of Mills & Hicks, and mother Draper<sup>33</sup>;

<sup>30</sup> A course of Essays under that signature was published in Boston, in the latter part of 1774 and beginning of 1775. It was the last combined effort of Tory wit and argument to write down the Revolution.

<sup>31</sup> "Committees of correspondence are the foulest and most venomous serpent, that ever issued from the eggs of Sedition," &c. *Massachusettensis*.

The scheme of appointing such committees in every town was first devised by the celebrated Samuel Adams; they became a most powerful engine for combining the sentiments and directing the energies of the people.

<sup>32</sup> Judge of Admiralty and Attorney General of Massachusetts, Gage's chief adviser and proclamation-maker, author of a farce, called "The American roused," and of a multitude of news-paper essays,

<sup>33</sup> Printers of ministerial gazettes in Boston.

Draw proclamations, works of toil,  
In true sublime of scarecrow style,  
Write farces too 'gainst sons of freedom,  
All for your good, and none would read 'em;  
Denounce damnation on their frenzy,  
Who died in Whig-impenitency;  
Affirm that heav'n would lend us aid,  
As all our Tory writers said;  
And calculate so well its kindness,  
He told the moment when it join'd us?

"'Twas then belike," Honorius cried,  
"When you the public fast defied,  
Refused to heaven to raise a prayer,  
Because you'd no connections there;  
And since with reverent hearts and faces,  
To Governors you'd paid addresses,  
In them, who made you Tories, seeing  
You lived and moved and had your being,  
Your humble vows you would not breathe  
To powers, you'd no acquaintance with.

"As for your fasts," replied our 'Squire,  
"What circumstance could fasts require?  
We kept them not, but 'twas no crime,  
We held them merely loss of time.  
For what advantage firm and lasting,  
Pray, did you ever get by fasting,  
Or what the gain, that can arise  
From vows and offerings to the skies?  
Will heaven reward with posts and fees,  
Or send us tea,<sup>34</sup> as consignees,  
Give pensions, salaries, places, bribes,  
Or chuse us judges, clerks or scribes?  
Has it commissions in its gift,  
Or cash to serve us at a lift?  
Are acts of parliament there made,  
To carry on the placeman's trade,

<sup>34</sup>Alluding to the famous cargo of tea, which was destroyed in Boston harbor, the consignees of which were the tools of the British ministry.



Or has it pass'd a single bill  
 To let us plunder whom we will?  
 "And look our list of placemen all over;  
 Did heaven appoint our chief Judge Oliver,"<sup>35</sup>  
 Fill that high bench with ignoramus,  
 Or has it councils by mandamus?<sup>36</sup>  
 Who made that wit of water-gruel  
 A judge of admiralty, Sewall?  
 And were they not mere earthly struggles,  
 That raised up Murray, say, and Ruggles?  
 Did heaven send down, our pains to medicine,  
 That old simplicity of Edson,  
 Or by election pick out from us  
 That Marshfield blunderer, Nat. Ray Thomas;  
 Or had it any hand in serving  
 A Loring, Pepperell, Browne or Irving?  
 "Yet we've some saints, the very thing,  
 To pit against the best you'll bring;  
 For can the strongest fancy paint,  
 Than Hutchinson, a greater saint?  
 Was there a parson used to pray,  
 At times more regular, twice a day;  
 As folks exact have dinners got,  
 Whether they've appetites or not?  
 Was there a zealot more alarming  
 'Gainst public vice to hold forth sermon,  
 Or fix'd at church, whose inward motion  
 Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion?  
 What puritan could ever pray  
 In godlier tone, than Treasurer Gray,  
 Or at town-meetings speechifying,  
 Could utter more melodious whine,  
 And shut his eyes, and vent his moan,

<sup>35</sup> Peter Oliver Esq. without legal science or professional education, was appointed Chief Judge of the Supreme Court in Massachusetts.

<sup>36</sup> The Council of that Province had ever, by its charter, been elective. The charter was declared void, and the King appointed them by writ of *mandamus*. The persons, named in this paragraph, were some of the most conspicuous of the new members.

Like owl afflicted in the sun;  
Who once sent home, his canting rival,  
Lord Dartmouth's self, might outbedrive.

"Have you forgot," Honorius cried,  
"How your prime saint the truth<sup>37</sup> defied,  
Affirm'd he never wrote a line  
Your charter'd rights to undermine,  
When his own letters then were by,  
Which proved his message all a lie?  
How many promises he seal'd  
To get th' oppressive acts repeal'd,  
Yet once arrived on England's shore,  
Set on the Premier to pass more?  
But these are no defects, we grant,  
In a right loyal Tory saint,  
Whose godlike virtues must with ease  
Atone for venial crimes, like these:  
Or ye perhaps in scripture spy  
A new commandment, "Thou shalt lie;"  
If this be so (as who can tell?)  
There's no one sure ye keep so well."

Quoth he, "For lies and promise-breaking,  
Ye need not be in such a taking:  
For lying is, we know and teach,  
The highest privilege of speech;  
The universal Magna Charta,  
To which all human race is party,

<sup>37</sup> Hutchinson, while Governor of the Province, in his letters to the ministry declared the necessity, in order to maintain government, of *destroying the Charter, abridging* what he termed *English Liberties*, making the Judges dependent only on the crown, and erecting a nobility in America. Doctor Franklin, then provincial Agent at the British Court, obtained a number of the originals, and transmitted them to Boston. In 1773, in a speech to the Legislative Assembly, he affirmed the absolute and unlimited authority of the parliament over the Colonies. This drew from the House of Representatives a spirited and argumentative reply. He rejoined; and in the course of the debate, finding himself suspected of advising the ministry to oppressive measures, declared that he had ever been an advocate for the rights of the Province contained in the Charter, and the equal liberties of the Colonists with the other subjects of the British Dominion. On this, Hutchinson's letters were immediately published in Boston, to the utter confusion of all his pretensions, political and religious.

Whence children first, as David says,  
Lay claim to't in their earliest days;  
The only stratagem in war,  
Our generals have occasion for;  
The only freedom of the press,  
Our politicians need in peace.  
Thank heaven, your shot have miss'd their aim,  
For lying is no sin nor shame.

"As men last wills may change again,  
Tho' drawn, "In name of God, Amen;"  
Be sure they must have clearly more  
O'er promises as great a power,  
Which, made in haste, with small inspection,  
So much the more will need correction;  
And when they've, careless, spoke or penn'd 'em,  
Have right to look them o'er and mend 'em;  
Revise their vows, or change the text,  
By way of codicil annex'd;  
Strike out a promise, that was base,  
And put a better in its place.

"So Gage of late agreed, you know,  
To let the Boston people go;  
Yet when he saw 'gainst troops that braved him,  
They were the only guards that saved him,  
Kept off that satan of a Putnam<sup>88</sup>  
From breaking in to maul and mutton him;  
He'd too much wit, such leagues t' observe,  
And shut them in again, to starve.

"So Moses writes, when female Jews  
Made oaths and vows unfit for use,  
Their parents then might set them free  
From that conscientious tyranny:  
And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage

<sup>88</sup> General Putnam took the command of the provincial troops, and blockaded Boston, immediately after the battle of Lexington. Gage, while his army were in possession of that place, promised to permit the inhabitants to retire into the country, on condition of surrendering up their arms; but after their compliance, he refused to perform his engagement—hoping that the Americans would not attempt to bombard the town, or enter it by storm, while they must endanger the lives of so many thousands of their fellow-citizens.



For ever, when they grow beyond age?  
 Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,  
 And let go women weak and young,  
 As nets enclose the larger crew,  
 And let the smaller fry creep through?  
 Besides, the Whigs have all been set on,  
 The Tories to affright and threaten,  
 Till Gage amidst his trembling fits,  
 Has hardly kept him in his wits;  
 And though he speak with fraud and finesse,  
 'Tis said beneath *duress per minas*.  
 For we're in peril of our souls  
 From your vile feathers, tar and poles;  
 And vows extorted are not binding  
 In law, and so not worth the minding.  
 For we have in this hurly-burly  
 Sent off our consciences on furlow;  
 Thrown our religion o'er in form,  
 Our ship to lighten in the storm.  
 Nor need we blush your Whigs before;  
 Had we no virtue, you've no more.

"Yet black with sins, would spoil a mitre,  
 Rail ye at faults by ten tints whiter?  
 And, stuff'd with choler atrabilious,  
 Insult us here for peccadilloes?  
 While all your vices run so high  
 That mercy scare could find supply:  
 And should you offer to repent,  
 You'd need more fasting days than Lent,  
 More groans than haunted church-yard vallies,  
 And more confessions than broad-alleys.<sup>29</sup>  
 I'll show you all at fitter time,  
 Th' extent and greatness of your crime,  
 And here demonstrate to your face,  
 Your want of virtue, as of grace,

<sup>29</sup> Alluding to church discipline, where a person is obliged to stand in an ile of the church, called in New-England the *broad-alley*, name the offence he has committed, and ask pardon of his brethren.

Evinced from topics old and recent:  
But thus much must suffice at present.  
To th' after portion of the day,  
I leave what more remains to say;  
When, I've good hope, you'll all appear,  
More fitted and prepared to hear,  
And grieved for all your vile demeanour:  
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

END OF CANTO FIRST.

## M'FINGAL.

### CANTO II.

#### THE TOWN-MEETING, P. M.

**T**HE Sun, who never stops to dine,  
Two hours had pass'd the mid-way line,  
And driving at his usual rate,  
Lash'd on his downward car of state.  
And now expired the short vacation,  
And dinner o'er in epic fashion,  
While all the crew, beneath the trees,  
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese,  
(Nor shall we, like old Homer, care  
To versify their bill of fare)  
Each active party, feasted well,  
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell;  
With equal spirit took their places,  
And meeting oped with three *Oh Yesses*:  
When first, the daring Whigs t' oppose,  
Again the great M'FINGAL rose,  
Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,  
And thus resumed th' accusing strain.  
"Ye Whigs attend, and hear affrighted  
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted;  
The sins and follies past all compass,  
That prove you guilty, or *non compos*.  
I leave the verdict to your senses,  
And jury of your consciences;  
Which though they're neither good nor true,  
Must yet convict you and your crew.  
"Ungrateful sons! a factious band,  
That rise against your parent land!  
Ye viper race, that burst in strife  
The genial womb that gave you life,  
Tear with sharp fangs and forked tongue  
The indulgent bowels whence ye sprung;  
And scorn the debt and obligation,  
You justly owe the British nation,



Which, since you cannot pay, your crew  
Affect to swear was never due.

"Did not the deeds of England's<sup>1</sup> primate  
First drive your fathers to this climate,  
Whom jails and fines and every ill  
Forced to their good against their will?  
Ye owe to their obliging temper  
The peopling your new-fangled empire,  
While every British act and canon  
Stood forth your *causa sine qua non*.  
Who'd seen, except for these restraints,  
Your witches, quakers, whigs and saints,  
Or heard of Mather's<sup>2</sup> famed *Magnalia*,  
If Charles and Laud had chanced to fail you?  
Did they not send your charters o'er,  
And give you lands you own'd before,  
Permit you all to spill your blood,  
And drive out heathens where you could;  
On these mild terms, that, conquest won,  
The realm you gain'd should be their own?  
And when of late attack'd by those,  
Whom her connection made your foes,<sup>3</sup>  
Did they not then, distress'd by war,  
Send generals to your help from far,  
Whose aid you own'd, in terms less haughty,  
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?  
Say, at what period did they grudge  
To send you Governor or Judge,

<sup>1</sup> The persecutions of the English Church under Archbishop Laud are well known to have been the cause of the peopling of New-England.—*Lond. Edit.*

<sup>2</sup> See in Mather's *Magnalia*, a history of the miracles, which occurred in the first settlement of New-England; see also his "Wonders of the invisible World," for a full and true account of the witchcraft at Salem.

<sup>3</sup> The war of 1755, between the English and French, was doubtless excited by causes foreign to the interests of those Colonies, which now form the United States. They however paid more than their proportion of the expense, and a balance was repaid them by the British Government after the war.—*Lond. Edit.*

The fact is that England involved us in the war, in which the Colonies must have been destroyed in its earliest stages, had it not been for their own extraordinary exertions.

With all their Missionary<sup>4</sup> crew,  
To teach you law and gospel too?  
They brought all felons in the nation  
To help you on in population;  
Proposed their Bishops to surrender,  
And made their Priests a legal tender,  
Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,  
The simple tithe of all you had:  
And now, to keep all knaves in awe,  
Have sent their troops t' establish law,  
And with gunpowder, fire and ball,  
Reform your people, one and all.  
Yet when their insolence and pride  
Have anger'd all the world beside;  
When fear and want at once invade,  
Can you refuse to lend them aid,  
And rather risk your heads in fight,  
Than gratefully throw in your mite?  
Can they for debts make satisfaction,  
Should they dispose their realm at auction,  
And sell off Britain's goods and land all  
To France and Spain, by inch of candle?  
Shall good King George, with want oppress'd,  
Insert his name in bankrupt list,  
And shut up shop, like failing merchant,  
That fears the bailiffs should make search in't;  
With poverty shall princes strive,  
And nobles lack whereon to live?  
Have they not rack'd their whole inventions  
To feed their brats on posts and pensions;  
Made their Scotch friends with taxes groan,  
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone:  
Yet have on hand, as well deserving,

<sup>4</sup> These Missionaries were Clergymen, ordained by the Bishop of London, and settled in America. Those in the northern colonies were generally attached to the royal cause.—*Lond. Edit.*

Great efforts were also made to send us Bishops, to rule the New-England churches; but this was prevented by the revolution.

Ten thousand bastards,<sup>5</sup> left for starving?  
 And can you now, with conscience clear,  
 Refuse them an asylum here,  
 And not maintain, in manner fitting,  
 These genuine sons of mother Britain?

"T" evade these crimes of blackest grain  
 You prate of liberty in vain,  
 And strive to hide your vile designs  
 In terms abstruse, like school-divines.

"Your boasted patriotism is scarce,  
 And country's love is but a farce:  
 For after all the proofs you bring,  
 We Tories know there's no such thing.  
 Hath not Dalrymple<sup>6</sup> show'd in print,  
 And Johnson too, there's nothing in't;  
 Produced you demonstration ample,  
 From others' and their own example,  
 That self is still, in either faction,  
 The only principle of action;  
 The loadstone, whose attracting tether  
 Keeps the politic world together:  
 And spite of all your double dealing,  
 We all are sure 'tis so, from feeling.

"Who heeds your babbling of transmitting  
 Freedom to brats of your begetting,  
 Or will proceed, as tho' there were a tie,  
 And obligation to posterity?  
 We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.  
 What has posterity done for us,  
 That we, least they their rights should lose,  
 Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?

<sup>5</sup> A great proportion of the old English peerage consists of the left-handed progeny of their Kings. In this business, Charles the second was the last hero.

<sup>6</sup> This writer undertook to demonstrate, that all the celebrated British patriots were pensioners, in the pay of France. His proof is derived from the letters of the French ambassadors, who accounting for the monies received from their court, charge so many thousand guineas paid to Hampden, Sidney, and others, as bribes. We are told also that Admiral Russell defeated the French fleet, at a time when he had engaged most solemnly, and received a stipulated sum, to be beaten himself.



"And who believes you will not run?  
Ye're cowards, every mother's son;  
And if you offer to deny,  
We've witnesses to prove it by.  
Attend th' opinion first, as referee,  
Of your old general, stout Sir Jeffery;<sup>7</sup>  
Who swore that with five thousand foot  
He'd rout you all, and in pursuit  
Run thro' the land, as easily  
As camel thro' a needle's eye?  
Did not the mighty Colonel Grant  
Against your courage pour his rant,  
Affirm your universal failure  
In every principle of valour,  
And swear no scamperers e'er could match you,  
So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you?  
And will you not confess, in this  
A judge most competent he is;  
Well skill'd on running to decide,  
As what himself has often tried?  
'Twould not methinks be labor lost,  
If you'd sit down and count the cost,  
And ere you call your Yankies out,  
First think what work you've set about.  
Have you not roused, his force to try on,  
That grim old beast, the British Lion;  
And know you not, that at a sup  
He's large enough to eat you up?  
Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,  
Drawn inventories of his teeth,  
Or have you weigh'd, in even balance,  
His strength and magnitude of talons?  
His roar would change your boasts to fear,  
As easily, as sour<sup>8</sup> small beer;  
And make your feet from dreadful fray,

<sup>7</sup> Sir Jeffery Amherst, Grant and other officers, who had served in America, were so ignorant, silly or malicious, as to make such assertions in parliament.

<sup>8</sup> It is asserted that the roar of a lion will turn small beer sour.

By native instinct run away.  
 Britain, depend on't, will take on her  
 T' assert her dignity and honor,  
 And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,  
 Destroy your country, and herself.  
 For has not North declared they fight  
 To gain substantial rev'nue by't,  
 Denied he'd ever deign to treat,  
 Till on your knees and at his feet?  
 And feel you not a trifling ague  
 From Van's "*Delenda est Carthago?*"  
 For this now Britain has projected,  
 Think you she has not means t' effect it?  
 Has she not set at work all engines  
 To spirit up the native Indians,  
 Send on your backs the tawney band,  
 With each an hatchet in his hand,  
 T' amuse themselves with scalping knives,  
 And butcher children and your wives;  
 And paid them for your scalps at sale  
 More than your heads would fetch by tale;  
 That she might boast again with vanity,  
 Her English national humanity?  
 For now in its primeval sense  
 This term, *humanity*, comprehends  
 All things of which, on this side hell,  
 The *human mind* is capable;  
 And thus 'tis well, by writers sage,  
 Applied to Britain and to Gage.  
 On this brave work to raise allies,  
 She sent her duplicate of Guys,  
 To drive at different parts at once on,  
 Her stout Guy Carlton and Guy Johnson;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Carthage must be annihilated.* There actually existed a little time before the war, a member of parliament of the name of *Van*, who in a speech there applied this famous threat of Cato to America, and particularly to Boston, as the place to begin the work of destruction.

<sup>10</sup> A half-breed son of the famous Sir William, who influenced and led some of their tribes against us during the war.

To each of whom, to send again you,  
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny,  
Though the dun cow he fell'd in war,  
These killcows are his betters far.

“And has she not essay'd her notes  
To rouse your slaves to cut your throats;  
Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,  
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas?  
And has not Gage, her missionary,  
Turn'd many an Afric to a Tory;  
Made the New-England Bishop's see grow,  
By many a new-converted negro?  
As friends to government, when he  
Your slaves at Boston late set free,  
Enlisted them in black parade,  
Emboss'd with regimental red;  
While flared the epaulette, like flambeau,  
On Captain Cuff and Ensign Sambo:  
And were they not accounted then  
Among his very bravest men?  
And when such means she stoops to take,  
Think you she is not wide awake?  
As the good man of old in Job  
Own'd wondrous allies through the globe,  
Had brought the stones<sup>11</sup> along the street  
To ratify a cov'nant meet,  
And every beast, from lice to lions,  
To join in leagues of strict alliance:  
Has she not cringed, in spite of pride,  
For like assistance, far and wide,  
Till all this formidable league rose  
Of Indians, British troops and Negroes?  
And can you break these triple bands  
By all your workmanship of hands?

<sup>11</sup> The stones and all the elements with thee  
Shall ratify a strict confederacy,  
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,  
And for a firm alliance with thee treat, &c.

*Blackmore's paraphrase of Job.*



"Sir," quoth Honorius, "we presume  
You guess from past feats what's to come,  
And from the mighty deeds of Gage  
Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.  
You doubtless recollected here  
The annals of his first great year:  
While, wearying out the Tories' patience,  
He spent his breath in proclamations;  
While all his mighty noise and vapour  
Was used in wrangling upon paper,  
And boasted military fits  
Closed in the straining of his wits;  
While troops, in Boston commons placed,  
Laid nought, but quires of paper, waste;  
While strokes alternate stunn'd the nation,  
Protest, Address and Proclamation,  
And speech met speech, fib clash'd with fib,  
And Gage still answer'd, squib for squib.

"Though this not all his time was lost on;  
He fortified the town of Boston,  
Built breastworks, that might lend assistance  
To keep the patriots at a distance;  
For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,  
He liked them best the farthest off;  
Works of important use to aid  
His courage, when he felt afraid,  
And whence right off, in manful station,  
He'd boldly pop his proclamation.  
Our hearts must in our bosoms freeze,  
At such heroic deeds as these."

"Vain," said the 'Squire, "you'll find to sneer  
At Gage's first triumphant year;  
For Providence, disposed to tease us,  
Can use what instruments it pleases.  
To pay a tax, at Peter's wish,  
His chief cashier was once a fish;  
An ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,  
Turn'd orator and saved his master;  
A goose, placed sentry on his station,  
Preserved old Rome from desolation;

An English bishop's<sup>12</sup> cur of late  
 Disclosed rebellions 'gainst the state;  
 So frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,  
 And lice delay'd the fatal sentence:  
 And heaven can ruin you at pleasure,  
 By Gage, as soon as by a Cæsar.  
 Yet did our hero in these days  
 Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.  
 And as the statuary of Seville  
 Made his crackt saint an exc'llent devil;  
 So though our war small triumph brings,  
 We gain'd great fame in other things.  
 "Did not our troops show great discerning,  
 And skill your various arts in learning?  
 Outwent they not each native noodle  
 By far, in playing Yankee-doodle,<sup>13</sup>  
 Which as 'twas your New-England tune,  
 'Twas marvellous they took so soon?  
 And ere the year was fully through,  
 Did not they learn to foot it too,<sup>14</sup>  
 And such a dance, as ne'er was known,  
 For twenty miles on end lead down?  
 Did they not lay their heads together,  
 And gain your art to tar and feather,<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> See Atterbury's trial.

<sup>13</sup> This was a native air of New-England, and was often played in derision by the British troops, particularly on their march to Lexington. Afterwards the captive army of Burgoyne were obliged to march to this tune, in the ceremony of piling their arms at Saratoga. *Lond. Edit.*

<sup>14</sup> At the battle of Lexington.

<sup>15</sup> In the beginning of 1775, to bring forward an occasion for a more serious quarrel, than had yet taken place between the people and the army, Lieutenant Colonel Nesbitt laid the following plan. The country people being in the habit of purchasing arms, he directed a soldier to sell one of them an old rusty musket. The soldier soon found a purchaser, a man who brought vegetables to market, who paid him three dollars for it. Scarcely had the man parted from the soldier when he was seized by Nesbitt and conveyed to the guardhouse, where he was confined all night. Early next morning they stripped him entirely naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, placed him on a cart, conducted him to the north end of the town, then back to the south end, as far as Liberty-Tree; where the people began to collect in vast numbers, and the military, fearing for their own safety, dismissed the man, and made a retreat to the barracks.

The party consisted of about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment, with fixed bayonets, twenty drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March, headed by Nesbitt with a drawn sword. *Lond. Edit.*

When Colonel Nesbit, thro' the town,  
In triumph bore the country-clown?  
Oh what a glorious work to sing  
The veteran troops of Britain's king,  
Adventuring for th' heroic laurel  
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!  
To paint the cart where culprits ride,  
And Nesbitt marching at its side,  
Great executioner and proud,  
Like hangman high on Holborn road;  
And o'er the slow-drawn rumbling car,  
The waving ensigns of the war!  
As when a triumph Rome decreed  
For great Caligula's valiant deed,  
Who had subdued the British seas,  
By gath'ring cockles from their base;  
In pompous car the conq'ror bore  
His captive scallops from the shore,  
Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,  
And mighty feats of oyster-catching:  
'Gainst Yankies thus the war begun,  
They tarr'd, and triumph'd over, one;  
And fought and boasted through the season,  
With force as great and equal reason.  
"Yet thus though skill'd in vict'ry's toils,  
They boast, not unexpert, in wiles.  
For gain'd they not an equal fame in  
The arts of secrecy and scheming;  
In stratagem show'd wondrous force,  
And modernized the Trojan horse,  
Play'd o'er again the tricks Ulyssean,  
In their famed Salem expedition?  
For as that horse, the poets tell ye,  
Bore Grecian armies in its belly,  
Till their full reckoning run, with joy  
Shrewd Sinon midwived them in Troy:  
So in one ship was Leslie bold  
Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,



Equipp'd for enterprize and sail,  
Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whale.  
To Marblehead in depth of night  
The cautious vessel wing'd her flight.  
And now the sabbath's silent day  
Call'd all your Yankies off to pray;  
Safe from each prying jealous neighbour,  
The scheme and vessel fell in labor.  
Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly  
The Myrmidons of Colonel Leslie.  
Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand,  
The frogs detachment,<sup>16</sup> rush'd to land,  
Furious by onset and surprise  
To storm th' entrenchment of the mice.  
Through Salem straight, without delay,  
The bold battalion took its way,  
March'd o'er a bridge,<sup>17</sup> in open sight  
Of several Yankies arm'd for fight;  
Then without loss of time or men,  
Veer'd round for Boston back again,  
And found so well their projects thrive,  
That every soul got home alive.

"Thus Gage's arms did fortune bless  
With triumph, safety and success.  
But mercy is without dispute  
His first and darling attribute;  
So great, it far outwent and conquer'd  
His military skill at Concord.  
There, when the war he chose to wage,  
Shone the benevolence of Gage;

<sup>16</sup> See Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*.

<sup>17</sup> The object of this expedition was to seize some provincial artillery and stores, placed at a short distance from Salem. Notwithstanding his strata-gem, when he came to a small river which lay between, Leslie found the bridge taken up, the stores removed, and the people alarmed and rapidly collecting in his front, as well as rear. He then opened a parley, and promised that if they would lay down the bridge and suffer him to march over it, he would immediately return from whence he came, without doing harm to any person or thing. The treaty was concluded; Leslie marched with his party over the bridge, wheeled about instantly and returned to Boston; having performed every article on his part, with the greatest honor and safety.

Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place,  
 On errands mere of special grace;  
 And all the work, he chose them for,  
 Was to *prevent a civil war*,<sup>18</sup>  
 For which kind purpose he projected  
 The only certain way t' effect it,  
 To seize your powder, shot and arms,  
 And all your means of doing harms;  
 As prudent folks take knives away,  
 Lest children cut themselves at play.  
 And yet, when this was all his scheme,  
 The war you still will charge on him;  
 And tho' he oft has swore and said it,  
 Stick close to facts, and give no credit.  
 Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard him?  
 Why, 'twas the very thing, that scared him.  
 He'd rather you should all have run,  
 Than staid to fire a single gun.  
 So, for the civil war you lament,  
 Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't;  
 For had you then, as he intended,  
 Given up your arms, it must have ended:  
 Since that's no war, each mortal knows,  
 Where one side only gives the blows,<sup>19</sup>  
 And t'other bears them; on reflection  
 The most we call it is correction.  
 Nor could the contest have gone higher,  
 If you had ne'er return'd the fire:  
 But when you shot, and not before,

<sup>18</sup> This Gage solemnly declared in a letter to Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, soon after the expedition. The correspondence was immediately published.

<sup>19</sup> *Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*—*Juvenal*.

It was deemed both by the British and Americans, a matter of the utmost importance to determine which party began the war. Some hundreds of depositions were taken in the dispute, and it was fully proved that hostilities were first commenced at Lexington by the British troops, who fired on a company of militia, assembling under arms, killed eight on the first discharge, and dispersed the rest without opposition. The popularity of the war, in England as well as in America, depended greatly at that time on the result of this enquiry—frivolous as it may now appear.

It then commenced a civil war.  
Else Gage, to end this controversy,  
Had but corrected you in mercy;  
Whom mother Britain, old and wise,  
Sent o'er, the colonies to chastise;  
Command obedience on their peril  
Of ministerial whip and ferule;  
And since they ne'er must come of age,  
Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.  
Still more, that mercy was their errand,  
The army's conduct makes apparent.  
What though at Lexington you can say,  
They kill'd a few, they did not fancy;  
At Concord then with manful popping,  
Discharged a round, the ball to open;  
Yet when they saw your rebel rout  
Determined still to brave it out,  
Did they not show their love of peace,  
Their wish that discord straight might cease;  
Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,  
*Their orders were to injure no man?*<sup>20</sup>  
For did not every regular<sup>21</sup> run,  
As soon as e'er you fired a gun;  
Take the first shot you sent them, greeting,  
As meant their signal for retreating;  
And fearful, if they staid for sport,  
You might by accident be hurt,  
Convey themselves with speed away  
Full twenty miles in half a day;  
Race till their legs were grown so weary,  
They scarce sufficed their weight to carry?  
Whence Gage extols, from general hearsay,  
The great activity of Lord Percy;<sup>22</sup>

<sup>20</sup> This was another assertion by Gage, in his letter mentioned in the former note.

<sup>21</sup> In the former wars in America, the term, *Regulars*, was applied to the British troops, to distinguish them from the Provincials, or new levies of the country.

<sup>22</sup> "Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable activity through the whole day." *Gage's account of the Lexington battle.*



Whose brave example led them on,  
 And spirited the troops to run;  
 Who now may boast, at royal levees,  
 A Yankee-chace worth forty Chevys.

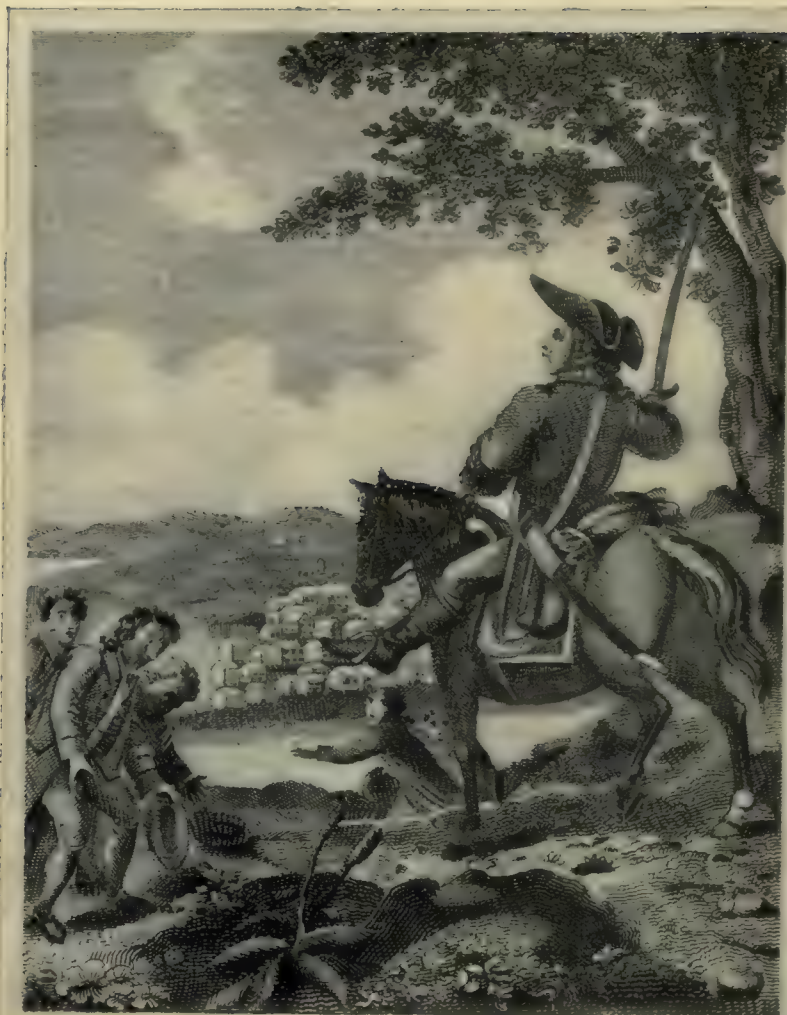
"Yet you, as vile as they were kind,  
 Pursued, like tygers, still behind;  
 Fired on them at your will, and shut  
 The town, as though you'd starve them out;  
 And with parade preposterous<sup>23</sup> hedged,  
 Affect to hold them there besieged:  
 Though Gage, whom proclamations call  
 Your Gov'rnor and Vice-Admiral,  
 Whose power gubernatorial still  
 Extends as far as Bunker's hill,  
 Whose admiralty reaches, clever,  
 Near half a mile up Mistic river,  
 Whose naval force yet keeps the seas,  
 Can run away whene'er he'd please.  
 Nay, stern with rage grim Putnam boiling  
 Plunder'd both Hogg and Noddle Island;<sup>24</sup>  
 Scared troops of Tories into town,  
 Burn'd all their hay and houses down,  
 And menaced Gage, unless he'd flee,  
 To drive him headlong to the sea;  
 As once, to faithless Jews a sign,  
 The De'el, turn'd hog-reeve, did the swine.

"But now your triumphs all are o'er;  
 For see from Britain's angry shore,  
 With deadly hosts of valor join  
 Her Howe, her Clinton and Burgoyne!  
 As comets thro' th' affrighted skies  
 Pour baleful ruin as they rise;  
 As Ætna with infernal roar  
 In conflagration sweeps the shore;

<sup>23</sup> "And with a preposterous parade of military arrangement, they affect to hold the army besieged." *Gage's last grand proclamation.*

<sup>24</sup> Two islands in the harbour of Boston.





Engraved by R. Tisdale.

W. H. Mason & Co.

## MC FINGAL

— ABIAH WHITE. —

IN AWFUL POMP DESCENDING DOWN.

BORE TERROR ON THE FACTIOUS TOWN:

Can. II.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH HARTFORD.

*Printed by D. Russell.*



Or as Abijah White,<sup>25</sup> when sent  
Our Marshfield friends to represent,  
Himself while dread array involves,  
Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,  
In awful pomp descending down  
Bore terror on the factious town:  
Not with less glory and affright,  
Parade these generals forth to fight.  
No more each British colonel runs  
From whizzing beetles, as air-guns;  
Thinks horn-bugs bullets, or thro' fears  
Muskitoes takes for musketeers<sup>26</sup>;  
Nor scapes, as if you'd gain'd supplies,  
From Beelzebub's whole host of flies.  
No bug these warlike hearts appalls;  
They better know the sound of balls.  
I hear the din of battle bray;  
The trump of horror marks its way.  
I see afar the sack of cities,  
The gallows strung with Whig-committees;  
Your moderators triced, like vermin,  
And gate-posts graced with heads of chairmen;  
Your Congress for wave-off'rings hanging,  
And ladders throng'd with priests haranguing.  
What pillories glad the Tories' eyes  
With patriot ears for sacrifice!  
What whipping-posts your chosen race  
Admit successive in embrace,  
While each bears off his sins, alack!

<sup>25</sup> He was representative of Marshfield, and was employed to carry to Boston their famous town-resolves, censuring the Whigs and reprobating the destruction of the Tea. He armed himself in as ridiculous military array, as a second Hudibras, pretending he was afraid he should be robbed of them.

<sup>26</sup> Absurd as this may appear, it was a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon-Hill after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets. They left the hill with great precipitation, spread the alarm in their encampment, and wrote terrible accounts to England of being shot at with air-guns; as appears by their letters, extracts from which were soon after published in the London papers. Indeed, for some time they seriously believed, that the Americans were possessed of a kind of magic white powder, which exploded and killed without report.

Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back!<sup>27</sup>  
 Where then, when Tories scarce get clear,  
 Shall Whigs and Congresses appear?  
 What rocks and mountains will you call  
 To wrap you over with their fall,  
 And save your heads, in these sad weathers,  
 From fire and sword, and tar and feathers?  
 For lo! with British troops tar-bright,  
 Again our Nesbitt heavens in sight;  
 He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,  
 And rig your troops in uniform.<sup>28</sup>  
 To meet such heroes will ye brag,  
 With fury arm'd, and feather-bag,  
 Who wield their missile pitch and tar  
 With engines new in British war?

"Lo! where our mighty navy brings  
 Destruction on her canvass wings,<sup>29</sup>  
 While through the deep the British thunder  
 Shall sound th' alarm, to rob and plunder!  
 As Phœbus first, so Homer speaks,  
 When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks,  
 'Gainst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,  
 And slew th' auxiliaries, their cattle:  
 So where our ships<sup>30</sup> shall stretch the keel,  
 What vanquish'd oxen shall they steal!  
 What heroes, rising from the deep,  
 Invade your marshall'd hosts of sheep;  
 Disperse whole troops of horse, and pressing,  
 Make cows surrender at discretion;  
 Attack your hens, like Alexanders,  
 And regiments rout of geese and ganders;  
 Or where united arms combine,

<sup>27</sup> Bunyan represents his pilgrim, as setting forth burdened with a very heavy pack, containing all his sins, original and actual.

<sup>28</sup> The want of uniform dresses in the American army was a constant theme of ridicule with the British, at the beginning of the war.

<sup>29</sup> Where'er our navy spreads her canvas wings,  
 Honor to thee and peace to all she brings. *Waller.*

<sup>30</sup> The British navy was at first employed in plundering our seacoasts, to obtain fresh provisions.

Lead captive many a herd of swine!  
 Then rush in dreadful fury down  
 To fire on every seaport town;  
 Display their glory and their wits,  
 Fright helpless children into fits;  
 And stoutly, from the unequal fray,  
 Make many a woman run away.

"And can ye doubt, whene'er we please,  
 Our chiefs shall boast such deeds as these?  
 Have we not chiefs transcending far  
 The old famed *thunderbolts of war*?<sup>31</sup>  
 Beyond the brave knight-errant fighters,  
 Stiled swords of death, by novel-writers;  
 Nor in romancing ages e'er rose  
 So terrible a tier of heroes.  
 From Gage what sounds alarm the waves!  
 How loud a blunderbuss is Graves!<sup>32</sup>  
 How Newport dreads the blustering sallies,  
 That thunder from our popgun, Wallace,  
 While noise in formidable strains,  
 Spouts from his thimble-full of brains!  
 I see you sink in awed surprise!  
 I see our Tory brethren rise!  
 And as the sect'ries Sandemanian,  
 Our friends, describe their hoped millennium;<sup>33</sup>  
 Boast how the world in every region  
 At once shall own their true religion,  
 For heaven shall knock, with vengeance dread,  
 All unbelievers on the head;  
 And then their church, the meek in spirit,  
 The earth, as promised, shall inherit  
 From the dead wicked, as heirs male,  
 Or next remainder-men in tail:  
 Such ruin shall the Whigs oppress;

<sup>31</sup> ——— duo fulmina belli,  
 Scipiadas. *Virgil.*

<sup>32</sup> Graves was Admiral; Wallace, Captain of a frigate stationed before Newport.

<sup>33</sup> The year 1793 was the period they fixed upon, for this event to take place.



Such spoils our Tory friends shall bless;  
 While Confiscation at command  
 Shall stalk in terror through the land,  
 Shall give all whig-estates away,  
 And call our brethren into play.

“And can you pause, or scruple more?  
 These things are near you, at the door.  
 Behold! for though to reasoning blind,  
 Signs of the times you still might mind,  
 And view impending fate, as plain  
 As you’d foretell a shower of rain.

“Hath not heaven warn’d you what must ensue,  
 And providence declared against you?  
 Hung forth the dire portents of war  
 By fires and beacons in the air;<sup>24</sup>  
 Alarm’d old women all around  
 With fearful noises under ground,  
 While earth, for many a hundred leagues,  
 Groan’d with her dismal load of Whigs?  
 Was there a meteor, far and wide,  
 But muster’d on the Tory side;  
 A star malign, that has not bent  
 Its aspects for the parliament,  
 Foreboding your defeat and misery,  
 As once they fought against old Sisera?  
 Was there a cloud, that spread the skies,  
 But bore our armies of allies,  
 While dreadful hosts of flame stood forth  
 In baleful streamers from the north?  
 Which plainly show’d what part they join’d;  
 For North’s the minister, ye mind;  
 Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes  
 On *Northern blasts* have strain’d their wits;

<sup>24</sup> Stories of prodigies were at that time industriously propagated by the Tories in various parts of New-England, and with some success in alarming and intimidating the superstitious. In fact, about the commencement of the war, a large meteor passed through our atmosphere, and the Aurora borealis appeared more frequently, and assumed more singular appearances, than usual. These materials were sufficient for a beginning; nonsense easily supplied the rest.

And think you not, the clouds know how  
To make the pun, as well you?  
Did there arise an apparition,  
But grinn'd forth ruin to sedition;  
A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,  
And click'd destruction to the Whigs?  
Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,  
At night our prophets in the air,  
Who, loud, like admiralty libel,  
Read awful chapters from the Bible,  
And war and plague and death denounced,  
And told you how you'd soon be trounced?  
I see, to join our conq'ring side,  
Heaven, earth and hell at once allied;  
See from your overthrow and end,  
The Tory paradise ascend,  
Like that new world, which claims its station,  
Beyond the final conflagration.  
I see the day, that lots your share  
In utter darkness and despair;  
The day of joy, when North, our lord,  
His faithful fav'rites shall reward.  
No Tory then shall set before him  
Small wish of 'Squire and Justice Quorum;  
But to his unmistaken eyes  
See lordships, posts and pensions rise.  
"Awake to gladness then, ye Tories!  
Th' unbounded prospect lies before us.  
The power, display'd in Gage's banners,  
Shall cut their fertile lands to manors;  
And o'er our happy conquer'd ground,  
Dispense estates and titles round.  
Behold! the world shall stare at new setts  
Of home-made Earls<sup>85</sup> in Massachusetts;  
Admire, array'd in ducal tassels,  
Your Ol'vers, Hutchinsons and Vassals;  
See join'd in ministerial work

<sup>85</sup> See Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters.

His Grace of Albany, and York.  
 What lordships from each carved estate,  
 On our New-York Assembly wait!  
 What titled Jauncys, Gales and Billops;<sup>36</sup>  
 Lord Brush, Lord Wilkins and Lord Philips!  
 In wide-sleeved pomp of godly guise,  
 What solemn rows of Bishops rise!  
 Aloft a Cardinal's hat is spread  
 O'er punster Cooper's reverend head.  
 In Vardell, that poetic zealot,<sup>37</sup>  
 I view a lawn-bedizen'd Prelate;  
 While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,  
 On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty!  
 Knights, Viscounts, Barons, shall ye meet,  
 As thick as pebbles in the street;  
 E'en I perhaps (heaven speed my claim!)  
 Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.  
 For titles all our foreheads ache,  
 For what blest changes can they make!  
 Place Reverence, Grace and Excellence,  
 Where neither claim'd the least pretence;  
 Transform by patent's magic words  
 Men, likest devils, into Lords;  
 Whence commoners, to Peers translated,  
 Are justly said to be *created*.<sup>38</sup>  
 Now where commissioners you saw,  
 Shall boards of nobles deal you law;  
 Long-robed comptrollers judge your rights,  
 And tide-waiters start up in knights.  
 While Whigs subdued, in slavish awe,  
 Our wood shall hew, our water draw,  
 And bless the mildness, when past hope,

<sup>36</sup> Members of the ministerial majority in the Legislature of New-York.

<sup>37</sup> Cooper, President of King's College in New-York, was a notorious punster; Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New-York; Chandler and Auchmuty, high-church and tory writers of the clerical order.

<sup>38</sup> "To create a Peer" is the English technical phrase.—Considering the materials frequently made use of, it is easy to perceive the propriety of the expression. Thus Adam *was formed of the dust of the ground*. Gen. ii. 7.



That saved their necks from noose of rope.  
For since our leaders have decreed,  
Their blacks, who join us, shall be freed,  
To hang the conquer'd whigs, we all see,  
Would prove but weak, and thriftless policy,  
Except their Chiefs: the vulgar knaves  
Will do more good, preserved for slaves."

"'Tis well," Honorius cried; "your scheme  
Has painted out a pretty dream.

We can't confute your second-sight;  
We shall be slaves and you a knight.  
These things must come, but I divine,  
They'll come not in your day, nor mine.

"But, oh my friends, my brethren, hear;  
And turn for once th' attentive ear.  
Ye see how prompt to aid our woes  
The tender mercies of our foes;  
Ye see with what unvaried rancour  
Still for our blood their minions hanker;  
Nor aught can sate their mad ambition,  
From us, but death, or worse, submission.  
Shall these then riot in our spoil,  
Reap the glad harvest of our toil,  
Rise from their country's ruins proud,  
And roll their chariot-wheels in blood?  
See Gage, with inauspicious star,  
Has oped the gates of civil war,  
When streams of gore, from freemen slain,  
Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain;  
Whose warning voice, with awful sound,  
Still cries, like Abel's, from the ground;  
And heaven, attentive to its call,  
Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall.

"Rise then, ere ruin swift surprize,  
To victory, to vengeance, rise.  
Hark, how the distant din alarms;  
The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms.  
From provinces remote afar,

The sons of glory rouse to war.  
'Tis Freedom calls! the raptured sound  
The Apalachian hills rebound.  
The Georgian\*\* coasts her voice shall hear,  
And start from lethargies of fear.  
From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray  
Where pours the sun intenser day,  
To shores where icy waters roll,  
And tremble to the glimm'ring pole,  
Inspired by freedom's heavenly charms,  
United nations wake to arms.  
The star of conquest lights their way,  
And guides their vengeance on their prey.  
Yes, though tyrannic force oppose,  
Still shall they triumph o'er their foes;  
Till heaven the happy land shall bless  
With safety, liberty and peace.

"And ye, whose souls of dastard mould  
Start at the bravery of the bold;  
To love your country who pretend,  
Yet want all spirit to defend;  
Who feel your fancies so prolific,  
Engend'ring visions whims terrific,  
O'errun with horrors of coercion,  
Fire, blood and thunder in reversion;  
King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,  
And Gage's scare-crow proclamations;  
Who scarce could rouse, if caught in fray,  
Presence of mind to run away;  
See nought but halters rise to view,  
In all your dreams, and deem them true;  
And while these phantoms haunt your brains,  
Bow down your willing necks to chains.  
Heavens! are ye sons of sires so great,  
Immortal in the fields of fate,  
Who braved all deaths, by land or sea,  
Who bled, who conquer'd, to be free?

\*\* The province of Georgia had not then joined the union.

Hence coward souls, the worst disgrace  
Of our forefathers' valiant race;  
Hie homeward from the glorious field,  
There turn the wheel, the distaff wield;  
Act what ye are, nor dare to stain  
The warrior's arms with touch profane;  
There beg your more heroic wives  
To guard your own, your children's, lives;  
Beneath their aprons seek a screen,  
Nor dare to mingle more with men."

As thus he spake, the Tories' anger  
Could now restrain itself no longer;  
Who tried before by many a freak, or  
Insulting noise, to stop the speaker;  
Swung th' un-oil'd hinge of each pew-door,  
Their feet kept shuffling on the floor;  
Made their disapprobation known  
By many a murmur, hum and groan,  
That to his speech supplied the place  
Of counterpart in thorough bass.  
Thus bagpipes, while the tune they breathe,  
Still drone and grumble underneath;  
And thus the famed Demosthenes<sup>40</sup>  
Harangued the rumbling of the seas,  
Held forth with elocution grave,  
To audience loud of wind and wave;  
And had a stiller congregation,  
Than Tories are, to hear th' oration.  
The uproar now grew high and louder,  
As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are,  
And every soul with heart and voice  
Supplied his quota of the noise.  
Each listening ear was set on torture,  
Each Tory bellowing, "Order, Order;"  
And some, with tongue not low or weak,  
Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak;

<sup>40</sup> Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, is said to have exercised his voice, by declaiming to the waves in a gale; which party made the most noise, history does not inform us.



The Moderator, with great vi'lence,  
 The cushion thump'd with, "Silence, Silence!"  
 The Constable to every prater  
 Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the moderator;"  
 Some call'd the vote, and some in turn  
 Were screaming high, "Adjourn, Adjourn."  
 Not Chaos heard such jars and clashes,  
 When all the el'ments fought for places.  
 The storm each moment fiercer grew;  
 His sword the great M'FINGAL drew,  
 Prepared in either chance to share,  
 To keep the peace, or aid the war.  
 Nor lack'd they each poetic being,  
 Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;  
 Plumed Victory stood perch'd on high,  
 Upon the pulpit-canopy,  
 To join, as is her custom tried,  
 Like Indians, on the strongest side;  
 The Destinies, with shears and distaff,  
 Drew near their threads of life to twist off;  
 The Furies 'gan to feast on blows,  
 And broken head, and bloody nose:  
 When on a sudden from without  
 Arose a loud terrific shout;  
 And straight the people all at once heard  
 Of tongues an universal concert;  
 Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,  
 When every creature talk'd at once,  
 Or like the variegated gabble,  
 That crazed the carpenters of Babel.  
 Each party soon forsook the quarrel,  
 And let the other go on parol,  
 Eager to know what fearful matter  
 Had conjured up such general clatter;

<sup>41</sup> In the New-England churches, previous to the administration of the sacrament, religious service was performed, and a sermon preached, on some day in the week preceding. These sermons were styled *Lectures*, and the day called *Lecture-day*. But usually these meetings were very thinly attended, like the *Wall-lectures* in the English Universities, in which to supply an audience, they depend on the proverb, that *Walls have ears*. See *V. Knox's Essays* No. 77.

And left the church in thin array,  
As though it had been lecture-day.<sup>41</sup>  
Our 'Squire M'FINGAL straitway beckon'd  
The Constable to stand his second;  
And sallied forth with aspect fierce  
The crowd assembled to disperse.

The Moderator, out of view,  
Beneath the desk had lain perdue;  
Peep'd up his head to view the fray,  
Beheld the wranglers run away,  
And left alone, with solemn face  
Adjourn'd them without time or place.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

## M'FINGAL.

### CANTO III.

#### THE LIBERTY POLE.

**N**OW warm with ministerial ire,  
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,  
And on his striding steps attends  
His desperate clan of Tory friends.  
When sudden met his wrathful eye  
A pole ascending through the sky,  
Which numerous throngs of whiggish race  
Were raising in the market-place.  
Not higher school-boy's kites aspire,  
Or royal mast, or country spire;  
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,  
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton.  
And on its top, the flag unfurl'd  
Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,  
Inscribed with inconsistent types  
Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.<sup>1</sup>  
Beneath, the crowd without delay  
The dedication-rites essay,  
And gladly pay, in antient fashion,  
The ceremonies of libation;  
While briskly to each patriot lip  
Walks eager round the inspiring flip:<sup>2</sup>  
Delicious draught! whose powers inherit  
The quintessence of public spirit;  
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind  
To nobler politics refined;  
Or roused to martial controversy,  
As from transforming cups of Circe;  
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,  
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.  
At hand for new supplies in store,

<sup>1</sup> The American flag. It would doubtless be wrong to imagine that the stripes bear any allusion to the slave trade.

<sup>2</sup> Flip, a liquor composed of beer, rum and sugar; the comcom treat at that time in the country towns of New-England.



The tavern opes its friendly door,  
Whence to and fro the waiters run,  
Like bucket-men at fires in town.  
Then with three shouts that tore the sky,  
'Tis consecrate to Liberty.

To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,  
A grand Committee cull'd of four is;  
Who foremost on the patriot spot,  
Had brought the flip, and paid the shot.

By this, M'FINGAL with his train  
Advanced upon th' adjacent plain,  
And full with loyalty possest,  
Pour'd forth the zeal, that fired his breast.

"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,  
To raise this May-pole of sedition?  
Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,  
With like confusion too of tongues,  
To point at heaven and summon down  
The thunders of the British crown?  
Say, will this paltry Pole secure  
Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?  
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,  
Is this to stand your ark of safety;  
Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,  
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?  
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,  
And balls rush hissing through the sky,  
Will this vile Pole, devote to freedom,  
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom;  
Or like the brazen snake of Moses,  
Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?

"Ye dupes to every factious rogue  
And tavern-prating demagogue,  
Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,  
On th' empty drumhead of his scull;  
Behold you not what noisy fools  
Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?  
For Liberty, in your own by-sense,  
Is but for crimes a patent license,

To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,  
And throw the world in common stock;  
Reduce all grievances and ills  
To Magna Charta of your wills;  
Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,  
Framed to the model of your conscience;  
Cry justice down, as out of fashion,  
And fix its scale of depreciation;<sup>3</sup>  
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,  
And keep new years of Jewish jubilee;  
Drive judges out,<sup>4</sup> like Aaron's calves,  
By jurisdiction of white staves,  
And make the bar and bench and steeple  
Submit t' our Sovereign Lord, The People;  
By plunder rise to power and glory,  
And brand all property, as Tory;  
Expose all wares to lawful seizures  
By mobbers or monopolizers;  
Break heads and windows and the peace,  
For your own interest and increase;  
Dispute and pray and fight and groan  
For public good, and mean your own;  
Prevent the law by fierce attacks  
From quitting scores upon your backs;  
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,  
And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,  
And turn them to convenient engines  
To wreak your patriotic vengeance;  
While all, your rights who understand,  
Confess them in their owner's hand;  
And when by clamours and confusions,  
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,  
Cry "Liberty," with powerful yearning,

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the depreciation of the Continental paper money. Congress finally ascertained the course of its declension at different periods, by what was called, A Scale of Depreciation.

<sup>4</sup> On the commencement of the war, the courts of justice were every where shut up. In some instances, the judges were forced to retire, by the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed with white staves.

As he does "Fire!" whose house is burning;  
Though he already has much more  
Than he can find occasion for.  
While every clown, that tills the plains,  
Though bankrupt in estate and brains,  
By this new light transform'd to traitor,  
Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,  
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,  
And drags you by the ears, like pigs.  
All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,  
New-born at once to politicians.  
Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown wise,  
Presents his forward face t' advise,  
And tatter'd legislators meet,  
From every workshop through the street.  
His goose the tailor finds new use in,  
To patch and turn the Constitution;  
The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate  
To iron-bind the wheels of state;  
The quack forbears his patients' souse,  
To purge the Council and the House;  
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,  
To cast assembly-men and proxies.  
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,  
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,  
To wealth and power and honors rise,  
Like new-wing'd maggots changed to flies,  
And fluttering round in high parade,  
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.  
See Arnold quits, for ways more certain,  
His bankrupt-perj'ries for his fortune,  
Brews rum no longer in his store,  
Jockey and skipper now no more,  
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,  
And writs of slander for the pox;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Arnold's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune; and his curious lawsuit against a brother skipper, who had charged him with having caught the above-mentioned disease, by his connection with a certain African princess in the West-Indies, were among the early promises of his future greatness, and honors.



And cleansed by patriotism from shame,  
 Grows General of the foremost name.  
 For in this ferment of the stream  
 The dregs have work'd up to the brim,  
 And by the rule of topsy-turvies,  
 The scum stands foaming on the surface.  
 You've caused your pyramid t' ascend,  
 And set it on the little end.  
 Like Hudibras, your empire's made,  
 Whose crupper had o'ertopp'd his head.  
 You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-  
 Side down, and got yourselves at top,  
 While all the great ones of your state  
 Are crush'd beneath the popular weight;  
 Nor can you boast, this present hour,  
 The shadow of the form of power.  
 For what's your Congress<sup>6</sup> or its end?  
 A power, t' advise and recommend;  
 To call forth troops, adjust your quotas—  
 And yet no soul is bound to notice;  
 To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,  
 But cannot bind you to redeem it;  
 And when in want no more in them lies,  
 Than begging from your State-Assemblies;  
 Can utter oracles of dread,  
 Like friar Bacon's brazen head,  
 But when a faction dares dispute 'em,  
 Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em:  
 As tho' you chose supreme dictators,  
 And put them under conservators.  
 You've but pursued the self-same way  
 With Shakespeare's Trinc'lo<sup>7</sup> in the play;

<sup>6</sup> The author here, in a true strain of patriotic censure, pointed out the principal defects in the first federal constitution of the United States: all which have been since removed in the new Constitution, established in the year 1789. So that the prophecy below, *You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it*, must be ranked among the other sage blunders of his second-sighted hero. *Lond. Edit.*

<sup>7</sup> This political plan of Trinculo in the *Tempest*, may be found in the old folio edition of Shakespeare. It has since been expunged by some of his wise commentators.

"You shall be Viceroy here, 'tis true,  
"But we'll be Viceroy over you."  
What wild confusion hence must ensue?  
Tho' common danger yet cements you:  
So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,  
Is held up by surrounding waters,  
But stranded, when the pressure ceases,  
Falls by its rottenness to pieces.  
And fall it must! if wars were ended,  
You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it:  
But creeping on, by low intrigues,  
Like vermin of a thousand legs,\*  
'Twill find as short a life assign'd,  
As all things else of reptile kind.  
Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,  
The property of every varlet;  
Which now in taste, and full employ,  
All sorts admire, as all enjoy:  
But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,  
You'll curse and drum her out of town.  
Such is the government you chose;  
For this you bade the world be foes;  
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,  
You scorn the British Constitution,  
That constitution form'd by sages,  
The wonder of all modern ages;  
Which owns no failure in reality,  
Except corruption and venality;  
And merely proves the adage just,  
That best things spoil'd corrupt to worst:  
So man supreme in earthly station,  
And mighty lord of this creation,  
When once his corse is dead as herring,  
Becomes the most offensive carrion,  
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,  
Than all beasts rotting on the ground.  
Yet with republics to dismay us,

\* Millepedes.

You've call'd up Anarchy from chaos,  
 With all the followers of her school,  
 Uproar and Rage and wild Misrule:  
 For whom this rout of Whigs distracted,  
 And ravings dire of every crack'd head;  
 These new-cast legislative engines  
 Of County-meetings and Conventions;  
 Committees vile of correspondence,  
 And mobs, whose tricks have almost undone 's:  
 While reason fails to check your course,  
 And Loyalty's kick'd out of doors,  
 And Folly, like inviting landlord,  
 Hoists on your poles her royal standard;  
 While the king's friends, in doleful dumps,  
 Have worn their courage to the stumps,  
 And leaving George in sad disaster,  
 Most sinfully deny their master.  
 What furies raged when you, in sea,  
 In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea;<sup>9</sup>  
 When your gay sparks, fatigued to watch it,  
 Assumed the moggison and hatchet,  
 With wampum'd blankets hid their laces,  
 And like their sweethearts, primed<sup>10</sup> their faces:  
 While not a red-coat dared oppose,  
 And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;  
 While Hutchinson,<sup>11</sup> for sure retreat,

<sup>9</sup> The cargo of tea sent to Boston, after being guarded for twenty nights, by voluntary parties of the Whigs, to prevent its being clandestinely brought ashore, was thrown into the sea, by a party of about two hundred young men, dressed, armed and painted like Indians; but many a ruffled shirt and laced vest appeared under their blankets.

<sup>10</sup> *Primed*, i. e. painted.

<sup>11</sup> When the leading Whigs in Boston found it impossible to procure the Tea to be sent back, they secretly resolved on its destruction, and prepared all the necessary means. To cover the design, a meeting of the people of the whole County was convened on the day appointed, and spent their time in grave consultation on the question, what should be done to prevent its being landed and sold. The arrival of the Indians put an end to the debate, at the moment, when one of the foremost of the whig-orators was declaiming against all violent measures. Hutchinson was alarmed at the meeting, and retired privately in the morning, to his country seat at Milton. Whether from mistake or design, information was sent to him, that the mob was coming to pull down his house. He escaped in the utmost haste across the fields. The story of the day was, that the alarm was given, at the time, when he sat half-shaved under the hands of his barber.



Manœuvred to his country seat,  
And thence affrighted, in the suds,  
Stole off bareheaded through the woods.

"Have you not roused your mobs to join,  
And make Mandamus-men resign,  
Call'd forth each duffil-drest curmudgeon,  
With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon,  
Forced all our Councils through the land,  
To yield their necks at your command;  
While paleness marks their late disgraces,  
Through all their rueful length of faces?

"Have you not caused as woeful work  
In our good city of New-York,  
When all the rabble, well cockaded,  
In triumph through the streets paraded,  
And mobb'd the Tories, scared their spouses,  
And ransack'd all the custom-houses;<sup>12</sup>  
Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,  
That mid the clash of tempests warring,  
Smith's<sup>13</sup> weather-cock, in veers forlorn,  
Could hardly tell which way to turn?  
Burn'd effigies of higher powers,  
Contrived in planetary hours;  
As witches with clay-images  
Destroy or torture whom they please:  
Till fired with rage, th' ungrateful club  
Spared not your best friend, Beelzebub,  
O'erlook'd his favors, and forgot  
The reverence due his cloven foot,  
And in the selfsame furnace frying,  
Stew'd him, and North and Bute and Tryon?<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> The custom-house was broken open at New-York, and all public monies seized.

<sup>13</sup> William Smith, an eminent Lawyer in New-York. He at first opposed the claims of Britain, but after wavering some time, at last joined our enemy. He has since been Chief Justice in Canada.

<sup>14</sup> Tryon was Governor of New-York and a British General during the war. He had the glory of destroying the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk. Burnings in effigy were frequently the amusements of the mob at that period, and in imitation of the former custom of the English in burning annually the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender, Beelzebub, with his usual figure and accoutrements, was always joined in the conflagration with the other obnoxious characters.

Did you not, in as vile and shallow way,  
 Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,  
 Your Congress, when the loyal ribald  
 Belied, berated and bescribbled?  
 What ropes<sup>15</sup> and halters did you send,  
 Terrific emblems of his end,  
 Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,  
 Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?  
 Now rising in progression fatal,  
 Have you not ventured to give battle?  
 When Treason chaced our heroes troubled,  
 With rusty gun,<sup>16</sup> and leathern doublet;  
 Turn'd all stone-walls and groves and bushes,  
 To batteries arm'd with blunderbusses;  
 And with deep wounds, that fate portend,  
 Gaul'd many a Briton's latter end;  
 Drove them to Boston, as in jail,  
 Confined without mainprize or bail.  
 Were not these deeds enough betimes,  
 To heap the measure of your crimes:  
 But in this loyal town and dwelling,  
 You raise these ensigns of rebellion?  
 'Tis done! fair Mercy shuts her door;  
 And Vengeance now shall sleep no more.  
 Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,  
 And sweep this scandal from the skies.  
 You'll see their Dagon, though well jointed,  
 Will shrink before the Lord's anointed;<sup>17</sup>  
 And like old Jericho's proud wall,  
 Before our ram's horns prostrate fall."  
 This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,

<sup>15</sup> Galloway began by being a flaming patriot: but being disgusted at his own want of influence, and the greater popularity of others, he turned Tory, wrote against the measures of Congress, and absconded. Just before his escape, a trunk was put on board a vessel in the Delaware, to be delivered to Joseph Galloway, Esquire. On opening it, he found it contained only, as Shakespeare says,

"A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself."

<sup>16</sup> At the battle of Lexington.

<sup>17</sup> The Tory clergy always stiled the King, the Lord's Anointed. The language of Cromwell's and Charles' days was yet frequent in New-England.

Call'd forth the Constable to aid,  
And bade him read, in nearer station,  
The Riot-act and Proclamation.  
He swift, advancing to the ring,  
Began, "Our Sovereign Lord, the King"—  
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,  
And clubs and stones assail his ears.  
To fly was vain; to fight was idle;  
By foes encompass'd in the middle,  
His hope, in stratagems, he found,  
And fell right craftily to ground;  
Then crept to seek an hiding place,  
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;  
Where soon the conq'ring crew espied him,  
And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.

At once with resolution fatal,  
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle.  
Instead of weapons, either band  
Seized on such arms as came to hand.  
And as famed Ovid<sup>18</sup> paints th' adventures  
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,  
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,  
Threw bottles at each other's head;  
And these arms failing in their scuffles,  
Attack'd with andirons, tongs and shovels:  
So clubs and billets, staves and stones  
Met fierce, encountering every scone,  
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains  
Each void receptacle for brains;  
Their clamours rend the skies around,  
The hills rebellow to the sound;  
And many a groan increas'd the din  
From batter'd nose and broken shin.  
M'FINGAL, rising at the word,  
Drew forth his old militia-sword;  
Thrice cried "King George," as erst in distress,  
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;

<sup>18</sup> See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book 12th.



And brandishing the blade in air,  
 Struck terror through th' opposing war.  
 The Whigs, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, shrunk behind.  
 With whirling steel around address'd,  
 Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd,  
 (Who roll'd on either side in arch,  
 Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march)  
 And like a meteor rushing through,  
 Struck on their Pole a vengeful blow.  
 Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones  
 Discharged whole volleys, in platoons,  
 That o'er in whistling fury fly;  
 But not a foe dares venture nigh.  
 And now perhaps with glory crown'd  
 Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to ground,  
 Had not some Pow'r, a whig at heart,  
 Descended down and took their part;<sup>19</sup>  
 (Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars or Iris,  
 'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries)  
 Who at the nick of time alarming,  
 Assumed the solemn form of Chairman,  
 Address'd a Whig, in every scene  
 The stoutest wrestler on the green,  
 And pointed where the spade was found,  
 Late used to set their pole in ground,  
 And urged, with equal arms and might,  
 To dare our 'Squire to single fight.  
 The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,  
 Advanced tremendous to the field:  
 Nor did M'FINGAL shun the foe,  
 But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;  
 While all the party gazed, suspended  
 To see the deadly combat ended;  
 And Jove<sup>20</sup> in equal balance weigh'd

<sup>19</sup> The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene, to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Æneas and the Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.

<sup>20</sup> Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances

Sustinet & fata imponit diversa duorum,  
 Quem damnet labor, &c.

*Æneid, 12.*

The sword against the brandish'd spade,  
 He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,  
 The sword flew up, and kick'd the beam.  
 Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair  
 Lifts high a noble stroke in air,  
 Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,  
 Descended on his foe in vengeance.  
 But ah! in danger, with dishonor  
 The sword perfidious fails its owner;  
 That sword, which oft had stood its ground,  
 By huge trainbands encircled round;  
 And on the bench, with blade right loyal,  
 Had won the day at many a trial,<sup>21</sup>  
 Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,  
 Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.<sup>22</sup>  
 The spade so temper'd from the sledge,  
 Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,  
 Now met it, from his arm of might,  
 Descending with steep force to smite;  
 The blade snapp'd short — and from his hand,  
 With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.  
 Swift turn'd M'FINGAL at the view,  
 And call'd to aid th' attendant crew,  
 In vain; the Tories all had run,  
 When scarce the fight was well begun;  
 Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd  
 Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.  
 Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,  
 And saw no refuge, but in flight:  
 But age unwieldy check'd his pace,  
 Though fear had wing'd his flying race;

<sup>21</sup> It was the fashion in New-England at that time, for judges to wear swords on the bench.

<sup>22</sup> ——— Postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,  
 Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu  
 Dissiluit; fulva resplendent fragmina arena. *Virgil.*

————— The sword  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge; it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending and in half cut sheer. *Milton.*

For not a trifling prize at stake;  
 No less than great M'FINGAL'S back.<sup>23</sup>  
 With legs and arms he work'd his course,  
 Like rider that outgoes his horse,  
 And labor'd hard to get away, as  
 Old Satan<sup>24</sup> struggling on through chaos;  
 'Till looking back, he spied in rear  
 The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near:  
 Then stopp'd and seized a stone, that lay  
 An ancient landmark near the way;  
 Nor shall we as old bards have done,  
 Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;<sup>25</sup>  
 But such a stone, as at a shift  
 A modern might suffice to lift,  
 Since men, to credit their enigmas,  
 Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,  
 And giants exiled with their cronies  
 To Brobdignags and Patagonias.  
 But while our Hero turn'd him round,  
 And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,  
 The fatal spade discharged a blow  
 Tremendous on his rear below:  
 His bent knee fail'd,<sup>26</sup> and void of strength  
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.  
 Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,  
 Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,  
 Or mountain sunk with all his pines,  
 Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,  
 And more things else — but all men know 'em,  
 If slightly versed in epic poem.  
 At once the crew, at this dread crisis,  
 Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises;  
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,  
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole.

<sup>23</sup> ——— nec enim levia aut ludicra petuntur  
Præmia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant. *Virgil.*

<sup>24</sup> In Milton.

<sup>25</sup> This thought is taken from Juvenal, Satire 15.

<sup>26</sup> Genua labant ——— incidit ictus,  
Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. *Virgil.*



When now the mob in lucky hour  
Had got their en'mies in their power,  
They first proceed, by grave command,  
To take the Constable in hand.  
Then from the pole's sublimest top  
The active crew let down the rope,  
At once its other end in haste bind,  
And make it fast upon his waistband;  
Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,  
He hung self-balanced on his centre.<sup>27</sup>  
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,  
They swung him, like a keg of ale,  
Till to the pinnacle in height  
He vaulted, like balloon or kite.  
As Socrates<sup>28</sup> of old at first did  
To aid philosophy get hoisted,  
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,  
Swung in a basket in mid air:  
Our culprit thus, in purer sky,  
With like advantage raised his eye,  
And looking forth in prospect wide,  
His Tory errors clearly spied,  
And from his elevated station,  
With bawling voice began addressing.

"Good Gentlemen and friends and kin,  
For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!  
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,  
The King, the Devil and all their works;  
And will, set me but once at ease,  
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;  
And always mind your rules so justly,  
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,  
I'll never join in British rage,  
Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;  
Nor lift my gun in future fights,  
Nor take away your Charter-rights;

<sup>27</sup> And earth self-balanced on her centre hung. *Milton.*

<sup>28</sup> In Aristophanes' Comedy of the Clouds, Socrates is represented as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

Nor overcome your new-raised levies,  
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;  
 Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,  
 Though raised more thick than hatchel-teeth:  
 But leave King George and all his elves  
 To do their conq'ring work themselves."

This said, they lower'd him down in state,  
 Spread at all points, like falling cat;  
 But took a vote first on the question,  
 That they'd accept this full confession,  
 And to their fellowship and favor,  
 Restore him on his good behaviour.

Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,  
 But stood, heroic as a mule.  
 "You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,  
 To play your rebel tricks on me.  
 All punishments, the world can render,  
 Serve only to provoke th' offender;  
 The will gains strength from treatment horrid,  
 As hides grow harder when they're curried.  
 No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
 With good opinion of the law;  
 Or held in method orthodox  
 His love of justice, in the stocks;  
 Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears  
 At once his loyalty and ears.  
 Have you made Murray<sup>29</sup> look less big,  
 Or smoked old Williams<sup>29</sup> to a Whig?  
 Did our mobb'd Ol'ver<sup>30</sup> quit his station,  
 Or heed his vows of resignation?  
 Has Rivington,<sup>31</sup> in dread of stripes,

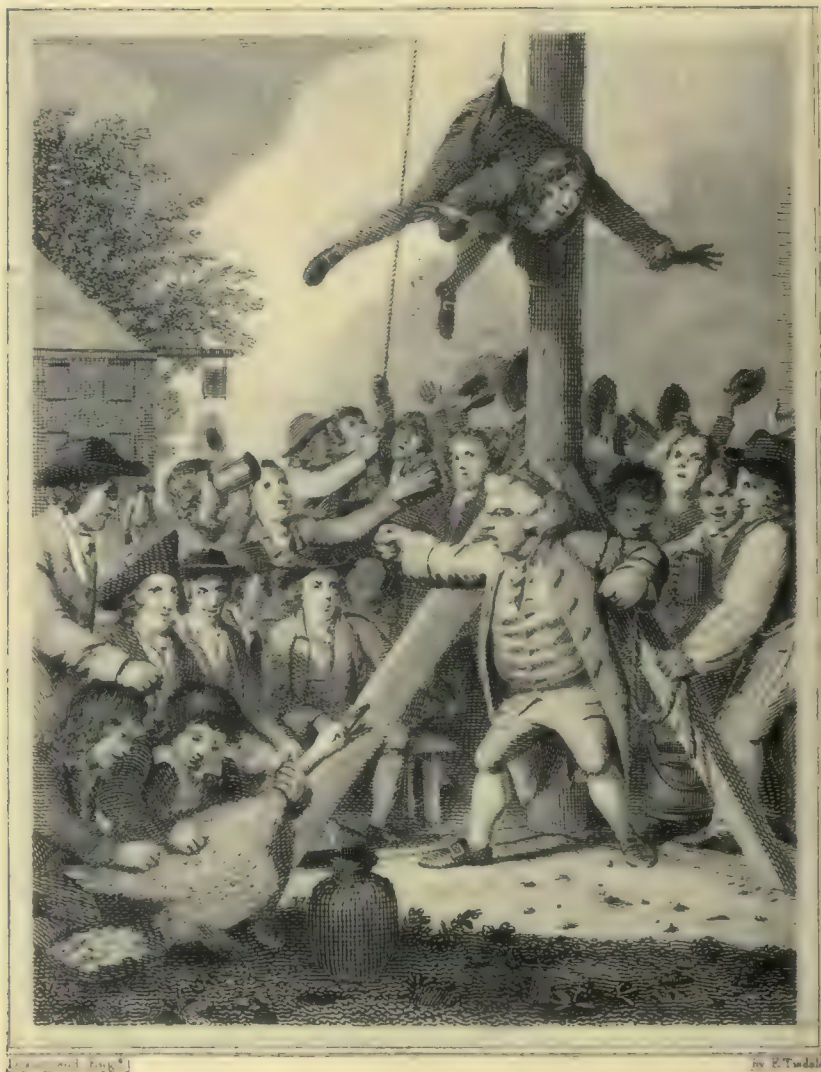
<sup>29</sup> Members of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts. The operation of smoking Tories was thus performed. The victim was confined in a close room before a large fire of green wood, and a cover applied to the top of the chimney.

<sup>30</sup> Thomas Oliver, Esq. Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts. He was surrounded at his seat in the country and intimidated by the mob into the signing of his resignation.

<sup>31</sup> Rivington was a tory Printer in New-York. Just before the commencement of the war, a party from New-Haven attacked his press, and carried off, or destroyed the types.







## M<sup>c</sup> FINGAL.

YOU'LL RUE THIS INAUSPICIOUS MORN  
AND CURSE THE DAY YOU E'ER WERE BORN.  
Can. III.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G GOODRICH HARTFORD CON.

Ceased lying since you stole his types?  
And can you think my faith will alter,  
By tarring, whipping or the halter?  
I'll stand the worst; for recompense  
I trust King George and Providence.  
And when with conquest gain'd I come,  
Array'd in law and terror home,  
Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,  
And curse the day, when ye were born,  
In Job's high style of imprecations,  
With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard  
A Bench of Justice had prepared,<sup>32</sup>  
Where sitting round in awful sort  
The grand Committee hold their Court;  
While all the crew, in silent awe,  
Wait from their lips the lore of law.  
Few moments with deliberation  
They hold the solemn consultation;  
When soon in judgment all agree,  
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree;  
"That 'Squire M'FINGAL having grown  
The vilest Tory in the town,  
And now in full examination  
Convicted by his own confession,  
Finding no tokens of repentance,  
This Court proceeds to render sentence:  
That first the Mob a slip-knot single  
Tie round the neck of said M'FINGAL,  
And in due form do tar him next,  
And feather, as the law directs;  
Then through the town attendant ride him  
In cart with Constable beside him,  
And having held him up to shame,  
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck

<sup>32</sup> An imitation of legal forms was universally practised by the mobs in New-England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.

With halter'd noose M'FINGAL's neck,  
While he in peril of his soul  
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;  
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,  
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar.  
With less profusion once was spread  
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,  
That down his beard and vestments ran,  
And cover'd all his outward man.  
As when (so Claudian<sup>33</sup> sings) the Gods  
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,  
The stout Enceladus in malice  
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;  
And while he held them o'er his head,  
The river, from their fountains fed,  
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,  
And wore its channels in his hide:  
So from the high-raised urn the torrents  
Spread down his side their various currents;  
His flowing wig, as next the brim,  
First met and drank the sable stream;  
Adown his visage stern and grave  
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;  
With arms depending as he stood,  
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;  
From nose and chin's remotest end,  
The tarry icicles descend;  
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,  
He glitter'd to the western ray,  
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,  
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.  
And now the feather-bag display'd  
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,  
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,  
And down, upon the tar, adhesive:  
Not Maia's<sup>34</sup> son, with wings for ears,

<sup>33</sup> Claudian's Gigantomachia.

<sup>34</sup> Mercury, described by the Poets with wings on his head and feet.



Such plumage round his visage wears;  
 Nor Milton's six-wing'd<sup>35</sup> angel gathers  
 Such superfluity of feathers.  
 Now all complete appears our 'Squire,  
 Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;  
 Nor more could boast on Plato's<sup>36</sup> plan  
 To rank among the race of man,  
 Or prove his claim to human nature,  
 As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the fatal cart, in state  
 They raised our grand Duumvirate.  
 And as at Rome<sup>37</sup> a like committee,  
 Who found an owl within their city,  
 With solemn rites and grave processions  
 At every shrine perform'd lustrations;  
 And least infection might take place  
 From such grim fowl with feather'd face,  
 All Rome attends him through the street  
 In triumph to his country seat:  
 With like devotion all the choir  
 Paraded round our awful 'Squire;  
 In front the martial music comes  
 Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,  
 With jingling sound of carriage bells,  
 And treble creak of rusted wheels.  
 Behind, the croud, in lengthen'd row  
 With proud procession, closed the show.  
 And at fit periods every throat  
 Combined in universal shout;  
 And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,  
 Or bawl'd 'confusion to the Tories.'  
 Not louder storm the welkin braves  
 From clamors of conflicting waves;  
 Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise  
 When rav'ning lions lift their voice;

<sup>35</sup> And angel wing'd—six wings he wore— Milton.

<sup>36</sup> Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, *Animal bipes implume*—  
 a two-legged animal without feathers.

<sup>37</sup> Livy's History.

Or triumphs at town-meetings made,  
On passing votes to regulate trade.<sup>38</sup>

Thus having borne them round the town,  
Last at the pole they set them down;  
And to the tavern take their way  
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the Mob, dispersed and gone,  
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.

The constable with rueful face  
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;  
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,  
Stuck 'Squire M'FINGAL 'gainst the pole,  
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,  
Like barnacle on vessel's side.

But though his body lack'd physician,  
His spirit was in worse condition.  
He found his fears of whips and ropes  
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.

As men in jail without mainprize  
View every thing with other eyes,  
And all goes wrong in church and state,  
Seen through perspective of the grate:  
So now M'FINGAL'S Second-sight  
Beheld all things in gloomier light;  
His visual nerve, well purged with tar,  
Saw all the coming scenes of war.  
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,  
He found he could hold in no longer.  
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,  
His wig from pitchy durance broke,  
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,  
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd.

"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain  
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain!  
Behold my doom! this feathery omen  
Portends what dismal times are coming.

<sup>38</sup> Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

Now future scenes, before my eyes,  
 And second-sighted forms arise.  
 I hear a voice,<sup>39</sup> that calls away,  
 And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'  
 My beck'ning Genius gives command,  
 And bids me fly the fatal land;  
 Where changing name and constitution,  
 Rebellion turns to Revolution,  
 While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,  
 Stands trembling for its neck and ears.

"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,  
 To muster at our usual meeting;  
 There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em  
 Of all things future that concern 'em,  
 And scenes disclose on which, my friend,  
 Their conduct and their lives depend.  
 There I<sup>40</sup> — but first 'tis more of use,  
 From this vile pole to set me loose;  
 Then go with cautious steps and steady,  
 While I steer home and make all ready.

<sup>39</sup> I hear a voice, you cannot hear,  
 That says, I must not stay— *Tickell's Ballad.*

<sup>40</sup> Quos Ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

*Virgil.*



## M'FINGAL.

### CANTO IV.

#### THE VISION.

**N**OW Night came down, and rose full soon  
That patroness of rogues, the Moon;  
Beneath whose kind protecting ray,  
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.  
The honest world all snored in chorus,  
While owls and ghosts and thieves and Tories,  
Whom erst the mid-day sun had awed,  
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.

On cautious hinges, slow and stiller,  
Wide oped the great M'FINGAL's cellar,<sup>1</sup>  
Where safe from prying eyes, in cluster,  
The Tory Pandemonium muster.  
Their chiefs all sitting round descried are,  
On kegs of ale and seats of cider;<sup>2</sup>  
When first M'FINGAL, dimly seen,  
Rose solemn from the turnip-bin.<sup>3</sup>  
Nor yet his form had wholly lost  
Th' original brightness it could boast,<sup>4</sup>  
Nor less appear'd than Justice Quorum,  
In feather'd majesty before 'em.  
Adown his tar-streak'd visage, clear  
Fell glistening fast th' indignant tear,  
And thus his voice, in mournful wise,  
Pursued the prologue of his sighs.

"Brethren and friends, the glorious band  
Of loyalty in rebel land!

<sup>1</sup> Secret meetings of the Tories, in cellars and other lurking places, were frequent during the revolutionary war.

<sup>2</sup> Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,  
Conciliumque vocat Divum pater atq; hominum Rex  
Sideream in sedem. *Virgil.*

<sup>3</sup> In most of the country cellars in New-England, a *bin* is raised at one corner, about four feet high, to hold turnips and other vegetables. M'Fingal uses it here as a desk for a speaker.

<sup>4</sup> ————— His form had not yet lost  
All its original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than archangel ruin'd. *Milton.*

It was not thus you've seen me sitting,  
 Return'd in triumph from town-meeting;  
 When blust'ring Whigs were put to stand,  
 And votes obey'd my guiding hand,  
 And new commissions pleased my eyes;  
 Blest days, but ah, no more to rise!  
 Alas, against my better light,  
 And optics sure of second-sight,<sup>5</sup>  
 My stubborn soul, in error strong,  
 Had faith in Hutchinson too long.  
 See what brave trophies still we bring  
 From all our battles for the king;  
 And yet these plagues, now past before us,  
 Are but our entering wedge of sorrows!

"I see, in glooms tempestuous, stand  
 The cloud impending o'er the land;  
 That cloud, which still beyond their hopes  
 Serves all our orators with tropes;  
 Which, though from our own vapors fed,  
 Shall point its thunders on our head!  
 I see the Mob, beflipp'd at taverns,  
 Hunt us, like wolves, through wilds and caverns!  
 What dungeons open on our fears!  
 What horsewhips whistle round our ears!  
 Tar, yet in embryo in the pine,  
 Shall run on Tories' backs to shine;  
 Trees, rooted fair in groves of sallows,  
 Are growing for our future gallows;  
 And geese unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray,  
 Shall rue the feathering of that day.<sup>6</sup>

"For me, before that fatal time,  
 I mean to fly th' accursed clime,  
 And follow omens, which of late  
 Have warn'd me of impending fate.

"For late in visions of the night

<sup>5</sup> The second-sight of the Highlanders furnishes poetry with a new kind of machinery. Walter Scott has since made use of it with great advantage, in several of his poems.

<sup>6</sup> The child shall rue, that is unborn,  
 The hunting of that day. *Chevy-chase.*

The gallows stood before my sight;  
 I saw its ladder heaved on end;  
 I saw the deadly rope descend,  
 And in its noose, that wavering swang,  
 Friend Malcolm<sup>7</sup> hung, or seem'd to hang.  
 How chang'd<sup>8</sup> from him, who bold as lion,  
 Stood Aid-de-camp to Gen'ral Tryon,  
 Made rebels vanish once, like witches,  
 And saved his life, but dropp'd<sup>9</sup> his breeches.  
 I scarce had made a fearful bow,  
 And trembling ask'd him, "How d'ye do;"  
 When lifting up his eyes so wide,  
 His eyes alone, his hands were tied;  
 With feeble voice, as spirits use,  
 Now almost choak'd by gripe of noose;  
 "Ah, fly my friend, he cried, escape,  
 And keep yourself from this sad scrape;  
 Enough you've talk'd and writ and plann'd;  
 The Whigs have got the upper hand.  
 Could mortal<sup>10</sup> arm our fears have ended,  
 This arm (and shook it) had defended.  
 Wait not till things grow desperater,  
 For hanging is no laughing matter.  
 Adventure then no longer stay;

<sup>7</sup> Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in his expedition against the Regulators, as they called themselves, in North Carolina. He was afterwards an under-officer of the Customs in Boston, where becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered and half-hanged by the mob, about the year 1774.

<sup>8</sup> ——— quantum mutatus ab illo  
 Hectore, qui rediit spoliis indutus. *Virg.*

<sup>9</sup> This adventure was thus reported among the anecdotes of the day. When Governor Tryon marched with his militia, to suppress the insurgents in the western counties of North Carolina, and found them, drawn up in array to oppose him, Malcolm was sent with a flag to propose terms, and demand the surrender of their arms. Before the conclusion of the parley, Tryon's militia began to fire on the Regulators. The fire was immediately returned. Malcolm started to escape to his party; and by the violence of his pedestrian exertion (as Shakespeare says)

"His points being broken, down fell his hose;"  
 and he displayed the novel spectacle of a man running the gauntlet *sans cu-lottes*, betwixt two armies engaged in action, and presenting an unusual mark to his enemy.

<sup>10</sup> ——— Si Pergama dextra  
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. *Virg.*



But call your friends and haste away.

"For lo, through deepest glooms of night,  
I come to aid thy second-sight,  
Disclose the plagues that round us wait,  
And scan the dark decrees of fate.

"Ascend this ladder, whence unfurl'd  
The curtain opes of t'other world;  
For here new worlds their scenes unfold,  
Seen from this backdoor<sup>11</sup> of the old.  
As when Æneas risk'd his life,  
Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife,  
And bore in show his mortal carcase  
Through realms of Erebus and Orcus,  
Then in the happy fields Elysian,  
Saw all his embryo sons in vision;  
As shown by great Archangel, Michael,  
Old Adam<sup>12</sup> saw the world's whole sequel,  
And from the mount's extended space,  
The rising fortunes of his race:  
So from this stage shalt thou behold  
The war its coming scenes unfold,  
Raised by my arm to meet thine eye;  
My Adam, thou; thine Angel, I.

But first my pow'r, for visions bright,  
Must cleanse from clouds thy mental sight,  
Remove the dim suffusions spread,  
Which bribes and salaries there have bred;  
And from the well of Bute infuse  
Three genuine drops of Highland dews,  
To purge, like euphrasy<sup>13</sup> and rue,  
Thine eyes, for much thou hast to view.

Now freed from Tory darkness, raise  
Thy head and spy the coming days.  
For lo, before our second-sight,  
The Continent ascends in light.

<sup>11</sup> Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
Who stand upon the threshold of the new. *Waller.*

<sup>12</sup> Milton—Paradise Lost, Book 11.

<sup>13</sup> Milton.

From north to south, what gath'ring swarms  
 Increase the pride of rebel arms!  
 Through every State our legions brave  
 Speed gallant marches to the grave,  
 Of battling Whigs the frequent prize,  
 While rebel trophies stain the skies.  
 Behold o'er northern realms afar  
 Extend the kindling flames of war!  
 See famed St. John's and Montreal<sup>14</sup>  
 Doom'd by Montgomery's arm to fall!  
 Where Hudson with majestic sway  
 Through hills disparted plows his way,  
 Fate spreads on Bemus' heights alarms,  
 And pours destruction on our arms;  
 There Bennington's ensanguined plain,  
 And Stony-Point, the prize of Wayne.  
 Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,  
 Where morning dawns on Trenton's shore,  
 While Hessians spread their Christmas feasts,  
 Rush rude these uninvited guests;  
 Nor aught avails the captured crew  
 Their martial whiskers' grisly hue!  
 On Princeton plains our heroes yield,  
 And spread in flight the vanquish'd field;  
 While fear to Mawhood's<sup>15</sup> heels puts on  
 Wings, wide as worn by Maia's son.  
 Behold the Pennsylvanian shore  
 Enrich'd with streams of British gore;  
 Where many a veteran chief in bed  
 Of honor rests his slumb'ring head,<sup>16</sup>  
 And in soft vales, in land of foes,

<sup>14</sup> As the allusions in this speech refer to the principal events of the American war, they will be familiar to those acquainted with its history. They are too numerous to be explained in notes.

<sup>15</sup> Col. Mawhood gained great reputation among the British, by escaping with about two hundred men from the battle at Princeton.

<sup>16</sup> ————— Have ye chos'n this place,

After the toils of battle, to repose

Your wearied virtue; for the ease ye find

To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?

*Milton.*

Their wearied virtue finds repose!  
See plund'ring Dunmore's<sup>17</sup> negro band  
Fly headlong from Virginia's strand;  
And far on southern hills our cousins,  
The Scotch M'Donalds, fall by dozens;  
Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,  
Our ruin'd bands in triumph led!  
Behold, o'er Tarlton's blustering train  
Defeat extends the captive chain!  
Afar near Eutaw's fatal springs,  
Lo, rebel Vict'ry spreads her wings!  
Through all the land, in varied chace,  
We hunt the rainbow of success,  
In vain! their Chief, superior still,  
Eludes our force with Fabian skill;  
Or swift descending by surprize,  
Like Prussia's eagle, sweeps the prize.

"I look'd; nor yet, oppress'd with fears,  
Gave credit to my eyes or ears;  
But held the sights an empty dream,  
On Berkley's<sup>18</sup> immaterial scheme;  
And pond'ring sad with troubled breast,  
At length my rising doubts express'd.  
'Ah, whither thus, by rebels smitten,  
Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain;  
Or fail'd its usual guard to keep,  
Absent from home or fast asleep?  
Did not, retired to bowers Elysian,  
Great Mars leave with her his commission,  
And Neptune erst, in treaty free,  
Give up dominion o'er the sea?  
Else where's the faith of famed orations,<sup>19</sup>  
Address, debate and proclamations,  
Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,

<sup>17</sup> Lord Dunmore was Governor of Virginia at the commencement of the war. He fled with all the slaves and plunder he could collect.

<sup>18</sup> Berkley, an English philosopher, who refining on Locke's ideal system, denied the existence of matter.

<sup>19</sup> In this stile, the British orators and poets talk and write of themselves.



And ballads on the wat'ry God;<sup>20</sup>  
 With whose high strains great George enriches  
 His eloquence of gracious speeches?  
 Not faithful to our Highland eyes,  
 These deadly forms of vision rise.  
 Some whig-inspiring rebel sprite  
 Now palms delusion on our sight.  
 I'd scarcely trust a tale so vain,  
 Should revelation prompt the strain;  
 Or Ossian's ghost the scenes rehearse  
 In all the melody of Erse."<sup>21</sup>

"To long," quoth Malcolm, "from confusion,  
 You've dwelt already in delusion;  
 As sceptics, of all fools the chief,  
 Hold faith in creeds of unbelief.  
 I come to draw thy veil aside  
 Of error, prejudice and pride.  
 Fools love deception, but the wise  
 Prefer sad truths to pleasing lies.  
 For know, those hopes can ne'er succeed,  
 That trust on Britain's breaking reed.  
 For weak'ning long from bad to worse,  
 By cureless atrophy of purse,  
 She feels at length with trembling heart,  
 Her foes have found her mortal part.  
 As famed Achilles, dipp'd by Thetis  
 In Styx, as sung in antient ditties,  
 Grew all case-harden'd o'er, like steel,  
 Invulnerable, save his heel;  
 And laugh'd at swords and spears and squibs,  
 And all diseases, but the kibes;  
 Yet met at last his deadly wound,  
 By Paris' arrow nail'd to ground:  
 So Britain's boasted strength deserts  
 In these her empire's utmost skirts,

<sup>20</sup> Alluding to an English ballad, much sung and famous at that time, in which Neptune (called the *Watry God*) with great deference surrenders his trident to King George, and acknowledges him, as monarch and ruler of the ocean.

<sup>21</sup> Erse, the ancient Scottish language, in which Ossian composed his poems.

Removed beyond her fierce impressions,  
 And atmosphere of omnipresence;  
 Nor to this shore's remoter ends  
 Her dwarf-omnipotence extends.  
 Hence in this turn of things so strange,  
 'Tis time our principles to change:  
 For vain that boasted faith, that gathers  
 No perquisite, but tar and feathers;  
 No pay, but stripes from whiggish malice,  
 And no promotion, but the gallows.  
 I've long enough stood firm and steady,  
 Half-hang'd for loyalty already,  
 And could I save my neck and pelf,  
 I'd turn a flaming whig myself.  
 But since, obnoxious here to fate,  
 This saving wisdom comes too late,  
 Our noblest hopes already crost,  
 Our sal'ries gone, our titles lost,  
 Doom'd to worse suff'rings from the mob,  
 Than Satan's surg'ries used on Job;  
 What hope remains, but now with sleight  
 What's left of us to save by flight?

'Now raise thine eyes, for visions true  
 Again ascending wait thy view.'

"I look'd; and clad in early light,  
 The spires of Boston met my sight;  
 The morn o'er eastern hills afar  
 Illumed the varied scenes of war;  
 Great Howe<sup>22</sup> had sweetly in the lap  
 Of Loring taken out his nap;  
 When all th' encircling hills around  
 With instantaneous breastworks crown'd,<sup>23</sup>

<sup>22</sup> The sun had long since, in the lap  
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap. *Butler.*

<sup>23</sup> The heights of Dorchester overlook the south part of Boston and command the passage of the harbor. By an unexpected movement, Washington took possession and erected works on them in a single night. Putnam placed a number of barrels in front, filled with sand, to be rolled down on the British columns, in case they should attempt to scale the eminence. Howe after sundry manœuvres was discouraged from the attempt, and as Boston was no longer tenable, made a truce with Washington, evacuated the place, and sailed with his troops to Halifax.

With pointed thunders met his sight,  
Like magic, rear'd the former night.  
Each summit, far as eye commands,  
Shone, peopled with rebellious bands.  
Aloft their tow'ring heroes rise,  
As Titans erst assail'd the skies;<sup>24</sup>  
Leagued in superior force to prove  
The sceptred hand of British Jove.  
Mounds piled on hills ascended fair  
With batt'ries placed in middle air,  
That hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,  
In thunder on the trembling plain.  
I saw, along the prostrate strand  
Our baffled generals quit the land,  
Eager, as frightened mermaids, flee  
T' our boasted element, the sea,  
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,  
Like convict Jews condemn'd to die.  
Then to the north I turn'd my eyes,  
Where Saratoga's heights arise,  
And saw our chosen vet'ran band  
Descend in terror o'er the land;  
T' oppose this fury of alarms,  
Saw all New-England wake to arms,  
And every Yankee, full of mettle,  
Swarm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.  
Not Rome, when Tarquin raped Lucretia,  
Saw wilder must'ring of militia.  
Through all the woods and plains of fight,  
What mortal battles pain'd my sight,  
While British corpses strew'd the shore,  
And Hudson tinged his streams with gore.  
What tongue can tell the dismal day,  
Or paint the parti-color'd fray,  
When yeomen left their fields afar

<sup>24</sup> The Titans are described by the old poets, as giants, sons of the earth, who made an insurrection against Jupiter. They heaped mountains upon mountains, in order to scale the Gibraltar of the pagan Olympus; but were foiled by the thunders of Jove and the arrows of Apollo. See *Hesiod*, &c.



To plow the crimson plains of war;  
When zeal to swords transform'd their shares,  
And turn'd their pruning hooks to spears,  
Changed tailor's geese to guns and ball,  
And stretch'd to pikes the cobbler's awl;  
While hunters, fierce like mighty Nimrod,  
Made on our troops a furious inroad,  
And levelling squint on barrel round,  
Brought our beau-officers to ground;  
While sunburnt wigs, in high command,  
Rush daring on our frightened band,  
And ancient beards<sup>25</sup> and hoary hair,  
Like meteors, stream in troubled air;  
While rifle-frocks drove Gen'als cap'ring,  
And Red-coats<sup>26</sup> shrunk from leathern apron,  
And epaulette and gorget run  
From whinyard brown and rusty gun.  
With locks unshorn not Samson more  
Made useless all the show of war,  
Nor fought with ass's jaw for rarity  
With more success, or singularity.  
I saw our vet'ran thousands yield,  
And pile their muskets on the field,  
And peasant guards, in rueful plight,  
March off our captured bands from fight;  
While every rebel fife in play  
To Yankee-doodle tuned its lay,  
And like the music of the spheres,  
Mellifluous sooth'd their vanquish'd ears."

"Alas, I cried, what baleful star  
Sheds fatal influence on the war?  
And who that chosen Chief of fame,  
That heads this grand parade of shame?"

"There see how fate, great Malcolm cried,  
Strikes with its bolts the tow'rs of pride!

<sup>25</sup> Loose his beard and hoary hair

Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air. *Gray.*

<sup>26</sup> An American cant name for the British troops, taken from the color of their uniform.

Behold that martial Macaroni,  
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona,  
Equipp'd alike for feast or fray,  
With warlike sword and singsong lay,  
Where equal wit and valour join!  
This, this is he — the famed Burgoyne!  
Who pawn'd his honor and commission,  
To coax the patriots to submission,  
By songs and balls secure allegiance,  
And dance the ladies to obedience.<sup>27</sup>  
Oft his Camp-Muses he'll parade  
At Boston in the grand blockade;  
And well inspired with punch of arrack,  
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,  
Aroused to more poetic passion,  
Both by his theme and situation.  
For genius works more strong and clear  
When close confined, like bottled beer.  
So Prior's<sup>28</sup> wit gain'd matchless power  
By inspiration of the Tower;  
And Raleigh, once to prison hurl'd,  
Wrote the whole hist'ry of the world;  
So Wilkes grew, while in jail he lay,  
More patriotic every day,  
But found his zeal, when not confined,  
Soon sink below the freezing point,  
And public spirit, once so fair,  
Evaporate in open air.  
But thou, great favourite of Venus,  
By no such luck shalt cramp thy genius;  
Thy friendly stars, till wars shall cease,  
Shall ward th' ill fortune of release,

<sup>27</sup> Such were Burgoyne's declarations, when he was setting out to command in America. This pleasant mode of warfare not meeting with the expected success at Boston, he appears to have changed his plan in his northern expedition; in which the Indians received compensation for American scalps, without distinction of gender. He denied however his personal agency in these transactions. See the correspondence between him and General Gates, occasioned by the murder and scalping of Miss McCrea.

<sup>28</sup> Prior wrote his *Alma*, the best of his works, while in confinement in the Tower of London.

And hold thee fast in bonds not feeble,  
 In good condition still to scribble.  
 Such merit fate shall shield from firing,  
 Bomb, carcase, langridge and cold iron,  
 Nor trust thy doubly-laurell'd head,  
 To rude assaults of flying lead.  
 Hence thou, from Yankee troops retreating,  
 For pure good fortune shalt be beaten,  
 Not taken oft, released or rescued,  
 Pass for small change, like simple Prescott;<sup>29</sup>  
 But captured then, as fates befall,  
 Shall stand thy fortune, once for all.  
 Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,  
 And dip thy conq'ring pen in rhyme,  
 And changing war for puns and jokes,  
 Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks."<sup>30</sup>

This said, he turn'd and saw the tale  
 Had dyed my trembling cheeks with pale;<sup>31</sup>  
 Then pitying in a milder vein,  
 Pursued the visionary strain;

"Too much perhaps hath pain'd your view,  
 From vict'ries of the Rebel crew.  
 Now see the deeds, not small or scanty,  
 Of British valour and humanity;  
 And learn from this heroic sight,  
 How England's sons and friends can fight,  
 In what dread scenes their courage grows,  
 And how they conquer all their foes."

<sup>29</sup> General Prescott was taken and exchanged several times during the war.

<sup>30</sup> The *Maid of the Oaks* is a farce by Burgoyne, often acted on the English theatre. During the winter in which the British troops were shut up in Boston, they amused themselves with the acting of a new farce, called *The Blockade of Boston*; the humour of which consisted in burlesquing the Yankee phrases, unmilitary dress, and awkward appearance of the new American levies, by whom they were besieged: like the fancy of Cardinal De Retz, who while condemned to a severe imprisonment, took his revenge by writing the life of his jailor. This play was generally ascribed to the pen of Burgoyne. As he was, on his final capture, returned to England, *in good condition still to scribble*, he has since taken the advice of Malcolm, and written the comedy of *The Heiress*, which is indeed one of the best modern productions of the British stage.

<sup>31</sup> ————— dyed her cheeks with pale. *Milton.*



I look'd, and saw in wintry skies  
 Our spacious prison-walls arise,  
 Where Britons, all their captives taming,  
 Plied them with scourging, cold and famine,  
 By noxious food and plagues contagious  
 Reduced to life's last, fainting stages.  
 Amid the dead, that crowd the scene,  
 The moving skeletons were seen.  
 Aloft the haughty Loring<sup>32</sup> stood,  
 And thrived, like Vampire,<sup>33</sup> on their blood,  
 And counting all his gains arising,  
 Dealt daily rations out, of poison.  
 At hand our troops, in vaunting strain,  
 Insulted all their wants and pain,  
 And turn'd upon the dying tribe  
 The bitter taunt and scornful gibe;  
 And British captains, chiefs of might,  
 Exulting in the joyous sight,  
 On foes disarm'd, with courage daring,  
 Exhausted all their tropes of swearing.  
 Distain'd around with rebel blood,  
 Like Milton's Lazar<sup>34</sup> house it stood,  
 Where grim Despair presided Nurse,  
 And Death was Regent of the house.  
 Amazed I cried, "Is this the way  
 That British valor wins the day?"  
 More had I said in strains unwelcome,

<sup>32</sup> Loring was a refugee from Boston, made commissary of prisoners by General Howe. The consummate cruelties, practised on the American prisoners under his administration, almost exceed the ordinary powers of human invention. The conduct of the Turks in putting all prisoners to death is certainly much more rational and humane, than that of the British army for the three first years of the American war, or till after the capture of Burgoyne. *London Edit.*

<sup>33</sup> The notion of Vampires is a superstition, that formerly prevailed in many nations of Europe. They pretend it is a dead body, which rises out of its grave in the night and sucks the blood of the living.

<sup>34</sup> ——— a place

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisom, dark,  
 A Lazar house it seem'd ——— Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike ———

*Milton.*

Till interrupted thus by Malcolm.

"Blame not, said he, but learn the reason  
Of this new mode of conq'ring treason.  
'Tis but a wise, politic plan  
To root out all the rebel clan;  
For surely treason ne'er can thrive  
Where not a soul is left alive;  
A scheme all other chiefs to surpass,  
And do th' effectual work to purpose.  
Know, War itself is nothing further  
Than th' art and mystery of Murther;  
He, who most methods has essay'd,  
Is the best Gen'ral of the trade,  
And stands Death's plenipotentiary  
To conquer, poison, starve and bury.  
This Howe well knew and thus began;  
(Despising Carlton's<sup>35</sup> coaxing plan,  
To keep his pris'ners well and merry,  
And deal them food, like commissary,  
And by parol or ransom vain,  
Dismiss them all to fight again)  
Hence his first captives, with great spirit  
He tied up, for his troops to fire at,<sup>36</sup>  
And hoped they'd learn on foes thus taken,  
To aim at rebels without shaking.  
Then deep in stratagem, he plann'd  
The sure destruction of the land;  
Turn'd famine, torture and despair  
To useful enginry of war;  
Sent forth the small-pox,<sup>37</sup> and the greater,  
To thin the land of every traitor;  
Spread desolation o'er their head,

<sup>35</sup> Sir Guy Carlton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, was Governor of Canada, at the time of our unfortunate attack on Quebec by the forces under Montgomery. He treated his American prisoners on principles of humanity, and formed the only exception to the cruelty and folly of the British commanders.

<sup>36</sup> This was done openly and without censure, in many instances, by the troops under Howe's command, on his first conquest of Long-Island.

<sup>37</sup> Great pains was taken by emissaries from New-York, to communicate the small-pox through the country. It became necessary to counteract the attempt by a general inoculation of the inhabitants.

And plagues in providence's stead;  
Perform'd with equal skill and beauty  
Th' avenging Angel's tour of duty:  
Then bade these prison-walls arise,  
Like temple tow'ring to the skies,  
Where British Clemency renown'd  
Might fix her seat on hallow'd ground,  
(That Virtue, as each herald saith,  
Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith)  
Where all her godlike pow'rs unveiling,  
She finds a grateful shrine to dwell in:  
And at this altar for her honor,  
Chose this High-priest to wait upon her,  
Who with just rites, in ancient guise,  
Offers the human sacrifice.  
Here every day, her vot'ries tell,  
She more devours, than th' idol Bel;  
And thirsts more rav'nously for gore,  
Than any worshipp'd Power before.  
That ancient heathen godhead, Moloch,  
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock;  
And if his morning rage you'd check first,  
One child sufficed him for a breakfast:  
But British clemency with zeal  
Devours her hundreds at a meal;  
Right well by nat'ralists defined  
A being of carniv'rous kind:  
So erst Gargantua<sup>88</sup> pleased his palate,  
And eat six pilgrims up in sallad.  
Not blest with maw less ceremonious  
The wide-mouth'd whale, that swallow'd Jonas;  
Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,  
That open sepulchre, her throat;  
The grave or barren womb you'd stuff,  
And sooner bring to cry, enough;  
Or fatten up to fair condition  
The lean-flesh'd kine of Pharoah's vision.

<sup>88</sup> See Rabelais' History of the Giant Gargantua.



Behold her temple, where it stands  
Erect, by famed Britannic hands.  
'Tis the Black-hole of Indian structure,  
New-built in English architecture,  
On plan, 'tis said, contrived and wrote  
By Clive, before he cut his throat;  
Who, ere he took himself in hand,  
Was her high-priest in nabob-land:  
And when with conq'ring triumph crown'd,  
He'd well enslaved the nation round,  
With tender British heart, the Chief,  
Since slavery's worse than loss of life,  
Bade desolation circle far,  
And famine end the work of war;  
And loosed their chains, and for their merits  
Dismiss'd them free to worlds of spirits.  
Whence they with choral hymns of praise,  
Return'd to sooth his latter days,<sup>39</sup>  
And hov'ring round his restless bed,  
Spread nightly visions o'er his head.  
Now turn thine eyes to nobler sights,  
And mark the prowess of our fights.  
Behold, like whelps of Britain's lion,  
Our warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon,  
March forth with patriotic joy  
To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.  
Great Gen'ral, foremost in their nation,  
The journeymen of Desolation!  
Like Samson's foxes, each assails,  
Let loose with firebrands in their tails,  
And spreads destruction more forlorn,  
Than they among Philistine corn.  
And see in flames their triumphs rise,  
Illuming all the nether skies,  
O'er-streaming, like a new Aurora,

<sup>39</sup> Clive in the latter years of his life, conceived himself haunted by the Ghosts of those persons, who were the victims of his humanity in the East-Indies. It is presumed that he showed them the vote of Parliament, returning thanks for his services.

The western hemisphere with glory!  
What towns, in ashes laid, confess  
These heroes' prowess and success!  
What blacken'd walls and burning fanes,  
For trophies spread the ruin'd plains!  
What females, caught in evil hour,  
By force submit to British power;  
Or plunder'd negroes in disaster  
Confess King George their lord and master!  
What crimson corpses strew their way,  
What smoaking carnage dims the day!  
Along the shore, for sure reduction,  
They wield the besom of destruction.  
Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,  
To dogstar bright the fierce Achilles;  
But ne'er beheld in red procession  
Three dogstars rise in constellation,  
Nor saw, in glooms of evening misty,  
Such signs of fiery triplicity,  
Which, far beyond the comet's tail,  
Portend destruction where they sail.  
Oh, had Great-Britain's warlike shore  
Produced but ten such heroes more,  
They'd spared the pains, and held the station  
Of this world's final conflagration;  
Which when its time comes, at a stand,  
Would find its work all done t' its hand!

Yet though gay hopes our eyes may bless,  
Malignant fate forbids success;  
Like morning dreams our conquest flies,  
Dispersed before the dawn arise."

Here Malcolm paused; when pond'ring long  
Grief thus gave utt'rance to my tongue.  
"Where shrink in fear our friends dismay'd,  
And where the Tories' promised aid?  
Can none, amid these fierce alarms,  
Assist the power of royal arms?"  
"In vain, he cried, our King depends  
On promised aid of Tory friends.

When our own efforts want success,  
 Friends ever fail, as fears increase.  
 As leaves, in blooming verdure wove,  
 In warmth of summer clothe the grove,  
 But when autumnal frosts arise,  
 Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies:  
 So, while your power can aid their ends,  
 You ne'er can need ten thousand friends;  
 But once in want, by foes dismay'd,  
 May advertise them, stol'n or stray'd.  
 Thus ere Great-Britain's force grew slack,  
 She gain'd that aid she did not lack;  
 But now in dread, imploring pity,  
 All hear unmoved her dol'rous ditty;  
 Allegiance wand'ring turns astray,  
 And Faith grows dim for lack of pay.  
 In vain she tries, by new inventions,  
 Fear, falsehood, flatt'ry, threats and pensions;  
 Or sends Commiss'ners with credentials  
 Of promises and penitentials.  
 As, for his fare o'er Styx of old,  
 The Trojan stole the bough of gold,  
 And least grim Cerb'rus should make head,  
 Stuff'd both his fobs with ginger-bread:<sup>40</sup>  
 Behold, at Britain's utmost shifts,  
 Comes Johnstone<sup>41</sup> loaded with like gifts,  
 To venture through the whiggish tribe,  
 To cuddle, wheedle, coax and bribe;  
 And call, to aid his desp'rate mission,  
 His petticoated politician,

<sup>40</sup> ——— medicatam frugibus offam. *Virgil.*

<sup>41</sup> In the year 1778, after the capture of Burgoyne, our good Government passed an act, repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided they would rescind their declaration of Independence, and continue to be our colonies. The ministry then sent over three Commissioners, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Eden, and a certain Lord. These Commissioners began their operations and finished them, by attempting to bribe individuals among the members of the States, and of the army. This bait appears to have caught nobody but Arnold. The *petticoated politician*, here mentioned, was a woman of Philadelphia, through whose agency they offered a bribe to Joseph Read, Governor of Pennsylvania. *London Edit.*



While Venus, join'd to act the farce,  
Strolls forth embassadress for Mars.  
In vain he strives, for while he lingers,  
These mastiffs bite his off'ring fingers;  
Nor buys for George and realms infernal  
One spaniel, but the mongrel, Arnold.

“ 'Twere vain to paint, in vision'd show,  
The mighty nothings done by Howe;  
What towns he takes in mortal fray,  
As stations whence to run away;  
What triumphs gain'd in conflict warm,  
No aid to us, to them no harm;  
For still th' event alike is fatal,  
Whate'er success attend the battle,  
Whether he vict'ry gain or lose it,  
Who ne'er had skill enough to use it.  
And better 'twere, at their expense,  
T' have drubb'd him into common sense,  
And waked, by bastings on his rear,  
Th' activity, though but of fear.  
By slow advance his arms prevail,  
Like emblematic march of snail,  
That, be Millennium nigh or far,  
'Twould long before him end the war.  
From York to Philadelphian ground,  
He sweeps the pompous flourish round,  
Wheel'd circ'lar by eccentric stars,  
Like racing boys at prison-bars,  
Who take th' opposing crew in whole,  
By running round the adverse goal;  
Works wide the traverse of his course,  
Like ship t' evade the tempest's force;  
Like mill-horse circling in his race,  
Advances not a single pace,  
And leaves no trophies of reduction,  
Save that of cankerworms, destruction.  
Thus having long both countries curst,  
He quits them as he found them first,  
Steers home disgraced, of little worth,

To join Burgoyne and rail at North.

"Now raise thine eyes and view with pleasure,  
The triumphs of his famed successor."

"I look'd, and now by magic lore  
Faint rose to view the Jersey shore:  
But dimly seen in gloom array'd,  
For night had pour'd her sable shade,  
And every star, with glimm'rings pale,  
Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil.  
Scarce visible, in dusky night  
Advancing red-coats rose in sight;  
The length'ning train in gleaming rows  
Stole silent from their slumb'ring foes;  
No trembling soldier dared to speak,  
And not a wheel presumed to creak.  
My looks my new surprize confess'd,  
Till by great Malcolm thus address'd.  
"Spend not thy wits in vain researches;  
'Tis one of Clinton's moonlight marches.  
From Philadelphia now retreating  
To save his baffled troops a beating,  
With hasty strides he flies in vain,  
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain.  
With various chance the dread affray  
Holds in suspense till close of day,  
When his tired bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,  
Are rescued by descending night.  
He forms his camp, with great parade,  
While evening spreads the world in shade,  
Then still, like some endanger'd spark,  
Steals off on tiptoe in the dark:  
Yet writes his king in boasting tone  
How grand he march'd by light of moon.<sup>42</sup>  
I see him, but thou canst not; proud  
He leads in front the trembling crowd,

<sup>42</sup> General Clinton's official dispatches, giving an account of his marching from Monmouth by moonlight, furnished a subject of much pleasantry in America; where it was known that the moon had set two hours before the march began. *London Edit.*

And wisely knows, as danger's near,  
'Twill fall much heaviest on his rear.  
Go on, great Gen'ral, nor regard  
The scoffs of every scribbling bard;  
Who sings how gods, that fearful night,  
Aided by miracle your flight,  
As once they used, in Homer's day,  
To help weak heroes run away;  
Tells how the hours, at this sad trial,  
Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,  
While British Joshua stay'd the moon  
On Monmouth plains for Ajalon.  
Heed not their sneers or gibes so arch,  
Because she set before your march.  
A small mistake! your meaning right;  
You take her influence for her light:  
Her influence, which shall be your guide,  
And o'er your Gen'ralship preside.  
Hence still shall teem your empty skull  
With vict'ries, when the moon's at full,  
Which by transition passing strange  
Wane to defeats before the change.  
Still shall you steer, on land or ocean,  
By like eccentric lunar motion;  
Eclips'd in many a fatal crisis,  
And dimm'd when Washington arises.  
"And see how Fate, herself turn'd traitor,  
Inverts the ancient course of nature;  
And changes manners, tempers, climes,  
To suit the genius of the times!  
See, Bourbon forms a gen'rous plan,  
New guardian of the rights of man,  
And prompt in firm alliance joins  
To aid the Rebels' proud designs!  
Rehold from realms of eastern day  
His sails<sup>43</sup> innum'rous shape their way,

<sup>43</sup> In 1779, the French king sent a powerful fleet to the West-Indies, which was very successful in the conquest of St. Vincents and Grenada, the defeat of Admiral Biron in a naval engagement, and the capture of a British ship of the line and several frigates, on the American coast.



In warlike line the billows sweep,  
 And roll the thunders of the deep!  
 See, low in equinoctial skies,  
 The western islands fall their prize;  
 See British flags, o'ermatch'd in might,  
 Put all their faith in instant flight,  
 Or broken squadrons, from th' affray,  
 Drag slow their wounded hulks away!  
 Behold his Chiefs, in daring setts,  
 D'Estaigues, De Grasses and Fayettees,  
 Spread through our camps their dread alarms,  
 And swell the fear of rebel arms!  
 Yet ere our glories sink in night,  
 A gleam of hope shall strike your sight;  
 As lamps, that fail of oil and fire,  
 Collect one glimm'ring to expire.

"For lo, where southern shores extend,  
 Behold our gather'd hosts descend,  
 Where Charleston views, with varying beams  
 Her turrets gild th' encircling streams!  
 There by superior force compell'd,  
 Behold their gallant Lincoln<sup>44</sup> yield;  
 Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,  
 Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow.  
 See, furious from the vanquish'd strand,  
 Cornwallis leads his mighty band;  
 The southern realms and Georgian shore  
 Submit and own the victor's power;  
 Lo! sunk before his wasting way,  
 The Carolinas fall his prey!  
 See, shrinking from his conq'ring eye,  
 The Rebel legions fall or fly;  
 And with'ring in these torrid skies,  
 The northern laurel fades and dies!<sup>45</sup>

<sup>44</sup> General Lincoln was second in command in the army of General Gates, during the campaign of 1777, which ended in the capture of General Burgoyne. He afterwards commanded the army in South-Carolina, and was taken prisoner with the garrison of Charleston in 1780. *London Edit.*

This happened in consequence of the determination of Congress, that Charleston should at all events be defended.

<sup>45</sup> This refers to the fortune of General Gates, who after having conquered Burgoyne in the North, was defeated by Cornwallis in the South. *London Edit.*

With rapid force he leads his train  
 To fair Virginia's cultured plain,  
 Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,  
 And boasts the southern realm his own.

"Nor yet this hero's glories bright  
 Blaze only in the fields of fight.  
 Not Howe's humanity more deserving  
 In gifts of hanging and of starving;  
 Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,  
 Or steals more negroes for Jamaica;<sup>46</sup>  
 Scarce Rodney's self, among th' Eustatians,  
 Insults so well the laws of nations;  
 Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and mourning  
 He yields the civic crown of burning.  
 I see, with pleasure and surprize,  
 New triumph sparkling in your eyes;  
 But view, where now renew'd in might,  
 Again the Rebels dare the fight."

"I look'd, and far in southern skies  
 Saw Greene, their second hope, arise,  
 And with his small, but gallant, band,  
 Invade the Carolinian land.  
 As winds, in stormy circles whirl'd,  
 Rush billowy o'er the darken'd world,  
 And where their wasting fury roves  
 Successive sweep th' astonish'd groves:  
 Thus where he pours the rapid fight,  
 Our boasted conquests sink in night,  
 And far o'er all the extended field  
 Our forts resign, our armies yield,  
 Till now, regain'd the vanquish'd land,  
 He lifts his standard on the strand.

"Again to fair Virginia's coast  
 I turn'd and view'd the British host,  
 Where Chesapeak's wide waters lave

<sup>46</sup> Arnold in the year 1781, having been converted to our cause, commanded a detachment of our army in Virginia; where he plundered many cargoes of negroes and tobacco, and sent them to Jamaica for his own account. How far Lord Rodney may have excelled him in this kind of heroic achievements, time perhaps will never discover. *London Edit.*

Her shores and join th' Atlantic wave.  
 There famed Cornwallis tow'ring rose,  
 And scorn'd secure his distant foes;  
 His bands the haughty rampart raise,  
 And bid the Royal standard blaze.  
 When lo, where ocean's bounds extend,  
 Behold the Gallic sails ascend,  
 With fav'ring breezes stem their way,  
 And crowd with ships the spacious bay.  
 Lo! Washington, from northern shores,  
 O'er many a region wheels his force,  
 And Rochambeau, with legions bright,  
 Descends in terror to the fight.  
 Not swifter cleaves his rapid way  
 The eagle, cow'ring o'er his prey;  
 Or knights in famed romance, that fly  
 On fairy pinions through the sky.  
 Amazed, the Briton's startled pride  
 Sees ruin wake on every side,  
 And all his troops, to fate consign'd,  
 By instantaneous stroke, Burgoyned.<sup>47</sup>  
 Not Cadmus view'd with more surprise,  
 From earth embattled armies rise,  
 Who from the dragon's teeth beheld  
 Men starting fierce with spear and shield.<sup>48</sup>  
 I saw, with looks downcast and grave,  
 The Chief emerging from his cave,  
 Where chased, like fox, in mighty round,  
 His hunters earth'd him first in ground;<sup>49</sup>  
 And doom'd by fate to rebel sway,  
 Yield all his captured host a prey.  
 There while I view'd the vanquish'd town,  
 Thus with a sigh my friend went on."  
 "Behold'st thou not that band forlorn,  
 Like slaves in Roman triumphs borne,

<sup>47</sup> To *Burgoyne an army* was during the war, a favorite phrase in America, to express a complete capture.

<sup>48</sup> See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

<sup>49</sup> Alluding to the fact of Cornwallis' taking up his residence in a kind of Cave, made bomb-proof, during the siege of York-Town.



Their faces length'ning with their fears,  
 And cheeks distain'd with streams of tears;  
 Like *dramatis personæ* sage,  
 Equipp'd to act on Tyburn's stage.  
 Lo, these are they, who lured by follies  
 Left all, and follow'd great Cornwallis,  
 Expectant of the promised glories,  
 And new Millennial reign of Tories!  
 Alas! in vain, all doubts forgetting,  
 They tried th' omnipotence of Britain;  
 But found her arm, once strong and brave,  
 So shorten'd now, she cannot save.  
 Not more aghast, departed souls  
 Who risk'd their fate on Popish bulls,  
 And find St. Peter, at the wicket,  
 Refuse to countersign their ticket,  
 When driven to purgatory back,  
 With each his pardon in his pack;  
 Than Tories, must'ring at their stations,  
 On faith of royal proclamations.  
 As Pagan chiefs at every crisis,  
 Confirm'd their leagues by sacrifices,  
 And herds of beasts, to all their deities,  
 Oblations fell, at close of treaties:  
 Cornwallis thus, in ancient fashion,  
 Concludes his grand capitulation;<sup>50</sup>  
 And heedless of their screams or suff'rings,  
 Gives up the Tories for sin-off'rings.  
 See where, relieved from sad embargo,  
 Steer off consign'd a recreant cargo;  
 Like old scape-goats to roam in pain,  
 Mark'd like their great forerunner, Cain.  
 The rest now doom'd by British leagues  
 To vengeance of resentful Whigs,  
 Hold doubtful lives on tenure ill  
 Of tenancy at Rebel-will,

<sup>50</sup> All the favor, which Cornwallis, on his surrender, stipulated for the Tories who had joined him, was a single frigate free from search, to convey away a few of the most obnoxious.

While hov'ring o'er their forfeit persons,  
The gallows waits his just reversions.

"Thou too, M'FINGAL, ere that day,  
Shalt taste the terrors of th' affray.  
See, o'er thee hangs in angry skies,  
Where Whiggish Constellations rise,  
And while plebeian signs ascend,  
Their mob-inspiring aspects bend,  
That baleful Star, whose horrid hair<sup>51</sup>  
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar!  
I see the pole, that rears on high  
Its flag terrific through the sky;  
The mob beneath prepared t' attack,  
And tar predestined for thy back.  
Ah quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,  
Nor wait the darker scenes to come.  
For know, that fate's auspicious door,  
Once shut to flight, is oped no more;  
Nor wears its hinge, by changing stations,  
Like Mercy's door in Proclamations.<sup>52</sup>

"But lest thou pause, or doubt to fly,  
To stranger visions turn thine eye.  
Each cloud, that dimm'd thy mental ray,  
And all the mortal mists decay.  
See, more than human pow'rs befriend,  
And lo! their hostile forms ascend.<sup>53</sup>  
There tow'ring o'er the extended strand,  
The Genius<sup>54</sup> of this western land,  
For vengeance arm'd, his sword assumes,  
And stands, like Tories, dress'd in plumes!  
See, o'er yon Council-seat, with pride

<sup>51</sup> ————— From his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. *Milton.*

<sup>52</sup> *The door of mercy is now open, and the door of mercy will be shut,*  
were phrases so often used in the proclamations of the British Generals in  
America, that our Poet seems to fear, that the hinge of that door will be quite  
worn out. *London Edit.*

<sup>53</sup> Apparent diræ facies, inimicæ; Trojæ  
Numina magna deum. *Virgil.*

<sup>54</sup> Generally drawn in symbolical paintings, in the dress of a native, with  
his head ornamented with a high plume of feathers.

How Freedom spreads her banners wide!  
 There Patriotism, with torch address'd  
 To fire with zeal each daring breast;  
 While all the Virtues in their train,  
 Escaped with pleasure o'er the main,  
 Desert their ancient British station,  
 Possess'd with rage of emigration.  
 Honor, his bus'ness at a stand,  
 For fear of starving quits their land;  
 And Justice, long disgraced at Court, had  
 By Mansfield's sentence been transported.  
 Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,  
 Though Britain wish their longer stay;  
 Care not what George or North would be at,  
 Nor heed their writs of *Ne exeat*;  
 But fired with love of colonizing,  
 Quit the fall'n empire for the rising."

"I look'd, and saw, with horror smitten,  
 These hostile pow'rs averse to Britain.

"When lo, an awful spectre rose,  
 With languid paleness on his brows;  
 Wan dropsies swell'd his form beneath,  
 And iced his bloated cheeks with death;  
 His tatter'd robes exposed him bare  
 To every blast of ruder air;  
 On two weak crutches propp'd he stood,  
 That bent at every step he trod;  
 Gilt titles graced their sides so slender,  
 One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender;"  
 His breastplate grav'd, with various dates,  
 "The Faith of all th' United States;"<sup>55</sup>  
 Before him went his funeral pall,  
 His grave stood, dug to wait his fall.

"I started, and aghast I cried,  
 "What means this spectre at their side?  
 What danger from a pow'r so vain,

<sup>55</sup> On all the emissions of Continental Bills of credit, Congress pledged for their punctual redemption, *The Faith of the United States*.



Or union with that splendid train?"

"Alas, great Malcolm cried, experience  
Might teach you not to trust appearance.  
Here stands, as dress'd by fell Bellona,  
The ghost of Continental Money!<sup>56</sup>  
Of Dame Necessity descended,  
With whom Credulity engender'd:  
Though born with constitution frail,  
And feeble strength, that soon must fail,  
Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,  
And gifted with transforming power.  
His skill the wealth Peruvian joins,  
With diamonds of Brazilian mines.  
As erst Jove fell, by subtle wiles,  
On Danae's<sup>57</sup> apron through the tiles,  
In show'rs of gold; his potent wand  
Shall shed like show'rs o'er all the land.  
Less great the wondrous art was reckon'd  
Of tallies cast by Charles the second,  
Or Law's famed Mississippi schemes,  
Or all the wealth of South-Sea dreams.  
For he, of all the world, alone  
Owns the long-sought Philos'pher's stone,  
Restores the fabulous times to view,  
And proves the tale of Midas<sup>58</sup> true.

<sup>56</sup> The description here given of the Continental paper-money is not more remarkable, as a splendid example of the sublime burlesque, than as a faithful picture of that financial operation. Though this money was counterfeited by waggon loads in the British garrisons, and sent into circulation in the country, yet none of the consequences followed, which were expected from this manœuvre. The paper money carried on the war for five years; when it gave place to other measures, which the circumstances of the country rendered practicable, and went peaceably to rest, as here described by the Author.—The "weak crutches," called *Regulation and Tender*, by which this *Spectre* is supported, allude to the different acts of the State legislatures, made with the design of maintaining the credit of the Continental paper. Some of these acts regulated the prices of commodities, others made this paper a legal tender in payment. *London Edit.*

<sup>57</sup> The ancient poets say, that Jupiter having fallen in love with Danae, who was imprisoned and guarded in a brazen tower, succeeded by transforming himself into a shower of gold, and falling through the roof into her lap. Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro. *Ovid Metam. lib. 4.*

<sup>58</sup> Midas, says the fable, had the gift of turning every thing he touched to gold.

O'er heaps of rags he waves his wand;  
All turn to gold at his command,  
Provide for present wants and future,  
Raise armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,  
Adjourn our conquests by essoin,  
Check Howe's advance, and take Burgoyne;  
Then makes all days of payment vain,  
And turns all back to rags again.  
In vain great Howe<sup>59</sup> shall play his part  
To ape and counterfeit his art;  
In vain shall Clinton,<sup>59</sup> more belated,  
A conj'rer turn to imitate it.  
With like ill luck and pow'rs as narrow,  
They'll fare, like sorcerers of old Pharaoh;  
Who, though the art they understood  
Of turning rivers into blood,  
And caused their frogs and snakes t' exist,  
That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd,  
Yet ne'er by every quaint device  
Could frame the true Mosaic lice.  
He for the Whigs his arts shall try,  
Their first, and long their sole, ally;  
A Patriot firm, while breath he draws,  
He'll perish in his Country's cause,  
And when his magic labors cease,  
Lie buried in eternal peace.

Now view the scenes, in future hours,  
That wait the famed European powers.  
See, where yon chalky cliffs arise,  
The hills of Britain strike your eyes;  
Its small extension long supplied  
By full immensity of pride;  
So small, that had it found a station  
In this new world, at first creation,

<sup>59</sup> Vast quantities of counterfeit bills, in imitation of the American currency, were struck and sent into the country from New-York and Long-Island, while those Generals commanded the British army, with the hope of aiding the depreciation of the Continental money—a mode of warfare which they esteemed very honorable against *Rebels*.

Or doom'd by justice, been betimes  
 Transported<sup>60</sup> over for its crimes,  
 We'd find full room for't in lake Erie, or  
 That larger water-pond, Superior,<sup>61</sup>  
 Where North at margin taking stand,  
 Would scarce be able to spy land.<sup>62</sup>  
 See, dwindling from her height amain,  
 What piles of ruin spread the plain;  
 With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,  
 And brambles clothe the lonely field!  
 See, on her cliffs her Genius lies,  
 His handkerchief at both his eyes,  
 With many a deep-drawn sigh and groan,  
 To mourn her ruin, and his own!  
 While joyous Holland, France and Spain  
 With conq'ring navies awe the main;  
 And Russian banners wide unfurl'd  
 Spread commerce round the eastern world.  
 And see, (sight hateful and tormenting!)  
 This Rebel Empire, proud and vaunting,  
 From anarchy shall change her crasis,  
 And fix her pow'r on firmer basis;  
 To glory, wealth and fame ascend,  
 Her commerce wake, her realms extend;  
 Where now the panther guards his den,

<sup>60</sup> Transportation to the colonies for felony is a common punishment by the English laws: but that the whole British Island should be transported seems an idea extravagantly poetical.

<sup>61</sup> Lake Superior is more than 2200 miles in circumference; an extent sufficient to warrant the assertion of the poet, that the inhabitants of Britain, in the supposed situation, would not be able to spy the surrounding shores of the lake.

<sup>62</sup> This has been a most unlucky couplet. The poem, completed by the addition of the two last Cantos, was first published in America in the year 1782. Some years after, the whole was reprinted in London. In that interval, Lord North was so unhappy, as to lose his sight. And the British reviewers of that day, with their wanted sagacity, imagined that these lines were intended as an insult upon him for that misfortune; thinking, as we may presume, that M'Fingal foresaw the future blindness of his Lordship, by the aid of his second-sight. Their abuse of the author, as wanting candor and common sense, need not be repeated. In a subsequent copy of the poem, he struck out the name of Lord North and inserted that of King George—and lo, in a few years more, the king also was afflicted with blindness. To prevent all further mishaps, the lines are now restored to their original form. See the London edition of 1792.



Her desert forests swarm with men;  
 Gay cities, tow'rs and columns rise,  
 And dazzling temples meet the skies;  
 Her pines, descending to the main,  
 In triumph spread the wat'ry plain,  
 Ride inland seas with fav'ring gales,  
 And crowd her ports with whitening sails:  
 Till to the skirts of western day,  
 The peopled regions own her sway."

Thus far M'FINGAL told his tale,  
 When startling shouts his ears assail;  
 And strait the Constable, their sentry,  
 Aghast rush'd headlong down the entry,  
 And with wild outcry, like magician,  
 Dispersed the residue of vision.<sup>63</sup>  
 For now the Whigs the news had found  
 Of Tories must'ring under ground,  
 And with rude bangs and loud uproar,  
 'Gan thunder<sup>64</sup> furious at the door.  
 The lights put out, each tory calls,  
 To cover him on cellar walls,  
 Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,  
 To hide him from the rage of mob,  
 Or lurks, where cabbage-heads in row  
 Adorn'd the sides with verdant show.  
 M'FINGAL deem'd it vain to stay,  
 And risk his bones in second fray:  
 But chose a grand retreat from foes,  
 In literal sense, *beneath their nose*.<sup>65</sup>

<sup>63</sup> It seems unfortunate that the vision was here so abruptly broken off. The capture of two British fleets on our lakes by Commodores Perry and M'Donough, with the naval victories of Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge and other American commanders, in our late war with Great Britain, could not have escaped the prophetic second-sight of M'Fingal, nor failed of due commemoration, had he been suffered to complete his detail of futurity. He would probably have closed his vision with the battle of New-Orleans, which put a fatal end to all the British dreams of conquest in America.

<sup>64</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder.

Milton.—*Paradise Regained*.

<sup>65</sup> This, during the American war, was a fashionable phrase with the British. No officer, who had a lucky escape, failed of stating in his report, that he made a grand retreat *under the very Nose of the enemy*.

The window then, which none else knew,  
 He softly open'd and crept through,  
 And crawling slow in deadly fear,  
 By movements wise made good his rear.  
 Then scorning all the fame of martyr,  
 For Boston took his swift departure,  
 Nor look'd back on the fatal spot,  
 More than the family of Lot.  
 Not North in more distress'd condition,  
 Out-voted first by opposition;  
 Nor good King George, when our dire phantom  
 Of Independence came to haunt him,<sup>66</sup>  
 Which hov'ring round by night and day,  
 Not all his conj'rors e'er could lay.  
 His friends, assembled for his sake,  
 He wisely left in pawn, at stake,  
 To tarring, feath'ring, kicks and drubs  
 Of furious, disappointed mobs,  
 Or with their forfeit heads to pay  
 For him, their leader,<sup>67</sup> crept away.  
 So when wise Noah summon'd greeting,  
 All animals to gen'ral meeting,  
 From every side the members went,  
 All kinds of beasts to represent;  
 Each, from the flood, took care t' embark,  
 And save his carcase in the ark:  
 But as it fares in state and church,  
 Left his constituents in the lurch.

<sup>66</sup> On the Declaration of Independence, the ministerial speakers in Parliament amused themselves by calling it, the *phantom of Independence*. The wit was echoed by all their Newspapers.

<sup>67</sup> As the flight of Mahomet to Mecca fixes the Æra of Mussulman computation; so the flight of M'Fingal to Boston forms the grand catastrophe of this immortal work. So sublime a *denouement*, as the French critics term it, never appeared before in Epic Poetry, except that of the Hero turning Papist, in the *Henriade* of Voltaire.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.  
CONTAINING  
M'FINGAL,  
A MODERN EPIC POEM,  
REVISED AND CORRECTED,  
WITH COPIOUS EXPLANATORY NOTES;  
THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS;  
AND A COLLECTION OF  
POEMS  
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
WRITTEN BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

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HARTFORD:  
PRINTED FOR SAMUEL G. GOODRICH,  
BY LINCOLN & STONE.  
M DCCC XX.



THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS,  
IN THREE PARTS.





## PREFACE.

“PRAY, what does the author mean?” is the first question most readers will ask, and the last they are able to answer. Therefore in a few words I will explain the subject and design of the following Poem.

The subject is the state of the times in regard to literature and religion. The author was prompted to write, by a hope that it might be of use to point out, in a clear, concise, and striking manner, those general errors, that hinder the advantages of education and the growth of piety. The subject is inexhaustible; nor is my design yet completed. This first part describes the principal mistakes in one course of life, and exemplifies the following well known truths; — that to the frequent scandal, as well of religion, as learning, a fellow, without any share of genius, or application to study, may pass with credit through life, receive the honours of a liberal education, and be admitted to the right hand of fellowship among ministers of the gospel; — that except in one neighboring province, ignorance wanders unmolested at our colleges, examinations are dwindled to mere form and ceremony, and after four years dozing there, no one is ever refused the honors of a degree, on account of dulness and insufficiency; — that the mere knowledge of ancient languages, of the abstruser parts of mathematics, and the dark researches of metaphysics, is of little advantage in any business or profession in life; — that it would be more beneficial, in every place of public education, to take pains in teaching the elements of oratory, the grammar of the English tongue, and the elegancies of style and composition; — that in numberless instances, sufficient care hath not been taken to exclude the ignorant and irreligious from the sacred desk; — that this tenderness to the undeserving tends to debase the dignity of the clergy, and to hinder many worthy men from undertaking the office of the ministry; — and that the virulent controversies of the present day concerning religious, or in many cases, merely speculative opinions, savoring so highly of vanity and ostentation, and breathing a spirit so opposite to christian benevolence, have done more hurt to the cause of religion, than all the malice, the ridicule, and the folly of its enemies.

*New-Haven, August 1772.*

## THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.

### PART I.

#### OR THE ADVENTURES OF

#### TOM BRAINLESS.

“**O**UR TOM has grown a sturdy boy;  
His progress fills my heart with joy;  
A steady soul, that yields to rule,  
And quite ingenious too, at school.  
Our master says, (I'm sure he's right,)  
There's not a lad in town so bright.  
He'll cypher bravely, write and read,  
And say his catechism and creed,  
And scorns to hesitate or falter  
In Primer, Spelling-book or Psalter.  
Hard work indeed, he does not love it;  
His genius is too much above it.  
Give him a good substantial teacher,  
I'll lay he'd make a special preacher.  
I've loved good learning all my life;  
We'll send the lad to college, wife.”

Thus sway'd by fond and sightless passion,  
His parents hold a consultation;  
If on their couch, or round their fire,  
I need not tell, nor you enquire.

The point's agreed; the boy well pleased,  
From country cares and labor eased;  
No more to rise by break of day  
To drive home cows, or deal out hay;  
To work no more in snow or hail,  
And blow his fingers o'er the flail,  
Or mid the toils of harvest sweat  
Beneath the summer's sultry heat,  
Serene, he bids the farm, good-bye,  
And quits the plough without a sigh.  
Propitious to their constant friend,  
The pow'rs of idleness attend.

So to the priest in form he goes,



Prepared to study and to doze.  
 The parson, in his youth before,  
 Had run the same dull progress o'er;  
 His sole concern to see with care  
 His church and farm in good repair.  
 His skill in tongues, that once he knew,  
 Had bid him long, a last adieu;  
 Away his Latin rules had fled,  
 And Greek had vanish'd from his head.

Then view our youth with grammar teasing,  
 Untaught in meaning, sense or reason;  
 Of knowledge e'er he gain his fill, he  
 Must diet long on husks of Lily,<sup>1</sup>  
 Drudge on for weary months in vain,  
 By mem'ry's strength, and dint of brain;  
 From thence to murd'ring Virgil's verse,  
 And construing Tully into farce,  
 Or lab'ring with his grave preceptor,  
 In Greek to blunder o'er a chapter.  
 The Latin Testament affords  
 The needed help of ready words;  
 At hand the Dictionary laid,  
 Gives up its page in frequent aid;  
 Hard by, the Lexicon and Grammar,  
 Those helps of mem'ry when they stammer;  
 The lesson's short; the priest contented;  
 His task to hear is sooner ended.  
 He lets him mind his own concerns,  
 Then tells his parents how he learns.

Two years thus spent in gathering knowledge,  
 The lad sets forth t' unlade at college,  
 While down his sire and priest attend him,  
 To introduce and recommend him;  
 Or if detain'd, a letter's sent  
 Of much apocryphal content,  
 To set him forth, how dull soever,  
 As very learn'd and very clever;

<sup>1</sup> Lily's was the only Latin Grammar then in use.

A genius of the first emission,  
 With burning love for erudition;  
 So studious he'll outwatch the moon  
 And think the planets set too soon.  
 He had but little time to fit in;  
 Examination too must frighten.  
 Depend upon't he must do well,  
 He knows much more than he can tell;  
 Admit him, and in little space  
 He'll beat his rivals in the race;  
 His father's incomes are but small,  
 He comes now, if he come at all.

So said, so done, at college now  
 He enters well, no matter how;  
 New scenes awhile his fancy please,  
 But all must yield to love of ease.  
 In the same round condemn'd each day,  
 To study, read, recite and pray;  
 To make his hours of business double —  
 He can't endure th' increasing trouble;  
 And finds at length, as times grow pressing,  
 All plagues are easier than his lesson.  
 With sleepy eyes and count'nance heavy,  
 With much excuse of *non paravi*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Much absence, *tardes* and *egresses*,  
 The college-evil on him seizes.  
 Then ev'ry book, which ought to please,  
 Stirs up the seeds of dire disease;  
 Greek spoils his eyes, the print's so fine,  
 Grown dim with study, or with wine;  
 Of Tully's latin much afraid,  
 Each page, he calls the doctor's aid;  
 While geometry, with lines so crooked,  
 Sprains all his wits to overlook it.  
 His sickness puts on every name,  
 Its cause and uses still the same;

<sup>2</sup> *Non paravi*, I have not prepared for recitation—an excuse commonly given; *tardes* and *egresses*, were terms used at college, for coming in late and going out before the conclusion of service.

'Tis tooth-ache, cholic, gout or stone,  
 With phases various as the moon;  
 But though through all the body spread,  
 Still makes its cap'tal seat, the head.  
 In all diseases, 'tis expected,  
 The weakest parts be most infected.

Kind head-ache hail! thou blest disease,  
 The friend of idleness and ease;  
 Who mid the still and dreary bound  
 Where college walls her sons surround,  
 In spite of fears, in justice' spite,  
 Assumest o'er laws dispensing right,  
 Sett'st from his task the blunderer free,  
 Excused by dulness and by thee.  
 Thy vot'ries bid a bold defiance  
 To all the calls and threats of science,  
 Slight learning human and divine,  
 And hear no prayers, and fear no fine.

And yet how oft the studious gain,  
 The dulness of a letter'd brain;  
 Despising such low things the while,  
 As English grammar, phrase and style;  
 Despising ev'ry nicer art,  
 That aids the tongue, or mends the heart;  
 Read ancient authors o'er in vain,  
 Nor taste one beauty they contain;  
 Humbly on trust accept the sense,  
 But deal for words at vast expense;  
 Search well how every term must vary  
 From Lexicon to Dictionary;  
 And plodding on in one dull tone,  
 Gain ancient tongues and lose their own,  
 Bid every graceful charm defiance,  
 And woo the skeleton of science.

Come ye, who finer arts despise,  
 And scoff at verse as heathen lies;  
 In all the pride of dulness rage  
 At Pope, or Milton's deathless page;



Or stung by truth's deep-searching line,  
Rave ev'n at rhymes as low as mine;  
Say ye, who boast the name of wise,  
Wherein substantial learning lies.  
Is it, superb in classic lore,  
To speak what Homer spoke before,  
To write the language Tully wrote,  
The style, the cadence and the note?  
Is there a charm in sounds of Greek,  
No language else can learn to speak;  
That cures distemper'd brains at once,  
Like Pliny's rhymes for broken bones?  
Is there a spirit found in Latin,  
That must evap'rate in translating?  
And say are sense and genius bound  
To any vehicles of sound?  
Can knowledge never reach the brains,  
Unless convey'd in ancient strains?  
While Homer sets before your eyes  
Achilles' rage, Ulysses' lies,  
Th' amours of Jove in masquerade,  
And Mars entrapp'd by Phœbus' aid;  
While Virgil sings, in verses grave,  
His lovers meeting in a cave,  
His ships turn'd nymphs, in pagan fables,  
And how the Trojans eat their tables;  
While half this learning but displays  
The follies of the former days;  
And for our linguists, fairly try them,  
A tutor'd parrot might defy them.  
Go to the vulgar — 'tis decreed,  
There you must preach and write or plead;  
Broach every curious Latin phrase  
From Tully down to Lily's days:  
All this your hearers have no share in,  
Bate but their laughing and their staring.  
Interpreters must pass between,  
To let them know a word you mean.

Yet could you reach that lofty tongue  
Which Plato wrote and Homer sung;  
Or ape the Latin verse and scanning,  
Like Vida, Cowley or Buchanan;  
Or bear ten phrase-books in your head;  
Yet know, these languages are dead,  
And nothing, e'er, by death, was seen  
Improved in beauty, strength or mien,  
Whether the sexton use his spade,  
Or sorcerer wake the parted shade.  
Think how would Tully stare or smile  
At these wan spectres of his style,  
Or Horace in his jovial way  
Ask what these babblers mean to say.

Let modern Logic next arise  
With newborn light to glad your eyes,  
Enthroned on high in Reason's chair,  
Usurp her name, assume her air,  
Give laws, to think with quaint precision,  
And deal out loads of definition.

Sense, in dull syllogisms confined,  
Scorns these weak trammels of the mind,  
Nor needs t' enquire by logic's leave  
What to reject and what receive;  
Throws all her trifling bulwarks down,  
Expatiates free; while from her frown  
Alike the dunce and pedant smart,  
The fool of nature, or of art.

On books of Rhetorick turn your hopes,  
Unawed by figures or by tropes.  
What silly rules in pomp appear!  
What mighty nothings stun the ear!

*Athroismos, Mesoteleuton,  
Symploce and Paregmenon!*

Thus, in such sounds high rumbling, run  
The names of jingle and of pun;  
Thus shall your pathos melt the heart,  
And shame the Greek and Roman art.

Say then, where solid learning lies  
And what the toil that makes us wise!  
Is it by mathematic's aid  
To count the worlds in light array'd,  
To know each star, that lifts its eye,  
To sparkle in the midnight sky?  
Say ye, who draw the curious line  
Between the useful and the fine,  
How little can this noble art  
Its aid in human things impart,  
Or give to life a cheerful ray,  
And force our pains, and cares away.

Is it to know whate'er was done  
Above the circle of the sun?  
Is it to lift the active mind  
Beyond the bounds by heaven assign'd;  
And leave our little world at home,  
Through realms of entity to roam;  
Attempt the secrets dark to scan,  
Eternal wisdom hid from man;  
And make religion but the sign  
In din of battle when to join?

Vain man, to madness still a prey,  
Thy space a point, thy life a day,  
A feeble worm, that aim'st to stride  
In all the foppery of pride!  
The glimmering lamp of reason's ray  
Was given to guide thy darksome way.  
Why wilt thou spread thy insect wings,  
And strive to reach sublimer things?  
Thy doubts confess, thy blindness own,  
Nor vex thy thoughts with scenes unknown.  
Indulgent heaven to man below,  
Hath all explain'd we need to know;  
Hath clearly taught enough to prove  
Content below, and bliss above.  
Thy boastful wish how proud and vain,  
While heaven forbids the vaunting strain!



For metaphysics rightly shown  
 But teach how little can be known:  
 Though quibbles still maintain their station,  
 Conjecture serves for demonstration,  
 Armies of pens draw forth to fight,  
 And \*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\* write.

Oh! might I live to see that day,  
 When sense shall point to youths their way;  
 Through every maze of science guide;  
 O'er education's laws preside;  
 The good retain, with just discerning  
 Explode the quackeries of learning;  
 Give ancient arts their real due,  
 Explain their faults, and beauties too;  
 Teach where to imitate, and mend,  
 And point their uses and their end.  
 Then bright philosophy would shine,  
 And ethics teach the laws divine;  
 Our youths might learn each nobler art,  
 That shews a passage to the heart;  
 From ancient languages well known  
 Transfuse new beauties to our own;  
 With taste and fancy well refin'd,  
 Where moral rapture warms the mind,  
 From schools dismiss'd, with lib'ral hand,  
 Spread useful learning o'er the land;  
 And bid the eastern world admire  
 Our rising worth, and bright'ning fire.

But while through fancy's realms we roam,  
 The main concern is left at home;  
 Return'd, our hero still we find  
 The same, as blundering and as blind.

Four years at college dozed away  
 In sleep, and slothfulness and play,  
 Too dull for vice, with clearest conscience,  
 Charged with no fault but that of nonsense,  
 And nonsense long, with serious air,  
 Has wander'd unmolested there,

He passes trial, fair and free,  
And takes in form his first degree.

A scholar see him now commence  
Without the aid of books or sense;  
For passing college cures the brain,  
Like mills to grind men young again.  
The scholar-dress, that once array'd him,  
The charm, *Admitto te ad gradum*,<sup>3</sup>  
With touch of parchment can refine,  
And make the veriest coxcomb shine,  
Confer the gift of tongues at once,  
And fill with sense the vacant dunce.  
So kingly crowns contain quintessence  
Of worship, dignity and presence;  
Give learning, genius, virtue, worth,  
Wit, valor, wisdom, and so forth;  
Hide the bald pate, and cover o'er  
The cap of folly worn before.

Our hero's wit and learning now may  
Be proved by token of diploma,  
Of that diploma, which with speed  
He learns to construe and to read;  
And stalks abroad with conscious stride,  
In all the airs of pedant pride,  
With passport sign'd for wit and knowledge,  
And current under seal of college.

Few months now past, he sees with pain  
His purse as empty as his brain;  
His father leaves him then to fate,  
And throws him off, as useless weight;  
But gives him good advice, to teach  
A school at first and then to preach.

Thou reason'st well; it must be so;  
For nothing else thy son can do.  
As thieves of old, t' avoid the halter,  
Took refuge in the holy altar;

<sup>3</sup> *Admitto te ad gradum*, I admit you to a degree; part of the words used in conferring the honours of college.

Oft dulness flying from disgrace  
 Finds safety in that sacred place;  
 There boldly rears his head, or rests  
 Secure from ridicule or jests;  
 Where dreaded satire may not dare  
 Offend his wig's<sup>4</sup> extremest hair;  
 Where scripture sanctifies his strains,  
 And reverence hides the want of brains.

Next see our youth at school appear,  
 Procured for forty pounds a year;  
 His ragged regiment round assemble,  
 Taught, not to read, but fear and tremble.  
 Before him, rods prepare his way,  
 Those dreaded antidotes to play.  
 Then throned aloft in elbow chair,  
 With solemn face and awful air,  
 He tries, with ease and unconcern,  
 To teach what ne'er himself could learn;  
 Gives law and punishment alone,  
 Judge, jury, bailiff, all in one;  
 Holds all good learning must depend  
 Upon his rod's extremest end,  
 Whose great electric virtue's such,  
 Each genius brightens at the touch;  
 With threats and blows, incitements pressing,  
 Drives on his lads to learn each lesson;  
 Thinks flogging cures all moral ills,  
 And breaks their heads to break their wills.

The year is done; he takes his leave;  
 The children smile; the parents grieve;  
 And seek again, their school to keep,  
 One just as good and just as cheap.

Now to some priest, that's famed for teaching,  
 He goes to learn the art of preaching;  
 And settles down with earnest zeal  
 Sermons to study, and to steal.

<sup>4</sup> A wig was then an essential part of the clerical dress. None appeared in the pulpit without it.



Six months from all the world retires  
 To kindle up his cover'd fires;  
 Learns, with nice art, to make with ease  
 The scriptures speak whate'er he please;  
 With judgment, unperceived to quote  
 What Pool explain'd, or Henry wrote;  
 To give the gospel new editions,  
 Split doctrines into propositions,  
 Draw motives, uses, inferences,  
 And torture words in thousand senses;  
 Learn the grave style and goodly phrase,  
 Safe handed down from Cromwell's days,  
 And shun, with anxious care, the while,  
 The infection of a modern style;  
 Or on the wings of folly fly  
 Aloft in metaphysic sky;  
 The system of the world explain,  
 Till night and chaos come again;  
 Deride what old divines can say,  
 Point out to heaven a nearer way;  
 Explode all known establish'd rules,  
 Affirm our fathers all were fools;  
 The present age is growing wise,  
 But wisdom in her cradle lies;  
 Late, like Minerva, born and bred,  
 Not from a Jove's, but scribbler's head,  
 While thousand youths their homage lend her,  
 And nursing fathers rock and tend her.

Round him much manuscript is spread,  
 Extracts from living works, and dead,  
 Themes, sermons, plans of controversy,  
 That hack and mangle without mercy,  
 And whence to glad the reader's eyes,  
 The future dialogue<sup>5</sup> shall rise.

At length, matured the grand design,  
 He stalks abroad, a grave divine.

<sup>5</sup> Writing in dialogue was then a fashionable mode among the controversial divines.

Mean while, from every distant seat,  
 At stated time the clergy meet.  
 Our hero comes, his sermon reads,  
 Explains the doctrine of his creeds,  
 A licence gains to preach and pray,  
 And makes his bow and goes his way.

What though his wits could ne'er dispense  
 One page of grammar, or of sense;  
 What though his learning be so slight,  
 He scarcely knows to spell or write;  
 What though his skull be cudgel-proof!  
 He's orthodox, and that's enough.

Perhaps with genius we'd dispense;  
 But sure we look at least for sense.

Ye fathers of our church attend  
 The serious counsels of a friend,  
 Whose utmost wish, in nobler ways,  
 Your sacred dignity to raise.  
 Though blunt the style, the truths set down  
 Ye can't deny — though some may frown.

Yes, there are men, nor these a few,  
 The foes of virtue and of you;  
 Who, nurtured in the scorner's school,  
 Make vice their trade, and sin by rule;  
 Who deem it courage heav'n to brave,  
 And wit, to scoff at all that's grave;  
 Vent stolen jests, with strange grimaces,  
 From folly's book of common-places;  
 While mid the simple throng around  
 Each kindred blockhead greets the sound,  
 And, like electric fire, at once,  
 The laugh is caught from dunce to dunce.

The deist's scoffs ye may despise;  
 Within yourselves your danger lies;  
 For who would wish, neglecting rule,  
 To aid the triumphs of a fool?  
 From heaven at first your order came,  
 From heaven received its sacred name,

Indulged to man, to point the way,  
That leads from darkness up to day.  
Your highborn dignity attend,  
And view your origin and end.

While human souls are all your care,  
By warnings, counsels, preaching, prayer,  
In bands of christian friendship join'd,  
Where pure affection warms the mind,  
While each performs the pious race,  
Nor dulness e'er usurps a place;  
No vice shall brave your awful test,  
Nor folly dare to broach the jest,  
Each waiting eye shall humbly bend,  
And reverence on your steps attend.

But when each point of serious weight  
Is torn with wrangling and debate,  
When truth, mid rage of dire divisions,  
Is left, to fight for definitions,  
And fools assume your sacred place,  
It threatens your order with disgrace;  
Bids genius from your seats withdraw,  
And seek the pert, loquacious law;  
Or deign in physic's paths to rank,  
With every quack and mountebank;  
Or in the ways of trade content,  
Plod ledgers o'er of cent. per cent.

While in your seats so sacred, whence  
We look for piety and sense,  
Pert dulness raves in school-boy style,  
Your friends must blush, your foes will smile;  
While men, who teach the glorious way,  
Where heaven unfolds celestial day,  
Assume the task sublime, to bring  
The message of th' Eternal King,  
Disgrace those honours they receive,  
And want that sense, they aim to give.

Now in the desk, with solemn air,  
Our hero makes his audience stare;



Asserts with all dogmatic boldness,  
Where impudence is yoked to dulness;  
Reads o'er his notes with halting pace,  
Mask'd in the stiffness of his face;  
With gestures such as might become  
Those statues once that spoke at Rome,  
Or Livy's ox,<sup>6</sup> that to the state  
Declared the oracles of fate,  
In awkward tones, nor said, nor sung,  
Slow rumbling o'er the falt'ring tongue,  
Two hours his drawling speech holds on,  
And names it preaching, when he's done.

With roving tired, he fixes down  
For life, in some unsettled town.  
People and priest full well agree,  
For why — they know no more than he.  
Vast tracts of unknown land he gains,  
Better than those the moon contains;  
There deals in preaching and in prayer,  
And starves on sixty pounds a year,  
And culls his texts, and tills his farm,  
Does little good, and little harm;  
On Sunday, in his best array,  
Deals forth the dulness of the day,  
And while above he spends his breath,  
The yawning audience nod beneath.

Thus glib-tongued Merc'ry in his hand  
Stretch'd forth the sleep-compelling wand,  
Each eye in endless doze to keep —  
The God of speaking, and of sleep.

<sup>6</sup> Bos locutus est.      *Liv. Histor.*

## THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.

### PART II.

#### OR THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

#### DICK HAIRBRAIN.<sup>1</sup>

'T WAS in a town remote, the place  
We leave the reader wise to guess,  
(For readers wise can guess full well  
What authors never meant to tell,)  
There dwelt secure a country clown,  
The wealthiest farmer of the town.  
Though rich by villany and cheats,  
He bought respect by frequent treats;  
Gain'd offices by constant seeking,  
'Squire, captain, deputy and deacon;  
Great was his power, his pride as arrant;  
One only son his heir apparent.  
He thought the stripling's parts were quick,  
And vow'd to make a man of DICK;  
Bless'd the pert dunce, and praised his looks,  
And put him early to his books.

More oaths than words Dick learn'd to speak  
And studied knavery more than Greek;  
Three years at school, as usual, spent,  
Then all equipp'd to college went,  
And pleased in prospect, thus bestow'd  
His meditations, as he rode.

"All hail, unvex'd with care and strife,  
The bliss of academic life;  
Where kind repose protracts the span,  
While childhood ripens into man;  
Where no hard parent's dreaded rage  
Curbs the gay sports of youthful age;  
Where no vile fear the genius awes  
With grim severity of laws;  
Where annual troops of bucks come down,

<sup>1</sup> First printed at New-Haven, January 1773.

The flower of every neighb'ring town;  
Where wealth and pride and riot wait,  
And each choice spirit finds his mate.

"Far from those walls, from pleasure's eye,  
Let care and grief and labour fly,  
The toil to gain the laurel prize,  
That dims the anxious student's eyes,  
The pedant air of learned looks,  
And long fatigue of turning books.  
Let poor dull rogues, with weary pains,  
To college come to mend their brains,  
And drudge four years, with grave concern  
How they may wiser grow, and learn.  
Is wealth of indolence afraid,  
Or does wit need pedantic aid?  
The man of wealth the world describes,  
Without the help of learning wise;  
The magic powers of gold, with ease,  
Transform us to what shape we please,  
Give knowledge bright and courage brave,  
And sense, that nature never gave.  
But nought avails the hoarded treasure;  
In spending only lies the pleasure.

"There vice shall lavish all her charms,  
And rapture fold us in her arms,  
Riot shall court the frolic soul,  
And swearing crown the sparkling bowl;  
While wit shall sport with vast applause,  
And scorn the feeble tie of laws:  
Our midnight joys no rule shall bound,  
While games and dalliance revel round.  
Such pleasures youthful years can know,  
And schools there are, that such bestow.

"Those seats how blest, for ease and sport,  
Where wealth and idleness resort,"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> There is a certain region on the western continent, situated within the northern temperate zone, where in some of the most notable and respectable schools, not only indolence and dulness, but almost every crime, may by the rich be atoned for with pecuniary satisfaction. *Geographical Paradoxes.*



Where free from censure and from shame,  
They seek of learning, but the name,  
Their crimes of all degrees and sizes  
Atoned by golden sacrifices;  
Where kind instructors fix their price,  
In just degrees, on every vice,  
And fierce in zeal 'gainst wicked courses,  
Demand repentance, of their purses;  
Till sin, thus tax'd, produces clear  
A copious income every year,  
And the fair schools, thus free from scruples,  
Thrive by the knavery of their pupils.

“Ev’n thus the Pope long since has made  
Of human crimes a gainful trade;  
Keeps ev’ry pleasing vice for sale,  
For cash, by wholesale, or retail.  
There, pay the prices and the fees,  
Buy rapes, or lies, or what you please,  
Then sin secure, with firm reliance,  
And bid the ten commands defiance.

“And yet, alas, these happiest schools  
Preserve a set of musty rules,  
And in their wisest progress show  
Perfection is not found below.  
Even there, indulged, in humble station,  
Learning resides by toleration;  
No law forbids the youth to read;  
For sense no tortures are decreed;  
There study injures but the name,  
And meets no punishment but shame.”

Thus reas’ning, DICK goes forth to find  
A college suited to his mind;  
But bred in distant woods, the clown  
Brings all his country airs to town;  
The odd address with awkward grace,  
That bows with all-averted face;  
The half-heard compliments, whose note  
Is swallow’d in the trembling throat;

The stiffen'd gait, the drawling tone,  
 By which his native place is known;  
 The blush, that looks, by vast degrees,  
 Too much like modesty to please;  
 The proud displays of awkward dress,  
 That all the country fop express,  
 The suit right gay, though much belated,  
 Whose fashion's superannuated;  
 The watch, depending far in state,  
 Whose iron chain might form a grate;  
 The silver buckle, dread to view,  
 O'ershad'wing all the clumsy shoe;  
 The white-gloved hand, that tries to peep  
 From ruffle, full five inches deep;  
 With fifty odd affairs beside,  
 The foppishness of country pride.

Poor DICK! though first thy airs provoke  
 Th' obstreperous laugh and scornful joke,  
 Doom'd all the ridicule to stand,  
 While each gay dunce shall lend a hand;  
 Yet let not scorn dismay thy hope  
 To shine a witling and a fop.  
 Blest impudence the prize shall gain,  
 And bid thee sigh no more in vain.  
 Thy varied dress shall quickly show  
 At once the spendthrift and the beau.  
 With pert address and noisy tongue,  
 That scorns the fear of prating wrong,  
 'Mongst list'ning coxcombs shalt thou shine,  
 And every voice shall echo thine.

How blest the brainless fop, whose praise  
 Is doom'd to grace these happy days,  
 When well-bred vice can genius teach,  
 And fame is placed in folly's reach,  
 Impertinence all tastes can hit,  
 And every rascal is a wit.  
 The lowest dunce, without despairing,  
 May learn the true sublime of swearing;

Learn the nice art of jests obscene,  
While ladies wonder what they mean;  
The heroism of brazen lungs,  
The rhetoric of eternal tongues;  
While whim usurps the name of spirit,  
And impudence takes place of merit,  
And every money'd clown and dunce  
Commences gentleman at once.

For now, by easy rules of trade,  
Mechanic gentlemen are made!  
From handicrafts of fashion born;  
Those very arts so much their scorn.  
To taylors half themselves they owe,  
Who make the clothes, that make the beau.

Lo! from the seats, where, fops to bless,  
Learn'd artists fix the forms of dress,  
And sit in consultation grave,  
On folded skirt, or strait'ned sleeve,  
The coxcomb trips with sprightly haste,  
In all the flush of modern taste;  
Oft turning, if the day be fair,  
To view his shadow's graceful air;  
Well pleased with eager eye runs o'er  
The laced suit glitt'ring gay before;<sup>3</sup>  
The ruffle, where from open'd vest  
The rubied brooch adorns the breast;  
The coat with length'ning waist behind,  
Whose short skirts dangle in the wind;  
The modish hat, whose breadth contains  
The measure of its owner's brains;  
The stockings gay with various hues;  
The little toe-encircling shoes;  
The cane, on whose carv'd top is shown  
An head, just emblem of his own;  
While wrapp'd in self, with lofty stride,  
His little heart elate with pride,  
He struts in all the joys of show,

<sup>3</sup> This passage alludes to the modes of dress then in fashion.



That taylor's give, or beaux can know.

And who for beauty need repine,  
That's sold at every barber's sign;  
Nor lies in features or complexion,  
But curls disposed in meet direction,  
With strong pomatum's grateful odour,  
And *quantum sufficit* of powder?  
These charms can shed a sprightly grace,  
O'er the dull eye and clumsy face;  
While the trim dancing-master's art  
Shall gestures, trips and bows impart,  
Give the gay piece its final touches,  
And lend those airs, would lure a dutchess.

Thus shines the form, nor aught behind,  
The gifts that deck the coxcomb's mind;  
Then hear the daring muse disclose  
The sense and piety of beaux.

To grace his speech, let France bestow  
A set of compliments for show.  
Land of politeness! that affords  
The treasure of new-fangled words,  
And endless quantities disburses  
Of bows and compliments and curses;  
The soft address, with airs so sweet,  
That cringes at the ladies' feet;  
The pert, vivacious, play-house style,  
That wakes the gay assembly's smile;  
Jests that his brother beaux may hit,  
And pass with young coquettes for wit,  
And prized by fops of true discerning,  
Outface the pedantry of learning.  
Yet learning too shall lend its aid,  
To fill the coxcomb's spongy head,  
And studious oft he shall peruse  
The labours of the modern muse.  
From endless loads of novels gain  
Soft, simp'ring tales of amorous pain,  
With double meanings, neat and handy,

From Rochester and Tristram Shandy.<sup>4</sup>  
The blund'ring aid of weak reviews,  
That forge the fetters of the muse,  
Shall give him airs of criticising  
On faults of books, he ne'er set eyes on.  
The magazines shall teach the fashion,  
And common-place of conversation,  
And where his knowledge fails, afford  
The aid of many a sounding word.

Then least religion he should need,  
Of pious Hume he'll learn his creed,  
By strongest demonstration shown,  
Evince that nothing can be known;  
Take arguments, unvex'd by doubt,  
On Voltaire's trust, or go without;  
'Gainst scripture rail in modern lore,  
As thousand fools have rail'd before;  
Or pleased a nicer art display  
T' expound its doctrines all away,  
Suit it to modern tastes and fashions  
By various notes and emendations;  
The rules the ten commands contain,  
With new provisos well explain;  
Prove all religion was but fashion,  
Beneath the Jewish dispensation.  
A ceremonial law, deep hooded  
In types and figures long exploded;  
Its stubborn fetters all unfit  
For these free times of gospel light,  
This rake's millenium, since the day  
When sabbaths first were done away;  
Since pandar-conscience holds the door,  
And lewdness is a vice no more;  
And shame, the worst of deadly fiends,  
On virtue, as its squire attends.

Alike his poignant wit displays

<sup>4</sup> Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* was then in the highest vogue, and in the zenith of its transitory reputation.

The darkness of the former days,  
 When men the paths of duty sought,  
 And own'd what revelation taught;  
 Ere human reason grew so bright,  
 Men could see all things by its light,  
 And summon'd scripture to appear,  
 And stand before its bar severe,  
 To clear its page from charge of fiction,  
 And answer pleas of contradiction;  
 Ere miracles were held in scorn,  
 Or Bolingbroke, or Hume were born.

And now the fop, with great energy,  
 Levels at priestcraft and the clergy,  
 At holy cant and godly prayers,  
 And bigot's hypocritic airs;  
 Musters each vet'ran jest to aid,  
 Calls piety the parson's trade;  
 Cries out 'tis shame, past all abiding,  
 The world should still be so priest-ridden;  
 Applauds free thought that scorns controul,  
 And gen'rous nobleness of soul,  
 That acts its pleasure good or evil,  
 And fears nor deity, nor devil.  
 These standing topics never fail  
 To prompt our little wits to rail,  
 With mimic droll'ry of grimace,  
 And pleased impertinence of face,  
 'Gainst virtue arm their feeble forces,  
 And sound the charge in peals of curses.

Blest be his ashes! under ground  
 If any particles be found,  
 Who friendly to the coxcomb race,  
 First taught those arts of common-place,  
 Those topics fine, on which the beau  
 May all his little wits bestow,  
 Secure the simple laugh to raise,  
 And gain the dunce's palm of praise.  
 For where's the theme that beaux could hit



With least similitude of wit,  
Did not religion and the priest  
Supply materials for the jest?  
The poor in purse, with metals vile  
For current coins, the world beguile;  
The poor in brain, for genuine wit  
Pass off a viler counterfeit;  
While various thus their doom appears,  
These lose their souls, and those their ears;  
The want of fancy, whim supplies,  
And native humour, mad caprice;  
Loud noise for argument goes off,  
For mirth polite, the ribald's scoff;  
For sense, lewd droll'ries entertain us,  
And wit is mimick'd by profaneness.

Thus 'twixt the taylor and the player,  
And Hume, and Tristram, and Voltaire,  
Complete in modern trim array'd,  
The clockwork gentleman is made;  
As thousand fops ere DICK have shone,  
In airs, which DICK ere long shall own.

But not immediate from the clown,  
He gains this zenith of renown;  
Slow dawns the coxcomb's op'ning ray;  
Rome was not finish'd in a day.  
Perfection is the work of time;  
Gradual he mounts the height sublime;  
First shines abroad with bolder grace,  
In suits of second-handed lace,  
And learns by rote, like studious players,  
The fop's infinity of airs;  
Till merit, to full ripeness grown,  
By constancy attains the crown.

Now should our tale at large proceed, .  
Here might I tell, and you might read  
At college next how DICK went on,  
And prated much and studied none;  
Yet shone with fair, unborrow'd ray,

And steer'd where nature led the way.  
 What though each academic science  
 Bade all his efforts bold defiance!  
 What though in algebra his station  
 Was negative in each equation;  
 Though in astronomy survey'd,  
 His constant course was retrograde;  
 O'er Newton's system though he sleeps  
 And finds his wits in dark eclipse!  
 His talents proved of highest price  
 At all the arts of cards and dice;  
 His genius turn'd, with greatest skill,  
 To whist, loo, cribbage and quadrille,  
 And taught, to every rival's shame,  
 Each nice distinction of the game.

As noon-day sun, the case is plain,  
 Nature has nothing made in vain.  
 The blind mole cannot fly; 'tis found  
 His genius leads him under ground.  
 The man that was not made to think,  
 Was born to game, and swear, and drink.  
 Let fops defiance bid to satire,  
 Mind Tully's rule, and follow nature.

Yet here the muse, of DICK, must tell  
 He shone in active scenes as well;  
 The foremost place in riots held,  
 In all the gifts of noise excell'd,  
 His tongue, the bell, whose rattling din would  
 Summon the rake's nocturnal synod;  
 Swore with a grace that seem'd design'd  
 To emulate the infernal kind,  
 Nor only make their realms his due,  
 But learn, betimes, their language too;  
 And well expert in arts polite,  
 Drank wine by quarts to mend his sight,  
 For he that drinks till all things reel,  
 Sees double, and that's twice as well;  
 And ere its force confined his feet,

Led out his mob to scour the street;  
Made all authority his may-game,  
And strain'd his little wits to plague 'em.  
Then, every crime atoned with ease,  
*Pro meritis*,<sup>5</sup> received degrees;  
And soon, as fortune chanced to fall,  
His father died and left him all.  
Then, bent to gain all modern fashions,  
He sail'd to visit foreign nations,  
Resolved, by toil unaw'd, to import  
The follies of the British court;  
But in his course o'erlook'd whate'er  
Was learn'd or valued, rich or rare.

As fire electric draws together  
Each hair and straw and dust and feather,  
The travell'd dunce collects betimes  
The levities of other climes;  
And when long toil has given success,  
Returns his native land to bless,  
A patriot fop, that struts by rules,  
And Knight of all the shire of fools.

The praise of other learning lost,  
To know the world is all his boast,  
By conduct teach our country widgeons,  
How coxcombs shine in other regions,  
Display his travell'd airs and fashions,  
And scoff at college educations.

Whoe'er at college points his sneer,  
Proves that himself learn'd nothing there,  
And wisely makes his honest aim  
To pay the mutual debt of shame.

Mean while our hero's anxious care  
Was all employ'd to please the fair;  
With vows of love and airs polite,  
Oft sighing at some lady's feet;  
Pleased, while he thus in form address'd her,  
With his own gracefulness of gesture,

<sup>5</sup> *For his merits*—the customary phrase in collegiate diplomas.



And gaudy flattery, that displays  
 A studied elegance of phrase.  
 So gay at balls the coxcomb shone,  
 He thought the female world his own.  
 By beauty's charms he ne'er was fired;  
 He flatter'd where the world admired.  
 Himself, so well he prized desert,  
 Possess his own unrivall'd heart;  
 Nor charms, nor chance, nor change could move  
 The firm foundations of his love;  
 His heart, so constant and so wise,  
 Pursued what sages old advise,  
 Bade others seek for fame or pelf;  
 His only study was himself.

Yet DICK allow'd the fair, desert,  
 Nor wholly scorn'd them in his heart;  
 There was an end, as oft he said,  
 For which alone the sex were made,  
 Whereto, of nature's rules observant,  
 He strove to render them subservient;  
 And held the fair by inclination,  
 Were form'd exactly for their station,  
 That real virtue ne'er could find  
 Her lodging in a female mind;  
 Quoted from Pope, in phrase so smart,  
 That all the sex are 'rakes at heart,'  
 And praised Mahomet's sense, who holds  
 That women ne'er were born with souls.

Thus blest, our hero saw his name  
 Rank'd in the foremost lists of fame.  
 What though the learn'd, the good, the wise,  
 His light affected airs despise!  
 What though the fair of higher mind,  
 With brighter thought and sense refined,  
 Whose fancy rose on nobler wing,  
 Scorn'd the vain, gilt, gay, noisy thing!  
 Each light coquette spread forth her charms,  
 And lured the hero to her arms.  
 For beaux and light coquettes, by fate

Were each design'd the other's mate,  
By instinct love, for each may find  
Its likeness in the other's mind.

Each gayer fop of modern days  
Allow'd to DICK the foremost praise,  
Borrow'd his style, his airs, grimace,  
And aped his modish form of dress.  
Even some, with sense endued, felt hopes  
And warm ambition to be fops;  
But men of sense, 'tis fix'd by fate,  
Are coxcombs but of second rate.  
The pert and lively dunce alone  
Can steer the course that DICK has shown;  
The lively dunce alone can climb  
The summit, where he shines sublime.

But ah! how short the fairest name  
Stands on the slippery steep of fame!  
The noblest heights we're soonest giddy on;  
The sun ne'er stays in his meridian;  
The brightest stars must quickly set;  
And DICK has deeply run in debt.  
Not all his oaths can duns dismay,  
Or deadly bailiffs fright away,  
Not all his compliments can bail,  
Or minuets dance him from the jail.  
Law not the least respect can give  
To the laced coat, or ruffled sleeve;  
His splendid ornaments must fall,  
And all is lost, for these were all.

What then remains? in health's decline,  
By lewdness, luxury and wine,  
Worn by disease, with purse too shallow,  
To lead in fashions, or to follow,  
The meteor's gaudy light is gone;  
Lone age with hasty step comes on.  
How pale the palsied fop appears,  
Low shivering in the vale of years;  
The ghost of all his former days,

When folly lent the ear of praise,  
 And beaux with pleased attention hung  
 On accents of his chatt'ring tongue.  
 Now all those days of pleasure o'er,  
 That chatt'ring tongue must prate no more.  
 From every place, that bless'd his hopes,  
 He's elbow'd out by younger fops.  
 Each pleasing thought unknown, that cheers  
 The sadness of declining years,  
 In lonely age he sinks forlorn,  
 Of all, and even himself, the scorn.

The coxcomb's course were gay and clever,  
 Would health and money last for ever,  
 Did conscience never break the charm,  
 Nor fear of future worlds alarm.  
 But oh, since youth and years decay,  
 And life's vain follies fleet away,  
 Since age has no respect for beaux,  
 And death the gaudy scene must close,  
 Happy the man, whose early bloom  
 Provides for endless years to come;  
 That learning seeks, whose useful gain  
 Repays the course of studious pain,  
 Whose fame the thankful age shall raise,  
 And future times repeat its praise;  
 Attains that heart-felt peace of mind,  
 To all the will of heaven resign'd,  
 Which calms in youth, the blast of rage,  
 Adds sweetest hope to sinking age,  
 With valued use prolongs the breath,  
 And gives a placid smile to death.

END OF PART SECOND.



### PREFACE TO PART THIRD.

MY design in this poem is to show, that the foibles we discover in the fair sex arise principally from the neglect of their education, and the mistaken notions they imbibe in their early youth. This naturally introduced a description of these foibles, which I have endeavored to laugh at with good humour and to expose without malevolence. Had I only consulted my own taste, I would have preferred sense and spirit with a style more elevated and poetical, to a perpetual drollery, and the affectation of wit; but I have found by experience in the second part of this work, that it is not so agreeable to the bulk of my readers. I have endeavored to avoid unseasonable severity, and hope, in that point, I am pretty clear of censure; especially as some of my good friends in these parts have lately made a discovery, that severity is not my talent, and there is nothing to be feared from the strokes of my satire; a discovery that on this head hath given me no small consolation. In the following poem, my design is so apparent, that I am not much afraid of general misrepresentation; and I hope there are no grave folks, who will think it trifling or unimportant. I expect however, from the treatment I have already received in regard to the former parts of this work, as well as some later and more fugitive productions, that my designs will by many be ignorantly or wilfully misunderstood. I shall rest satisfied with the consciousness that a desire to promote the interests of learning and morality was the principal motive, that influenced me in these writings; judging as I did, that unless I attempted something in this way, that might conduce to the service of mankind, I had spent much time in the studies of the Muses in vain.

Polite literature hath within a few years made very considerable advances in America. Mankind in general seem sensible of the importance and advantages of learning. Female education hath been most neglected; and I wish this small performance may have some tendency to encourage and promote it.

The sprightliness of female genius, and the excellence of that sex in their proper walks of science, are by no means inferior to the accomplishments of the men. And although

the course of their education ought to be different, and writing is not so peculiarly the business of the sex, yet I cannot but hope hereafter to see the accomplishment of my prediction in their favor.

Her daughters too this happy land shall grace  
 With powers of genius, as with charms of face;  
 Blest with the softness of the female mind,  
 With fancy blooming, and with taste refined,  
 Some Rowe shall rise and wrest with daring pen,  
 The pride of science from assuming men;  
 While each bright line a polish'd beauty wears;  
 For every Muse and every Grace are theirs.

*New-Haven, July 1773.*

## THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.

### PART III.

#### OR THE ADVENTURES OF

#### MISS HARRIET SIMPER.

“**C**OME hither, HARRIET, pretty Miss,  
Come hither; give your aunt a kiss.  
What, blushing? fye, hold up your head,  
Full six years old and yet afraid!  
With such a form, an air, a grace,  
You’re not ashamed to show your face!  
Look like a lady — bold — my child!  
Why ma’am, your HARRIET will be spoil’d.  
What pity ’tis, a girl so sprightly  
Should hang her head so unpolitely?  
And sure there’s nothing worth a rush in  
That odd, unnatural trick of blushing;  
It marks one ungenteelly bred,  
And shows there’s mischief in her head.  
I’ve heard Dick Hairbrain prove from Paul,  
Eve never blush’d before the fall.  
’Tis said indeed, in latter days,  
It gain’d our grandmothers some praise;  
Perhaps it suited well enough  
With hoop and farthingale and ruff;  
But this politer generation  
Holds ruffs and blushes out of fashion.

“And what can mean that gown so odd?  
You ought to dress her in the mode,  
To teach her how to make a figure;  
Or she’ll be awkward when she’s bigger,  
And look as queer as Joan of Nokes,  
And never rig like other folks;  
Her clothes will trail, all fashion lost,  
As if she hung them on a post,  
And sit as awkwardly as Eve’s  
First pea-green petticoat of leaves.



"And what can mean your simple whim here  
 To keep her poring on her primer?  
 'Tis quite enough for girls to know,  
 If she can read a billet-doux,  
 Or write a line you'd understand  
 Without a cypher of the hand.

Why need she learn to write, or spell?  
 A pothook scrawl is just as well;  
 Might rank her with the better sort,  
 For 'tis the reigning mode at court.  
 And why should girls be learn'd or wise?  
 Books only serve to spoil their eyes.  
 The studious eye but faintly twinkles,  
 And reading paves the way to wrinkles.  
 In vain may learning fill the head full;  
 'Tis beauty that's the one thing needful;  
 Beauty, our sex's sole pretence,  
 The best receipt for female sense,  
 The charm that turns all words to witty,  
 And makes the silliest speeches pretty.  
 Ev'n folly borrows killing graces  
 From ruby lips and roseate faces.  
 Give airs and beauty to your daughter,  
 And sense and wit will follow after."

Thus round the infant Miss in state  
 The council of the ladies meet,  
 And gay in modern style and fashion  
 Prescribe their rules of education.  
 The mother once herself a toast,  
 Prays for her child the self-same post;  
 The father hates the toil and pother,  
 And leaves his daughters to their mother;  
 From whom her faults, that never vary,  
 May come by right hereditary,  
 Follies be multiplied with quickness,  
 And whims keep up the family likeness.

Ye parents, shall those forms so fair,  
 The graces might be proud to wear,

The charms those speaking eyes display,  
Where passion sits in ev'ry ray,  
Th' expressive glance, the air refined,  
That sweet vivacity of mind,  
Be doom'd for life to folly's sway,  
By trifles lur'd, to fops a prey?  
Say, can ye think that forms so fine  
Were made for nothing but to shine,  
With lips of rose and cheeks of cherry,  
Outgo the works of statuary,  
And gain the prize of show, as victors  
O'er busts and effigies and pictures?  
Can female sense no trophies raise,  
Are dress and beauty all their praise,  
And does no lover hope to find  
An angel in his charmer's mind?  
First from the dust our sex began,  
But woman was refined from man;  
Received again, with softer air,  
The great Creator's forming care.  
And shall it no attention claim  
Their beauteous infant souls to frame?  
Shall half your precepts tend the while  
Fair nature's lovely work to spoil,  
The native innocence deface,  
The glowing blush, the modest grace,  
On follies fix their young desire,  
To trifles bid their souls aspire,  
Fill their gay heads with whims of fashion,  
And slight all other cultivation,  
Let every useless, barren weed  
Of foolish fancy run to seed,  
And make their minds the receptacle  
Of every thing that's false and fickle;  
Where gay caprice with wanton air,  
And vanity keep constant fair,  
Where ribbons, laces, patches, puffs,  
Caps, jewels, ruffles, tippets, muffs,

With gaudy whims of vain parade,  
 Croud each apartment of the head;  
 Where stands, display'd with costly pains,  
 The toyshop of coquettish brains,  
 And high-crown'd caps hang out the sign,  
 And beaux as customers throng in;  
 Whence sense is banish'd in disgrace,  
 Where wisdom dares not show her face;  
 Where the light head and vacant brain  
 Spoil all ideas they contain,  
 As th' air-pump kills in half a minute  
 Each living thing you put within it?

It must be so; by ancient rule  
 The fair are nursed in folly's school,  
 And all their education done  
 Is none at all, or worse than none;  
 Whence still proceed in maid or wife,  
 The follies and the ills of life.  
 Learning is call'd our mental diet,  
 That serves the hungry mind to quiet,  
 That gives the genius fresh supplies,  
 Till souls grow up to common size:  
 But here, despising sense refined,  
 Gay trifles feed the youthful mind.  
 Chameleons thus, whose colours airy  
 As often as coquettes can vary,  
 Despise all dishes rich and rare,  
 And diet wholly on the air;  
 Think fogs blest eating, nothing finer,  
 And can on whirlwinds make a dinner;  
 And thronging all to feast together,  
 Fare daintily in blust'ring weather.

Here to the fair alone remain  
 Long years of action spent in vain;  
 Perhaps she learns (what can she less?)  
 The arts of dancing and of dress.  
 But dress and dancing are to women,  
 Their education's mint and cummin;



These lighter graces should be taught,  
And weightier matters not forgot.  
For there, where only these are shown,  
The soul will fix on these alone.  
Then most the fineries of dress,  
Her thoughts, her wish and time possess;  
She values only to be gay,  
And works to rig herself for play;  
Weaves scores of caps with diff'rent spires,  
And all varieties of wires;  
Gay ruffles varying just as flow'd  
The tides and ebbings of the mode;  
Bright flow'rs, and topknots waving high,  
That float, like streamers in the sky;  
Work'd catgut handkerchiefs, whose flaws  
Display the neck, as well as gauze;  
Or network aprons somewhat thinnish,  
That cost but six weeks time to finish,  
And yet so neat, as you must own  
You could not buy for half a crown.  
Perhaps in youth (for country fashion  
Prescribed that mode of education,)  
She wastes long months in still more tawdry,  
And useless labours of embroid'ry;  
With toil weaves up for chairs together,  
Six bottoms, quite as good as leather;  
A set of curtains tapestry-work,  
The figures frowning like the Turk;  
A tentstitch picture, work of folly,  
With portraits wrought of Dick and Dolly;  
A coat of arms, that mark'd her house,  
Three owls rampant, the crest a goose;  
Or shows in waxwork goodman Adam,  
And serpent gay, gallanting madam,  
A woful mimickry of Eden,  
With fruit, that needs not be forbidden;  
All useless works, that fill for beauties  
Of time and sense their vast vacuities;

Of sense, which reading might bestow,  
And time, whose worth they never know.

Now to some pop'lous city sent,  
She comes back prouder than she went;  
Few months in vain parade she spares,  
Nor learns, but apes, politer airs;  
So formal acts, with such a set air,  
That country manners far were better.  
This springs from want of just discerning,  
As pedantry from want of learning;  
And proves this maxim true to sight,  
The half-genteel are least polite.

Yet still that active spark, the mind  
Employment constantly will find,  
And when on trifles most 'tis bent,  
Is always found most diligent;  
For weighty works men show most sloth in,  
But labour hard at doing nothing,  
A trade, that needs no deep concern,  
Or long apprenticeship to learn,  
To which mankind at first apply  
As naturally as to cry,  
Till at the last their latest groan  
Proclaims their idleness is done.  
Good sense, like fruits, is rais'd by toil;  
But follies sprout in ev'ry soil,  
Nor culture, pains, nor planting need,  
As moss and mushrooms have no seed.

Thus HARRIET, rising on the stage,  
Learns all the arts, that please the age,  
And studies well, as fits her station,  
The trade and politics of fashion:  
A judge of modes in silks and satins,  
From tassels down to clogs and pattens;  
A genius, that can calculate  
When modes of dress are out of date,  
Cast the nativity with ease  
Of gowns, and sacks and negligees,

And tell, exact to half a minute,  
What's out of fashion and what's in it;  
And scanning all with curious eye,  
Minutest faults in dresses spy;  
(So in nice points of sight, a flea  
Sees atoms better far than we;)   
A patriot too, she greatly labours,  
To spread her arts among her neighbours,  
Holds correspondences to learn  
What facts the female world concern,  
To gain authentic state-reports  
Of varied modes in distant courts,  
The present state and swift decays  
Of tuckers, handkerchiefs and stays,  
The colour'd silk that beauty wraps,  
And all the rise and fall of caps.  
Then shines, a pattern to the fair,  
Of mien, address and modish air,  
Of every new, affected grace,  
That plays the eye, or decks the face,  
The artful smile, that beauty warms,  
And all th' hypocrisy of charms.

On sunday, see the haughty maid  
In all the glare of dress array'd,  
Deck'd in her most fantastic gown,  
Because a stranger's come to town.  
Heedless at church she spends the day,  
For homelier folks may serve to pray,  
And for devotion those may go,  
Who can have nothing else to do.  
Beauties at church must spend their care in  
Far other work, than pious hearing;  
They've beaux to conquer, bells to rival;  
To make them serious were uncivil.  
For, like the preacher, they each Sunday  
Must do their whole week's work in one day.

As though they meant to take by blows  
Th' opposing galleries of beaux,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Young people of different sexes used then to sit in the opposite galleries.



To church the female squadron move,  
 All arm'd with weapons used in love.  
 Like colour'd ensigns gay and fair,  
 High caps rise floating in the air;  
 Bright silk its varied radiance flings,  
 And streamers wave in kissing-strings;  
 Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,  
 Like training bands at viewing arms.

So once, in fear of Indian beating,  
 Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,  
 Each man equipp'd on Sunday morn,  
 With psalm-book, shot and powder-horn;  
 And look'd in form, as all must grant,  
 Like th' ancient, true church militant;  
 Or fierce, like modern deep divines,  
 Who fight with quills, like porcupines.

Or let us turn the style and see  
 Our belles assembled o'er their tea;  
 Where folly sweetens ev'ry theme,  
 And scandal serves for sugar'd cream.

"And did you hear the news? (they cry)  
 The court wear caps full three feet high,  
 Built gay with wire, and at the end on't,  
 Red tassels streaming like a pendant.  
 Well sure, it must be vastly pretty;  
 'Tis all the fashion in the city.

And were you at the ball last night?  
 Well, Chloe look'd like any fright;  
 Her day is over for a toast;  
 She'd now do best to act a ghost.  
 You saw our Fanny; envy must own  
 She figures, since she came from Boston.  
 Good company improves one's air —  
 I think the troops were station'd there.  
 Poor Cœlia ventured to the place;  
 The small-pox quite has spoil'd her face,  
 A sad affair, we all confest:  
 But providence knows what is best.

Poor Dolly too, that writ the letter  
 Of love to Dick; but Dick knew better;  
 A secret that; you'll not disclose it;  
 There's not a person living knows it.  
 Sylvia shone out, no peacock finer;  
 I wonder what the fops see in her.  
 Perhaps 'tis true what Harry maintains,  
 She mends on intimate acquaintance."

Hail British lands! to whom belongs  
 Unbounded privilege of tongues,  
 Blest gift of freedom, prized as rare  
 By all, but dearest to the fair;  
 From grandmothers of loud renown,  
 Thro' long succession handed down,  
 Thence with affection kind and hearty,  
 Bequeath'd unlesse'd to poster'ty!  
 And all ye powers of slander, hail,  
 Who teach to censure and to rail!  
 By you, kind aids to prying eyes,  
 Minutest faults the fair one spies,  
 And specks in rival toasts can mind,  
 Which no one else could ever find;  
 By shrewdest hints and doubtful guesses,  
 Tears reputations all in pieces;  
 Points out what smiles to sin advance,  
 Finds assignations in a glance;  
 And shews how rival toasts (you'll think)  
 Break all commandments with a wink.

So priests<sup>2</sup> drive poets to the lurch  
 By fulminations of the church,  
 Mark in our title-page our crimes,  
 Find heresies in double rhymes,  
 Charge tropes with damnable opinion,  
 And prove a metaphor, Arminian,  
 Peep for our doctrines, as at windows,

<sup>2</sup> On the appearance of the first part of this poem, some of the clergy, who supposed themselves the objects of the satire, raised a clamor against the author, as the calumniator of the sacred order, and undertook, from certain passages in it, to prove that he was an infidel, or what they viewed as equally heretical, an Arminian.

And pick out creeds of inuendoes.

And now the conversation sporting  
From scandal turns to trying fortune.  
Their future luck the fair foresee  
In dreams, in cards, but most in tea.  
Each finds of love some future trophy  
In settlings left of tea, or coffee;  
There fate displays its book, she believes,  
And lovers swim in form of tea-leaves;  
Where oblong stalks she takes for beaux,  
And squares of leaves for billet-doux;  
Gay balls in parboil'd fragments rise,  
And specks for kisses greet her eyes.

So Roman augurs wont to pry  
In victim's hearts for prophecy,  
Sought from the future world advices,  
By lights and lungs of sacrifices,  
And read with eyes more sharp than wizards'  
The book of fate in pigeon's gizzards;  
Could tell what chief would be survivor,  
From aspects of an ox's liver,  
And cast what luck would fall in fights,  
By trine and quartile of its lights.

Yet that we fairly may proceed,  
We own that ladies sometimes read,  
And grieve, that reading is confin'd  
To books that poison all the mind;  
Novels and plays, (where shines display'd  
A world that nature never made,)   
Which swell their hopes with airy fancies,  
And amorous follies of romances;  
Inspire with dreams the witless maiden  
On flowery vales and fields Arcadian,  
And contsant hearts no chance can sever,  
And mortal loves, that last for ever.

For while she reads romance, the fair one  
Fails not to think herself the heroine;  
For every glance, or smile, or grace,



She finds resemblance in her face,  
 Expects the world to fall before her,  
 And every fop she meets adore her.  
 Thus HARRIET reads, and reading really  
 Believes herself a young Pamela,  
 The high-wrought whim, the tender strain  
 Elate her mind and turn her brain:  
 Before her glass, with smiling grace,  
 She views the wonders of her face;  
 There stands in admiration moveless,  
 And hopes a Grandison, or Lovelace.<sup>3</sup>

Then shines she forth, and round her hovers  
 The powder'd swarm of bowing lovers;  
 By flames of love attracted thither,  
 Fops, scholars, dunces, cits, together.  
 No lamp exposed in nightly skies,  
 E'er gather'd such a swarm of flies;  
 Or flame in tube electric draws  
 Such thronging multitudes of straws.  
 (For I shall still take similes  
 From fire electric when I please.)<sup>4</sup>

With vast confusion swells the sound,  
 When all the coxcombs flutter round.  
 What undulation wide of bows!  
 What gentle oaths and am'rous vows!  
 What double entendres all so smart!  
 What sighs hot-piping from the heart!  
 What jealous leers! what angry brawls  
 To gain the lady's hand at balls!  
 What billet-doux, brimful of flame!  
 Acrostics lined with HARRIET's name!  
 What compliments, o'er-strain'd with telling  
 Sad lies of Venus and of Helen!  
 What wits half-crack'd with commonplaces  
 On angels, goddesses and graces!

<sup>3</sup> Richardson's novels were then in high request. Young misses were enraptured with the love-scenes, and beaux admired the character of Lovelace.

<sup>4</sup> Certain small critics had triumphed on discovering, that the writer had several times drawn his similes from the phenomena of electricity.

On fires of love what witty puns!  
 What similes of stars and suns!  
 What cringing, dancing, ogling, sighing,  
 What languishing for love, and dying!

For lovers of all things that breathe  
 Are most exposed to sudden death,  
 And many a swain much famed in rhymes  
 Hath died some hundred thousand times:  
 Yet though love oft their breath may stifle,  
 'Tis sung it hurts them but a trifle;  
 The swain revives by equal wonder,  
 As snakes will join when cut asunder,  
 And often murder'd still survives;  
 No cat hath half so many lives.

While round the fair, the coxcombs throng  
 With oaths, cards, billet-doux, and song,  
 She spread her charms and wish'd to gain  
 The heart of every simple swain;  
 To all with gay, alluring air,  
 She hid in smiles the fatal snare,  
 For sure that snare must fatal prove,  
 Where falsehood wears the form of love;  
 Full oft with pleasing transport hung  
 On accents of each flattering tongue,  
 And found a pleasure most sincere  
 From each erect, attentive ear;  
 For pride was her's, that oft with ease  
 Despised the man she wish'd to please.  
 She loved the chace, but scorn'd the prey,  
 And fish'd for hearts to throw away;  
 Joy'd at the tale of piercing darts,  
 And tort'ring flames and pining hearts,  
 And pleased perused the billet-doux,  
 That said, "I die for love of you;"  
 Found conquest in each gallant's sighs  
 And blest the murders of her eyes.

So doctors live but by the dead,  
 And pray for plagues, as daily bread;

Thank providence for colds and fevers,  
And hold consumptions special favors;  
And think diseases kindly made,  
As blest materials of their trade.

'Twould weary all the pow'rs of verse  
Their amorous speeches to rehearse,  
Their compliments, whose vain parade  
Turns Venus to a kitchen-maid;  
With high pretence of love and honor,  
They vent their folly all upon her,  
(Ev'n as the scripture precept saith,  
More shall be given to him that hath;)  
Tell her how wond'rous fair they deem her,  
How handsome all the world esteem her;  
And while they flatter and adore,  
She contradicts to call for more.

"And did they say I was so handsome?  
My looks — I'm sure no one can fancy 'em.  
'Tis true we're all as we were framed,  
And none have right to be ashamed;  
But as for beauty — all can tell  
I never fancied I look'd well;  
I were a fright, had I a grain less.  
You're only joking, Mr. Brainless."

Yet beauty still maintain'd her sway,  
And bade the proudest hearts obey;  
Ev'n sense her glances could beguile,  
And vanquish'd wisdom with a smile;  
While merit bow'd and found no arms,  
To oppose the conquests of her charms,  
Caught all those bashful fears, that place  
The mask of folly on the face,  
That awe, that robs our airs of ease,  
And blunders, when it hopes to please;  
For men of sense will always prove  
The most forlorn of fools in love.  
The fair esteem'd, admired, 'tis true,  
And praised — 'tis all coquettes can do.



And when deserving lovers came,  
 Believed her smiles and own'd their flame,  
 Her bosom thrill'd, with joy affected  
 T' increase the list, she had rejected;  
 While pleased to see her arts prevail,  
 To each she told the self-same tale.  
 She wish'd in truth they ne'er had seen her,  
 And feign'd what grief it oft had giv'n her,  
 And sad, of tender-hearted make,  
 Grieved they were ruin'd for her sake.  
 'Twas true, she own'd on recollection,  
 She'd shown them proofs of kind affection:  
 But they mistook her whole intent,  
 For friendship was the thing she meant.  
 She wonder'd how their hearts could move 'em  
 So strangely as to think she'd love 'em;  
 She thought her purity above  
 The low and sensual flames of love;  
 And yet they made such sad ado,  
 She wish'd she could have loved them too.  
 She pitied them, and as a friend  
 She prized them more than all mankind,  
 And begg'd them not their hearts to vex,  
 Or hang themselves, or break their necks,  
 Told them 'twould make her life uneasy,  
 If they should run forlorn, or crazy;  
 Objects of love she could not deem 'em;  
 But did most marv'lously esteem 'em.

For 'tis esteem, coquettes dispense  
 Tow'rd learning, genius, worth and sense,  
 Sincere affection, truth refined,  
 And all the merit of the mind.

But love's the passion they experience  
 For gold, and dress, and gay appearance.

For ah! what magic charms and graces  
 Are found in golden suits of laces!  
 What going forth of hearts and souls  
 Tow'rd glare of gilded button-holes!

What lady's heart can stand its ground  
'Gainst hats with glittering edging bound?  
While vests and shoes and hose conspire,  
And gloves and ruffles fan the fire,  
And broadcloths, cut by tailor's arts,  
Spread fatal nets for female hearts.

And oh, what charms more potent shine,  
Drawn from the dark Peruvian mine!  
What spells and talismans of Venus  
Are found in dollars, crowns and guineas!  
In purse of gold, a single stiver  
Beats all the darts in Cupid's quiver.  
What heart so constant, but must veer,  
When drawn by thousand pounds a year!  
How many fair ones ev'ry day  
To houses fine have fall'n a prey,  
Been forced on stores of goods to fix,  
Or carried off in coach and six!  
For Cœlia, merit found no dart;  
Five thousand sterling broke her heart,  
So witches, hunters say, confound 'em,  
For silver bullets only wound 'em.

But now the time was come, our fair  
Should all the plagues of passion share,  
And after ev'ry heart she'd won,  
By sad disaster lose her own.  
So true the ancient proverb sayeth,  
'Edge-tools are dang'rous things to play with:'  
The fisher, ev'ry gudgeon hooking,  
May chance himself to catch a ducking;  
The child that plays with fire, in pain  
Will burn its fingers now and then;  
And from the dutchess to the laundress,  
Coquettes are seldom salamanders.

For lo! Dick Hairbrain heaves in sight,  
From foreign climes returning bright;  
He danced, he sung to admiration,  
He swore to gen'ral acceptation,

In airs and dress so great his merit,  
 He shone — no lady's eyes could bear it.  
 Poor HARRIET saw; her heart was stouter;  
 She gather'd all her smiles about her;  
 Hoped by her eyes to gain the laurels,  
 And charm him down, as snakes do squirrels.  
 So prized his love and wish'd to win it,  
 That all her hopes were center'd in it;  
 And took such pains his heart to move,  
 Herself fell desp'rately in love;  
 Though great her skill in am'rous tricks,  
 She could not hope to equal Dick's;  
 Her fate she ventured on his trial,  
 And lost her birthright of denial.

And here her brightest hopes miscarry;  
 For Dick was too gallant to marry.  
 He own'd she'd charms for those who need 'em,  
 But he, be sure, was all for freedom;  
 So, left in hopeless flames to burn,  
 Gay Dick esteem'd her in her turn.  
 In love, a lady once given over  
 Is never fated to recover,  
 Doom'd to indulge her troubled fancies,  
 And feed her passion by romances;  
 And always amorous, always changing,  
 From coxcomb still to coxcomb ranging,  
 Finds in her heart a void, which still  
 Succeeding beaux can never fill:  
 As shadows vary o'er a glass,  
 Each holds in turn the vacant place;  
 She doats upon her earliest pain,  
 And following thousands loves in vain.

Poor HARRIET now hath had her day;  
 No more the beaux confess her sway;  
 New beauties push her from the stage;  
 She trembles at th' approach of age,  
 And starts to view the alter'd face,  
 That wrinkles at her in her glass:



So Satan, in the monk's tradition,  
Fear'd, when he met his apparition.

At length her name each coxcomb cancels  
From standing lists of toasts and angels;  
And slighted where she shone before,  
A grace and goddess now no more,  
Despised by all, and doom'd to meet  
Her lovers at her rival's feet,  
She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,  
And cries out, vanity, on all;  
Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows  
Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux;  
Nor longer hopes to hide by dress  
The tracks of age upon her face.  
Now careless grown of airs polite,  
Her noonday nightcap meets the sight;  
Her hair uncomb'd collects together,  
With ornaments of many a feather;  
Her stays for easiness thrown by,  
Her rumpled handkerchief awry,  
A careless figure half undress'd,  
(The reader's wits may guess the rest;)  
All points of dress and neatness carried,  
As though she'd been a twelvemonth married:  
She spends her breath, as years prevail,  
At this sad wicked world to rail,  
To slander all her sex *imprcemptu*,  
And wonder what the times will come to.

Tom Brainless, at the close of last year,  
Had been six years a rev'rend Pastor,  
And now resolved, to smooth his life,  
To seek the blessing of a wife.  
His brethren saw his amorous temper,  
And recommended fair Miss Simper,  
Who fond, they heard, of sacred truth,  
Had left her levities of youth,  
Grown fit for ministerial union,  
And grave, as Christian's wife in Bunyan.

On this he rigg'd him in his best,  
 And got his old grey wig new dress'd,  
 Fix'd on his suit of sable stuffs,  
 And brush'd the powder from the cuffs,  
 With black silk stockings, yet in being,  
 The same he took his first degree in;  
 Procured a horse of breed from Europe,  
 And learn'd to mount him by the stirrup,  
 And set forth fierce to court the maid;  
 His white-hair'd Deacon went for aid;  
 And on the right, in solemn mode,  
 The Reverend Mr. Brainless rode.  
 Thus grave, the courtly pair advance,  
 Like knight and squire in famed romance.  
 The priest then bow'd in sober gesture,  
 And all in scripture terms address'd her;  
 He'd found, for reasons amply known,  
 It was not good to be alone,  
 And thought his duty led to trying  
 The great command of multiplying;  
 So with submission, by her leave,  
 He'd come to look him out an Eve,  
 And hoped, in pilgrimage of life,  
 To find an helpmate in a wife,  
 A wife discreet and fair withal,  
 To make amends for Adam's fall.

In short, the bargain finish'd soon,  
 A reverend Doctor made them one.

And now the joyful people rouze all  
 To celebrate their priest's espousal;  
 And first, by kind agreement set,  
 In case their priest a wife could get,  
 The parish vote him five pounds clear,  
 T' increase his salary every year.  
 Then swift the tag-rag gentry come  
 To welcome Madam Brainless home;  
 Wish their good Parson joy; with pride  
 In order round salute the bride;

At home, at visits and at meetings,  
To Madam all allow precedence;  
Greet her at church with rev'rence due,  
And next the pulpit fix her pew.

END OF PART THIRD.



[MINOR POEMS]



## THE GENIUS OF AMERICA;

AN ODE.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

WHEN Discord high her sable flag unveil'd,  
And British fury drew the fatal sword,<sup>2</sup>  
Wide o'er the plains, from Concord's deadly field,  
The conflict raged with many an inroad gored:<sup>3</sup>  
Till now the Sun, declining to the main,  
Forsook the circuit of the ethereal way,  
And slow evolving o'er the carnaged plain,  
Sulphureous vapors dimm'd the falling day;  
Th' encrimson'd rays in mournful splendor rise,  
And tinged with blood ascend the curtains of the skies.

### II.

The savage tumult of the battle o'er,  
On that fair hill, near Boston's fated strand,  
That rears her beacon in th' aerial tower,  
Rose the sad Genius of the Western land.  
Torn were the sacred laurels on his head;  
His purple robes waved careless to the wind;  
Aloft his arm the glittering sword display'd,  
For slaughter'd fields in just revenge design'd;  
His breast in anguish heaved the heart-felt sigh,  
And tears of vengeance burst, and lighten'd in his eye.

### III.

"'Tis done, he cried — in vain for human weal,  
With suppliant hand the palm of peace to rear!  
Hear then, oh Britain, hear my last appeal  
To heaven's dread justice and the flames of war.  
Then come in all the terrors of thy power,

<sup>1</sup> THE first thirteen stanzas of this ode were composed in 1777, after the capture of Burgoyne and his army; the conclusion was added in 1778, on the expulsion of the British forces from the continent to Staten and New-York islands, after the battle of Monmouth.

<sup>2</sup> At the battle of Lexington.

<sup>3</sup> — the battle swerved  
With many an inroad gored.——

Milton.



Stretch the long line and darken o'er the main,  
 Bid the hoarse tempest of the combat roar,  
 And hosts infuriate shake the shuddering plain;  
 League in thy savage cause the foes of life,  
 The Hessian's barb'rous blade, the Indian's murdering knife.

## IV.

I see my hills with banded warriors spread;  
 On every brow the lines of battle rise;  
 Terrific lightnings strew the fields with dead,  
 And adverse thunders echo through the skies.<sup>4</sup>  
 The vales of Charlestown, sooth'd in bliss no more,  
 Sad wars affright and groans of parting breath;  
 Their grass shall wither in the streams of gore,  
 And flow'rs bloom sicklied with the dews of death;  
 O'er all her domes the bursting flames aspire,  
 Wrap the wide walls in smoke and streak the heavens with  
 fire.

## V.

And thou, while Glory on thy youthful bier  
 Lights her pale lamp, in robes funereal dress'd,  
 And cold sods, wet with many a falling tear,  
 Enclose the tomb, where patriot honors rest;  
 Thou too, my Warren,<sup>5</sup> from thy ghastly wound,  
 With life's last stream thy native soil shalt lave;  
 Enough, thy years that every virtue crown'd,  
 That every muse's laurel decks thy grave;  
 Enough that Liberty resounds thy name,  
 First martyr in her cause, and heir of deathless fame!

## VI.

Nor fall my sons in vain! with awful sound  
 Fraternal blood invokes th' attentive skies.

<sup>4</sup> Battle at Bunker-hill.

<sup>5</sup> Major General Joseph Warren of Boston, who fell at the head of the Massachusetts troops. In him were united the gentleman, the scholar, the patriot and the hero. There were few from whose courage and talents more was expected, none whose loss was more universally lamented.

Their shades shall wake, and from the gory ground,  
 Avenging guardians of my rights, arise;  
 Shall guide the gallant hero to the field,  
 With pale affright the haughty foe appal,  
 Stretch o'er my banner'd hosts the viewless shield,  
 Edge the keen sword and wing th' unerring ball.  
 What piles of hostile chiefs, in slaughter drown'd,  
 Fill the wide scenes of death and purple all the ground.

## VII.

In vain rude nature spread th' impervious wood,<sup>6</sup>  
 And rear'd th' eternal barriers of the hills,  
 Wove the wild thicket, pour'd the pathless flood  
 Through marshes, deep with congregated rills!  
 My ardent warriors pierce the desperate lair,  
 Where prowls the savage panther for his prey;  
 Now o'er the mounds, and lessening into air,  
 The daring wand'ers scale th' adventurous way;  
 Toil, famine, danger, bar their course in vain  
 To proud Quebec's high walls, and Abraham's hapless plain.

## VIII.

Ye plains, renown'd by many a hero's tomb,  
 Whence Wolf's immortal spirit took its flight,  
 A soul as brave, with like relentless doom,  
 Speeds to the attack and tempts the embattled height!  
 Ah, stay, Montgomery! In the frowning wall  
 Grim Death lies ambush'd! Stay thy course and spare  
 That sacred life, too valued yet to fall;  
 Enough thy sword has lighten'd in the war,  
 When famed St. John's<sup>7</sup> beheld thy banners rise,  
 Wave o'er his subject vales and wanton in the skies.

<sup>6</sup> March of the American army through the wilderness to Quebec—Repulse and death of General Montgomery.

—opposuit Natura Alpemq; nivemq;

Diducit scopulos &c. *Juvenal, satir. 10.*

<sup>7</sup> A British fortress in Canada, north of Lake Champlain.

## IX.

Boast not, proud Albion! awed by no dismay,  
My warriors crowd the fierce conflicting scene.  
What dreadless chieftains lead their long array,  
Death-daring Putnam and unconquer'd Greene.  
And is my Washington unknown to thee,  
Whose early footsteps traced the paths of fame,  
Shielded, from fate, thy routed bands to flee,  
And screen'd thy Gage,<sup>8</sup> to future deeds of shame!  
Heav'n calls his sword t' assert my injured cause,  
Avenger of my wrongs and guardian of my laws.

## X.

Oh, born thy country and her rights to save,  
Arise! the thunders of the war to wield;  
And through the night and ocean's awful wave,  
Guide the frail bark and teach the storm to yield.  
When terror through each coward breast shall roll,  
And half my boasting champions woo despair,  
Thy daring genius and unvanquish'd soul  
Sustain my triumphs and inspire the war;  
Thy single sword, like Moses' lifted hand,  
Sheds conquest on my cause and guards the sinking land.

## XI.

And lo, where Victory<sup>9</sup> spreads her eagle wings,  
O'er Trenton's stream and Princeton's classic plain;  
With warlike shouts th' aerial concave rings,  
O'er legions captived and the piles of slain!  
Through varying dangers, with unequal force,  
The godlike hero guides the dubious day,  
Foils the proud Howe, and checks his haughty course,  
With Fabian art, victorious by delay.

<sup>8</sup> At the battle of Monongahela, where General Braddock was defeated and slain. Washington, then a Colonel, had the principal merit of conducting the retreat and saving the remains of the British army.

<sup>9</sup> Capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and of a detachment of the British at Princeton.



O'er loss, o'er fortune and th' insulting foes,  
His innate virtue shines, his conqu'ring courage glows.

## XII.

Lo,<sup>10</sup> from the north, what countless myriads roll,  
Nations of war and legions of the brave,  
With all the sable tribes of savage soul,  
From frozen climes and Huron's wintry wave!  
The fierce Burgoyne drives on th' infuriate train,  
Sounds the dire death-song<sup>11</sup> through the frowning wood.  
Vain threat! my gath'ring sons thy pomp disdain,  
Thy tongue of thunder and thy hands of blood;  
Of small avail, when doom'd in arms t' engage  
My Gates's caution calm, my Lincoln's noble rage.

## XIII.

Dig deep in earth (nor fated yet to fall)  
Stretch thy huge ramparts in opposing line:  
My daring bands with heav'n-born ardor join,  
Dive the low trench and climb the baffled wall.  
Thy troops in wild confusion through the field,  
Sustain no more the victor's angry face;  
Nor force nor art avail. They fall, they yield,  
Or wing with coward flight the hasty race.  
On every side my hardy yeomen rise,  
And lead thy captive host, vain Albion's pride, their prize.

## XIV.

Hark, from th' embattled South what new alarms!<sup>12</sup>  
What streaming ensigns paint the troubled air!  
On Monmouth plains the boasting Clinton arms,  
And leads to fate the whole collected war.  
Hast thou forgot how once thy warriors fled,

<sup>10</sup> Capture of General Burgoyne and his army.

<sup>11</sup> See Burgoyne's proclamation at the commencement of his northern invasion—a compound of sanguinary threats and ostentatious bombast.

<sup>12</sup> Battle of Monmouth.

Thine early shame on Charleston's fatal wave,<sup>13</sup>  
When terror bade thy shatter'd ships recede,  
And call the winds to waft thee from the grave?  
Beat not thy pulses with accustom'd fear,  
And dread'st thou not thy foe? for Washington is there.

## XV.

The deep artillery, with tremendous roar,  
The sky's blue vault in deathful prelude rend.  
What clouds of smoke involve the darken'd shore!  
Through the stunn'd air what flaky flames ascend!  
Conflicting thousands shake the shuddering ground,  
Keen vollies echoing rock the mountains wide,  
Afar the startled Del'ware hears the sound,  
And Hudson trembles with recoiling tide.  
Scarce the dire shock my fainting van sustain,  
And Lee<sup>14</sup> appall'd retires, and yields the dubious plain.

## XVI.

When lo, my favor'd Chief appears to save  
From fell destruction's all-devouring sweep;  
As the sun rising o'er the turbid wave,  
When night with storms hath vex'd the angry deep.  
Th' astonish'd foes maintain the fight no more,  
Fierce on their rear my rushing host impends,  
Their falling legions dye the fields with gore,  
Till dusky eve, their better hope, descends;  
Through fav'ring darkness fly the broken train,  
Steal trembling to their ships, and hide behind the main.

<sup>13</sup> Defeat of the British under General Clinton, and repulse of their fleet under Admiral Parker, in their attempt on Charleston in South Carolina, in 1776.

<sup>14</sup> General Charles Lee, a British adventurer, who had joined the Americans, and commanded the front division in this action. For his conduct on that occasion, he was suspended for a year from command, and never afterward employed in the service.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MESSRS. DWIGHT AND BARLOW,

On the projected publication of their Poems in London.<sup>1</sup>  
December 1775.

**P**LEASED with the vision of a deathless name,  
You seek perhaps a flowery road to fame;  
Where distant far from ocean's stormy roar,  
Wind the pure vales and smiles the tranquil shore,  
Where hills sublime in vernal sweetness rise,  
And opening prospects charm the wand'ring eyes,  
While the gay dawn, propitious on your way,  
Crimsons the east and lights the orient day.

Yet vain the hope, that waits the promised bays,  
Though conscious merit claim the debt of praise;  
Still sneering Folly wars with every art,  
Still ambush'd Envy aims the secret dart,  
Through hosts of foes the course of glory lies,  
Toil wins the field and hazard gains the prize.

For dangers wait, and fears of unknown name,  
The long, the dreary pilgrimage of fame;  
Each bard invades, each judging dunce reviews,  
And every critic wars with every Muse.

As horror gloom'd along the dark'ning path,  
When famed Ulysses<sup>2</sup> trod the vales of death;  
Terrific voices rose, and all around  
Dire forms sprang flaming from the rocking ground;  
Fierce Cerberus lour'd, and yawning o'er his way,  
Hell flash'd the terrors of infernal day;  
The scornful fiends opposed his bold career,  
And sung in shrieks the prelude of his fear.  
Thus at each trembling step, the Poet hears  
Dread groans and hisses murmur in his ears;  
In every breeze a shaft malignant flies,  
Cerberean forms in every rival rise;  
There yawning wide before his path extends

<sup>1</sup> Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan*, and Barlow's *Vision of Columbus*, afterwards enlarged and entitled, *The Columbiad*. This designed publication was prevented by the revolutionary war.

<sup>2</sup> Homer's *Odyssey*, Book 11.



Th' infernal gulph, where Critics are the fiends;  
 From gloomy Styx pale conflagrations gleam,  
 And dread oblivion rolls in Lethe's stream.

And see, where yon proud Isle<sup>3</sup> her shores extends  
 The cloud of Critics on your Muse descends!  
 From every side, with deadly force, shall steer  
 The fierce Review, the censuring Gazetteer,  
 Light Magazines, that pointless jests supply,  
 And quick Gazettes, that coin the current lie.  
 Each coffee-house shall catch the loud alarms,  
 The Temple swarm, and Grub-street wake to arms.  
 As vultures, sailing through the darken'd air,  
 Whet their keen talons, and their beaks prepare,  
 O'er warring armies wait th' approaching fray,  
 And sate their wishes on the future prey:  
 Each cens'rer thus the tempting lure pursues,  
 And hangs o'er battles of your Epic muse,  
 The pamper'd critic feeds on slaughter'd names,  
 And each new bard a welcome feast proclaims.

Such men to charm, could Homer's muse avail,  
 Who read to cavil, and who write to rail;  
 When ardent genius pours the bold sublime,  
 Carp at the style, or nibble at the rhyme;  
 Misstate your thoughts, misconstrue your design,  
 And cite, as samples, every feeble line?  
 To praise your muse be your admirer's care;  
 Her faults alone the critics make their share.  
 Where you succeed, beyond their sphere you've flown,  
 But where you fail, the realm is all their own.  
 By right they claim whatever faults are found,  
 For nonsense trespasses on critic ground;

<sup>3</sup> Great-Britain.—See the British Reviewers, for the fulfilment of this prediction.

The English scribblers began their abuse, by asserting that all the Americans were cowards. Subsequent events have taught them a reverent silence on that topic. They now labour, with equal wit and eloquence, to prove our universal ignorance and stupidity.—The present writers in the Quarterly Review have made it the vehicle of insult and slander upon our genius and manners. Whether they will be more successful with the pen, than with the sword, in prostrating America at their feet, Time, the ancient arbiter, will determine in due season.

By right they claim the blunders of your lays,  
As lords of manors seize on waifs and strays.

Yet heed not these, but join the sons of song,  
And scorn the censures of the envious throng;  
Prove to the world, in these new-dawning skies,  
What genius kindles and what arts arise;  
What fav'ring Muses lent their willing aid,  
As gay through Pindus' flowery paths you stray'd;  
While in your strains the purest morals flow'd,  
Rules to the great, and lessons to the good.  
All Virtue's friends are yours. Disclose the lays;  
Your country's heroes claim the debt of praise;  
Fame shall assent, and future years admire  
Barlow's strong flight, and Dwight's Homeric fire.

## ODE TO SLEEP.

1773.

### I.

COME, gentle Sleep!  
Balm of my wounds and softner of my woes,  
And lull my weary heart in sweet repose,  
And bid my sadden'd soul forget to weep,  
And close the tearful eye;  
While dewy eve with solemn sweep,  
Hath drawn her fleecy mantle o'er the sky,  
And chaced afar, adown th' ethereal way,  
The din of bustling care and gaudy eye of day.

### II.

Come, but thy leaden sceptre leave,  
Thy opiate rod, thy poppies pale,  
Dipp'd in the torpid fount of Lethe's stream,  
That shroud with night each intellectual beam,  
And quench th' immortal fire, in deep Oblivion's wave.  
Yet draw the thick impervious veil  
O'er all the scenes of tasted woe;  
Command each cypress shade to flee;  
Between this toil-worn world and me,  
Display thy curtain broad, and hide the realms below.

### III.

Descend, and graceful in thy hand,  
With thee bring thy magic wand,  
And thy pencil, taught to glow  
In all the hues of Iris' bow.  
And call thy bright, aerial train,  
Each fairy form and visionary shade,  
That in the Elysian land of dreams,  
The flower-enwoven banks along,  
Or bowery maze, that shades the purple streams,  
Where gales of fragrance breathe th' enamour'd song,  
In more than mortal charms array'd,  
People the airy vales and revel in thy reign.



## IV.

But drive afar the haggard crew,  
That haunt the guilt-encrimson'd bed,  
Or dim before the frenzied view  
Stalk with slow and sullen tread;  
While furies with infernal glare,  
Wave their pale torches through the troubled air;  
And deep from Darkness' inmost womb,  
Sad groans dispart the icy tomb,  
And bid the sheeted spectre rise,  
Mid shrieks and fiery shapes and deadly fantasies.

## V.

Come and loose the mortal chain,  
That binds to clogs of clay th' ethereal wing;  
And give th' astonish'd soul to rove,  
Where never sunbeam stretch'd its wide domain;  
And hail her kindred forms above,  
In fields of uncreated spring,  
Aloft where realms of endless glory rise,  
And rapture paints in gold the landscape of the skies.

## VI.

Then through the liquid fields we'll climb,  
Where Plato treads empyreal air,  
Where daring Homer sits sublime,  
And Pindar rolls his fiery car;  
Above the cloud-encircled hills,  
Where high Parnassus lifts his airy head,  
And Helicon's melodious rills  
Flow gently through the warbling glade;  
And all the Nine, in deathless choir combined,  
Dissolve in harmony th' enraptured mind,  
And every bard, that tuned th' immortal lay,  
Basks in th' ethereal blaze, and drinks celestial day.

## VII.

Or call to my transported eyes  
Happier scenes for lovers made,  
Bid the twilight grove arise,  
Lead the rivulet through the glade.  
In some flowering arbor laid,  
Where opening roses taste the honied dew,  
And plummy songsters carol through the shade,  
Recall my long-lost wishes to my view.  
Bid Time's inverted glass return  
The scenes of bliss with hope elate,  
And hail the once expected morn,  
And burst the iron bands of fate.  
Graced with all her virgin charms,  
Attractive smiles and past, responsive flame,  
Restore my \*\*\*\*\* to my arms,  
Just to her vows and faithful to her fame.

## VIII.

Hymen's torch with hallow'd fire  
Rising beams th' auspicious ray.  
Wake the dance, the festive lyre  
Warbling sweet the nuptial lay;  
Gay with beauties, once alluring,  
Bid the bright Enchantress move,  
Eyes that languish, smiles of rapture,  
And the rosy blush of love.  
On her glowing breast reclining,  
Mid that paradise of charms,  
Every blooming grace combining,  
Yielded to my circling arms,  
I clasp the Fair, and kindling at the view,  
Press to my heart the dear deceit, and think the transport  
true.

## IX.

Hence, false delusive dreams,  
Fantastic hopes and mortal passions vain!

Ascend, my soul to nobler themes  
Of happier import and sublimer strain.  
Rising from this sphere of night,  
Pierce yon blue vault, ingemm'd with golden fires;  
Beyond where Saturn's languid car retires,  
Or Sirius keen outvies the solar ray,  
To worlds from every dross terrene refined,  
Realms of the pure, ethereal mind,  
Warm with the radiance of unchanging day:  
Where Cherub-forms and Essences of light,  
With holy song and heavenly rite,  
From rainbow clouds their strains immortal pour;  
An earthly guest, in converse high,  
Explore the wonders of the sky,  
From orb to orb with guides celestial soar,  
And take, through heaven's wide round, the Universal tour.

## X.

And find that mansion of the blest,  
Where rising ceaseless from this lethal stage,  
Heaven's favorite sons, from earthly chains released,  
In happier Eden pass th' eternal age.  
The newborn soul beholds th' angelic face  
Of holy Sires, that throng the blissful plain,  
Or meets his consort's loved embrace,  
Or clasps the son, so lost, so mourn'd in vain.  
There, charm'd with each endearing wile,  
Maternal fondness greets her infant's smile;  
Long-sever'd friends, in transport doubly dear,  
Unite and join th' interminable train —  
And hark! a well-known voice I hear,  
I spy my sainted friend! I meet my Howe<sup>1</sup> again!

## XI.

Hail, sacred shade! for not to dust consign'd,  
Lost in the grave, thine ardent spirit lies,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Joseph Howe, pastor of a church in Boston, sometime a fellow-tutor with the author at Yale-College. He died in 1775. The conclusion of the Ode was varied, by inserting this tribute of affection.



Nor fail'd that warm benevolence of mind  
To claim the birthright of its native skies.

What radiant glory and celestial grace,  
Immortal meed of piety and praise!

Come to my visions, friendly shade,  
'Gainst all assaults my wayward weakness arm,  
Raise my low thoughts, my nobler wishes aid,  
When passions rage, or vain allurements charm;  
The pomp of learning and the boast of art,  
The glow, that fires in genius' boundless range,  
The pride, that wings the keen, satiric dart,  
And hails the triumph of revenge.

Teach me, like thee, to feel and know  
Our humble station in this vale of woe,  
Twilight of life, illumed with feeble ray,  
The infant dawning of eternal day;  
With heart expansive, through this scene improve  
The social soul of harmony and love;  
To heavenly hopes alone aspire and prize  
The virtue, knowledge, bliss and glory of the skies.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who requested the Writer to draw her Character.  
Sept. 1774.

### A FABLE.

**I**N vain, fair Maid, you ask in vain,  
My pen should try th' advent'rous strain,  
And following truth's unalter'd law,  
Attempt your character to draw.  
I own indeed, that generous mind  
That weeps the woes of human kind,  
That heart by friendship's charms inspired,  
That soul with sprightly fancy fired,  
The air of life, the vivid eye,  
The flowing wit, the keen reply —  
To paint these beauties as they shine,  
Might ask a nobler pen than mine.

Yet what sure strokes can draw the Fair,  
Who vary, like the fleeting air,  
Like willows bending to the force,  
Where'er the gales direct their course,  
Opposed to no misfortune's power,  
And changing with the changing hour.  
Now gaily sporting on the plain,  
They charm the grove with pleasing strain;  
Anon disturb'd, they know not why,  
The sad tear trembles in their eye:  
Led through vain life's uncertain dance,  
The dupes of whim, the slaves of chance.

From me, not famed for much goodnature,  
Expect not compliment, but satire;  
To draw your picture quite unable,  
Instead of fact accept a Fable.

One morn, in Æsop's noisy time,  
When all things talk'd, and talk'd in rhyme,  
A cloud exhaled by vernal beams  
Rose curling o'er the glassy streams.  
The dawn her orient blushes spread,  
And tinged its lucid skirts with red,  
Wide waved its folds with glitt'ring dyes,

And gaily streak'd the eastern skies;  
Beneath, illumed with rising day,  
The sea's broad mirror floating lay.  
Pleased, o'er the wave it hung in air,  
Survey'd its glittering glories there,  
And fancied, dress'd in gorgeous show,  
Itself the brightest thing below:  
For clouds could raise the vaunting strain,  
And not the fair alone were vain.

Yet well it knew, howe'er array'd,  
That beauty, e'en in clouds, might fade,  
That nothing sure its charms could boast  
Above the loveliest earthly toast;  
And so, like them, in early dawn  
Resolved its picture should be drawn,  
That when old age with length'ning day  
Should brush the vivid rose away,  
The world should from the portrait own  
Beyond all clouds how bright it shone.

Hard by, a painter raised his stage,  
Far famed, the *Copley*<sup>1</sup> of his age.  
So just a form his colours drew,  
Each eve the perfect semblance knew;  
Yet still on every blooming face  
He pour'd the pencil's flowing grace;  
Each critic praised the artist rare,  
Who drew so like, and yet so fair.

To him, high floating in the sky  
Th' elated Cloud advanced t' apply.  
The painter soon his colours brought,  
The Cloud then sat, the artist wrought;  
Survey'd her form, with flatt'ring strictures,  
Just as when ladies sit for pictures,  
Declared "whatever art can do,  
My utmost skill shall try for you:  
But sure those strong and golden dies

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated American painter, who excelled in portraits. He afterwards visited London, where he gained a very high reputation by his picture of the death of Lord Chatham.



Dipp'd in the radiance of the skies,  
Those folds of gay celestial dress,  
No mortal colours can express.  
Not spread triumphal o'er the plain,  
The rainbow boasts so fair a train,  
Nor e'en the morning sun so bright,  
Who robes his face in heav'nly light.  
To view that form of angel make,  
Again Ixion would mistake,<sup>2</sup>  
And justly deem so fair a prize,  
The sovereign Mistress of the skies,"

He said, and drew a mazy line,  
With crimson touch his pencils shine,  
The mingling colours sweetly fade,  
And justly temper light and shade.

He look'd; the swelling Cloud on high  
With wider circuit spread the sky,  
Stretch'd to the sun an ampler train,  
And pour'd new glories on the main.  
As quick, effacing every ground,  
His pencil swept the canvas round,  
And o'er its field, with magic art,  
Call'd forth new forms in every part.

But now the sun, with rising ray,  
Advanced with speed his early way;  
Each colour takes a differing die,  
The orange glows, the purples fly.  
The artist views the alter'd sight,  
And varies with the varying light;  
In vain! a sudden gust arose,  
New folds ascend, new shades disclose,  
And sailing on with swifter pace,  
The Cloud displays another face.  
In vain the painter, vex'd at heart,  
Tried all the wonders of his art;  
In vain he begg'd, her form to grace,

<sup>2</sup> The Grecian poets tell us, that Ixion having made an assignation with Juno, the goddess formed a cloud in her own shape and substituted it in her stead; on which, unconscious of the deception, he begat the Centaurs.

One moment she would keep her place;  
For, "changing thus with every gale,  
Now gay with light, with gloom now pale,  
Now high in air with gorgeous train,  
Now settling on the darken'd main,  
With looks more various than the moon;  
A French coquette were drawn as soon."

He spoke; again the air was mild,  
The Cloud with opening radiance smiled;  
With canvas new his art he tries,  
Anew he joins the glitt'ring dies;  
Th' admiring Cloud with pride beheld  
Her image deck the pictured field,  
And colours half-complete adorn  
The splendor of the painted morn.

When lo, the stormy winds arise,  
Deep gloom invests the changing skies;  
The sounding tempest shakes the plain,  
And lifts in billowy surge the main.  
The Cloud's gay dies in darkness fade,  
Its folds condense in thicker shade,  
And borne by rushing blasts, its form  
With lowering vapour joins the storm.

## THE SPEECH OF PROTEUS TO ARISTÆUS,

CONTAINING THE STORY OF

### ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE;

Translated from the 4th book of Virgil's Georgics. A collegiate exercise.  
June 1770.

**A** GOD pursues thee with immortal hate,  
By crimes provoked, that wake the wrath of fate;  
In guiltless woe the hapless Orpheus died,  
And calls the powers t' avenge his injured bride.

Along the stream, with flying steps she strove  
To shun the fury of thy lawless love,  
Unhappy Fair! nor on the fated way  
Saw the dire snake, that ambush'd for his prey.

Her sister Dryades wail'd the deadly wound,  
The lofty hills their melting cries resound;  
Then wept the rocks of Rhodope, the towers  
Of high Pangæus, and the Rhesian shores;  
The mournful sounds the Attic lands convey,  
And Hebrus rolls in sadden'd waves away.

He, on his lyre, essay'd with tuneful art  
To sooth the ceaseless anguish of his heart;  
Thee, his fair bride, to lone distress a prey,

GEORGIC. Lib. 4. v. 453.

**N**ON te nullius exercent numinis iræ;  
Magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus  
Haudquaquam ob meritum pœnas (ni fata re-  
sistant)

Suscitat, & rapta graviter pro conjuge sævit.  
Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina præceps,  
Immanem ante pedes hydram moritura puella  
Servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba.

At chorus æqualis Dryadum clamore supremos  
Implerunt montes: flerunt Rhodopeiæ arces,  
Altaque Pangæa, & Rhesi Mavortia tellus,  
Atque Getæ, atque Hebrus, atque Actias Orithyia.  
Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,  
Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,



Thee sung at rising, thee at falling day.  
 Then sought the realms of death and Stygian Jove,  
 Through blackening horrors of th' infernal grove,  
 Mid direful ghosts and powers of deep despair,  
 Unknown to pity and unmoved by prayer.  
 From Hell's dark shores, to Orpheus' melting song,  
 On every side the gloomy nations throng;  
 Thin, airy shades, pale spectres lost to light,  
 Like fancied forms, that glide athwart the night.  
 As flitting birds, in summer's checquer'd shade,  
 Dance on the boughs and flutter through the glade,  
 Or seek the woods, when night descends amain,  
 And pours in storms along the wintry plain:  
 Men, matrons, round the sweet musician press'd,  
 The spouseless maidens and the youths unblest,  
 Snatch'd from their parents' eyes, or doom'd to yield  
 In war's dire combats on the crimson field;  
 Whom the deep fens, that drain the moory ground,  
 And black Cocytus' reedy lake surround,  
 Where baleful Styx her mournful margin laves,  
 And deadly Lethe rolls th' oblivious waves.

Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.  
 Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,  
 Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum  
 Ingressus, Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,  
 Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.  
 At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis  
 Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum;  
 Quam multa in sylvis avium se millia condunt,  
 Vesper ubi, aut hybernus agit de montibus imber:  
 Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita  
 Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,  
 Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.  
 Quos circum limus niger, & deformis arundo  
 Cocyti, tarda que palus inamabilis unda  
 Alligat, & novies Styx interfusa coercet.  
 Quin ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima lethi

Hell heard the song; and fix'd in deep amaze,  
On the sweet bard the snaky Furies gaze;  
Grim Cerb'rus hung entranced; and ceased to reel  
The giddy circle of Ixion's wheel.

These dangers 'scaped, he seeks the upper air,  
Elate with joy, and follow'd by the Fair;  
Such law the fates imposed: but doom'd to prove  
The sudden madness of ill-omen'd love;  
Could Fate relent, or melt at human woe,  
A venial crime, were venial aught below!  
Light gleam'd at hand, the shades of death retire;  
With wishes wild and vanquish'd with desire,  
His fears forgot, he turn'd; his lovely bride,  
Given to his hope, with trembling glance espied.  
There end thy joys, and vanish'd into air  
Thy fancied raptures and thy fruitless care;  
Broke is the league, and thrice tremendous roars  
The warning thunder on th' infernal shores.

What rage, she cried, thus blasts our joys again,  
Pair'd in sad fates and doom'd to endless pain!  
Hark! the dread summons calls me back to woes;  
My swimming eyes eternal slumbers close;

Tartara, cœruleosque implexæ crinibus angues  
Eumenides; tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora;  
Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.  
Jamq; pedem referens, casus evaserat omnes,  
Redditaque Euridice superas veniebat ad auras,  
Pone sequens; namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem:  
Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,  
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.  
Restitit, Eurydicenq; suam jam luce sub ipsa,  
Immemor, heu! victusq; animi, respexit: ibi omnis  
Effusus labor, atque immitis rupta tyranni  
Fœdera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.  
Illa; Quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perdidit, Orpheu?  
Quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro  
Fata vocant, conditq; natantia lumina somnus.

A last farewell! the stygian horrors rise,  
 And roll'd in night my parting spirit flies;  
 Vain my weak arms, extended to restore  
 The bridal hand, that must be thine no more.

She said, and vanish'd instant from his eye,  
 Like melting smoke, that mingles with the sky.  
 No kind embrace his deepening grief t' allay,  
 No farewell word, though much he wish'd to say,  
 Nor hope remain'd. Stern Charon now no more  
 Consents to waft him to the adverse shore.  
 Again divorced from all his soul must love,  
 No tears could melt, nor songs the fates could move.  
 Her, breathless, pale, to mansions of the grave,  
 The bark bore floating on the stygian wave.

In gelid caves with horrid glooms array'd,  
 Where cloud-topt hills project an awful shade,  
 Along the margin of the desert shore,  
 Where lonely Strymon's rushing waters roar,  
 Seven hapless months he wept his fatal love,  
 His ravish'd bride, and blamed relentless Jove.  
 Stern tigers soften'd at the tuneful sound,  
 The thickets move, the forests dance around:

Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,  
 Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.  
 Dixit, & ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras  
 Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa; neque illum  
 Prensantem nequicquam umbras, & multa volentem  
 Dicere, præterea vidit; nec portitor Orci  
 Amplius objectam passus transire paludem.  
 Quid faceret? quo se rapta bis conjuge ferret?  
 Quo fletu Manes, qua numina voce moveret?  
 Illa quidem Stygia nabat jam frigida cymba.

Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses  
 Rupe sub aëria, deserti ad Strymonis undam  
 Flevisse, & gelidis hæc evolvisse sub antris,  
 Mulcentem tigres, & agentem carmine quercus.  
 Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra



So in some poplar's shade, with soothing song  
 Sad Philomela mourns her captive young,  
 When some rude swain hath found th' unfeather'd prey,  
 Her nest despoil'd and borne the prize away;  
 Through the long night she breathes her tuneful strain,  
 The slow, deep moan resounds, and echoes o'er the plain.

Pleasure no more his soul estranged could move,  
 The charms of beauty, or the joys of love.  
 Alone he stray'd where freezing Tanais flows  
 Through drear wastes, wedded to perennial snows,  
 Mourn'd his lost bride, th' infernal power's deceit,  
 And cursed the vain, illusive gifts of fate.

When Bacchus' orgies stain'd the midnight skies,  
 Their proffers scorn'd, the Thracian matrons rise.  
 Their hopeless rage the bleeding victim tore,  
 His sever'd limbs are scatter'd on the shore,  
 Rent from his breathless corse, swift Hebrus sweeps  
 His gory visage to the opening deeps.  
 Yet when cold death sate trembling on his tongue,  
 With fainting soul, Eurydice, he sung;  
 Ah dearest, lost Eurydice! he cries;  
 Eurydice, the plaintive shore replies.

*Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator  
 Observans nido implumes, detraxit; at illa  
 Flet noctem, ramoq; sedens miserabile carmen  
 Integrat, & mœstis late loca questibus implet.  
 Nulla Venus, nulliq; animum flexere hymenæi.  
 Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaimq; nivalem,  
 Arvaque Riphæis nunquam viduata pruinis,  
 Lustrabat; raptam Eurydicen, atq; irrita Ditis  
 Dona querens: spreto Ciconum quo munere matres,  
 Inter sacra Deum, nocturniq; orgia Bacchi,  
 Discerptum latos juvenem sparsere per agros.  
 Tum quoq; marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,  
 Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus  
 Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa & frigida lingua,  
 Ah miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat;  
 Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.*

## THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

NUMBERS, Chapters 23d and 24th.

December 1773.

### I.

**O**N lofty Peor's brow,  
That rears its forehead to the sky,  
And sees the airy vapors fly,  
And clouds in bright expansion sail below,  
Sublime the Prophet stood.  
Beneath its pine-clad side,  
The distant world her varied landscape yields;  
Winding vales and length'ning fields,  
Streams in sunny maze that flow'd,  
Stretch'd immense in prospect wide,  
Forests green in summer's pride.  
Waving glory gilds the main,  
The dazzling sun ascending high,  
While earth's blue verge, at distance dimly seen.  
Spreads from the aching sight, and fades into the sky.

### II.

Beneath his feet, along the level plain,  
The host of Israel stretch'd in deep array;  
Their tents rose frequent on the enamell'd green,  
Bright to the wind the color'd streamers play.  
Red from the slaughter of their foes,  
In awful steel th' embattled heroes stood;  
High o'er the shaded ark in terror rose  
The cloud, the dark pavilion of their God.  
Before the Seer's unwilling eyes,  
The years unborn ascend to sight;  
He saw their opening morn arise,  
Bright in the sunshine of the fav'ring skies;  
While from th' insufferable light,  
Fled the dire dæmons of opposing night.  
No more, elate with stygian aid,  
He waves the wand's enchanted power,  
And baleful through the hallow'd glade,

His magic<sup>1</sup> footsteps rove no more.  
 Fill'd with prophetic fire, he lifts his hand  
 O'er the deep host in dim array;  
 And awed by heaven's supreme command,  
 Pours forth the rapture of the living lay.

## III.

Fair, oh Israel, are thy tents,<sup>2</sup>  
 Blest the banners of thy fame;  
 Blest the dwellings of his saints,  
 Where their God displays his name.  
 Fair as these vales,<sup>3</sup> that stretch their lawns so wide,  
 As gardens smile in flow'ry meadows fair,  
 As rising cedars, on the streamlet's side,  
 Unfold their arms and court the fragrant air.  
 Vain is magic's deadly force,  
 Vain the dire enchanter's spell,  
 Waving wand or charmed curse,  
 Vain the pride, the rage of hell.  
 From Peor's high, illumined brow,  
 I see<sup>4</sup> th' Eternal Power reveal'd,  
 And all the lengthen'd plain below  
 O'ershrouded by th' Almighty Shield.  
 God, their guardian God, descends,  
 And Israel's fav'rite host Omnipotence defends.

## IV.

And see, bright Judah's Star<sup>5</sup> ascending  
 Fires the east with crimson day,

<sup>1</sup> Numbers, xxiv, 1. And when Balaam saw that it pleased God to bless Israel, he went not, as at other times, to seek enchantments.

<sup>2</sup> Verse 5. How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel!

<sup>3</sup> As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as cedars beside the waters. V. 6.

Chapter xxiii, verse 23. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither any divination against Israel.

<sup>4</sup> From the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him. Chapter xxiii, 9.

<sup>5</sup> There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth. Chap. xxiv, 17, &c.



Awful o'er his foes impending,  
Pours wide the lightning of his ray,  
And flames destruction on th' opposing world.  
Death's broad banners dark, unfurl'd,  
Wave o'er his blood-encircled way.  
Sceptred king of Moab, hear,  
Deeds that future times await,  
Deadly triumph, war severe,  
Israel's pride and Moab's fate.  
What echoing terrors burst upon mine ear!  
What awful forms in flaming horror rise!  
Empurpled Rage, pale Ruin, heart-struck Fear,  
In scenes of blood ascend, and skim before my eyes.

## V.

Dimly on the skirt of night,  
O'er thy sons the cloud impends;  
Echoing storm with wild affright,  
Loud the astonish'd ether rends.  
Long hosts, emblazed with sunbright shields, appear,  
And Death, in fierce career,  
Glides on their light'ning swords: along thy shores,  
Arm'd with the bolts of fate,  
What hostile navies wait!  
Above, around, the shout of ruin roars.  
For nought avails, that clad in spiry pride,  
Thy rising cities glitter'd on the day;  
The vengeful arms wave devastation wide,  
And give thy pompous domes to smouldering flames a prey.

## VI.

Edom<sup>6</sup> bows her lofty head,  
Seir submits her vanquish'd lands,  
Amalek, of hosts the dread,  
Sinks beneath their wasting hands.

<sup>6</sup> Edom shall be a possession, Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies, and Israel shall do valiantly. See chapter xxiv. from verse 18 to the end.

See, whelm'd in smoky heaps, the ruin'd walls  
Rise o'er thy children's hapless grave!  
Low thy blasted glory falls;  
Vain the pride that could not save!  
Israel's swords arrest the prey,  
Back to swift fate thy trembling standards turn;  
Black desolation rolls along their way,  
War sweeps in front, and flames behind them burn;  
And Death and dire Dismay  
Unfold their universal grave, and ope the mighty urn.

## THE OWL AND THE SPARROW.

### A FABLE.<sup>1</sup>

1772.

**I**N elder days, in Saturn's prime,  
Ere baldness seized the head of Time,  
While truant Jove, in infant pride,  
Play'd barefoot on Olympus' side,  
Each thing on earth had power to chatter,  
And spoke the mother tongue of nature.  
Each stock or stone could prate and gabble,  
Worse than ten labourers of Babel.  
Along the street, perhaps you'd see  
A Post disputing with a Tree,  
And mid their arguments of weight,  
A Goose sit umpire of debate.  
Each Dog you met, though speechless now,  
Would make his compliments and bow,  
And every Swine with congees come,  
To know how did all friends at home.  
Each Block sublime could make a speech,  
In style and eloquence as rich,  
And could pronounce it and could pen it,  
As well as Chatham in the senate.

Nor prose alone.—In these young times,  
Each field was fruitful too in rhymes;  
Each feather'd minstrel felt the passion,  
And every wind breathed inspiration.  
Each Bullfrog croak'd in loud bombastic,  
Each Monkey chatter'd Hudibrastic;  
Each Cur, endued with yelping nature,  
Could outbark Churchill's<sup>2</sup> self in satire;  
Each Crow in prophecy delighted,  
Each Owl, you saw, was second-sighted,  
Each Goose a skilful politician,  
Each Ass a gifted met'physician,

<sup>1</sup> In the course of a poetical correspondence with a friend, having received a very humorous letter in ridicule of Love, &c. I sent him this fable in return.

<sup>2</sup> Churchill, the English satirist.



Could preach in wrath 'gainst laughing rogues,  
Write *Halfway-covenant Dialogues*,<sup>3</sup>  
And wisely judge of all disputes  
In commonwealths of men or brutes.

'Twas then, in spring a youthful Sparrow  
Felt the keen force of Cupid's arrow:  
For Birds, as Æsop's tales avow,  
Made love then, just as men do now,  
And talk'd of deaths and flames and darts,  
And breaking necks and losing hearts;  
And chose from all th' aerial kind,  
Not then to tribes, like Jews, confined.  
The story tells, a lovely Thrush  
Had smit him from a neigh'ring bush,  
Where oft the young coquette would play,  
And carol sweet her siren lay:  
She thrill'd each feather'd heart with love,  
And reign'd the Toast of all the grove.

He felt the pain, but did not dare  
Disclose his passion to the fair;  
For much he fear'd her conscious pride  
Of race, to noble blood allied.  
Her grandsire's nest conspicuous stood,  
Mid loftiest branches of the wood,  
In airy height, that scorn'd to know  
Each flitting wing that waved below.  
So doubting, on a point so nice  
He deem'd it best to take advice.

Hard by there dwelt an aged Owl,  
Of all his friends the gravest fowl;  
Who from the cares of business free,  
Lived, hermit, in a hollow tree;  
To solid learning bent his mind,  
In trope and syllogism he shined,  
'Gainst reigning follies spent his railing;  
Too much a Stoic — 'twas his failing.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the titles of several violent controversial productions of that day, concerning the terms of admission to church-fellowship.

Hither for aid our Sparrow came,  
And told his errand and his name,  
With panting breath explain'd his case,  
Much trembling at the sage's face;  
And begg'd his Owlship would declare  
If love were worth a wise one's care.

The grave Owl heard the weighty cause,  
And humm'd and hah'd at every pause;  
Then fix'd his looks in sapient plan,  
Stretch'd forth one foot, and thus began.

"My son, my son, of love beware,  
And shun the cheat of beauty's snare;  
That snare more dreadful to be in,  
Than huntsman's net, or horse-hair gin.  
"By others' harms learn to be wise,"  
As ancient proverbs well advise.  
Each villany, that nature breeds,  
From females and from love proceeds.  
'Tis love disturbs with fell debate  
Of man and beast the peaceful state:  
Men fill the world with war's alarms,  
When female trumpets sound to arms;  
The commonwealth of dogs delight  
For beauties, as for bones, to fight.  
Love hath his tens of thousands slain,  
And heap'd with copious death the plain:  
Samson, with ass's jaw to aid,  
Ne'er peopled thus th' infernal shade.

"Nor this the worst; for he that's dead,  
With love no more will vex his head.  
'Tis in the rolls of fate above,  
That death's a certain cure for love;  
A noose can end the cruel smart;  
The lover's leap is from a cart.  
But oft a living death they bear,  
Scorn'd by the proud, capricious fair.  
The fair to sense pay no regard,  
And beauty is the fop's reward;

They slight the generous hearts' esteem,  
And sigh for those, who fly from them.

Just when your wishes would prevail,  
Some rival bird with gayer tail,  
Who sings his strain with sprightlier note,  
And chatters praise with livelier throat,  
Shall charm your flutt'ring fair one down,  
And leave your choice, to hang or drown.

Ev'n I, my son, have felt the smart;  
A Pheasant won my youthful heart.  
For her I tuned the doleful lay,<sup>4</sup>  
For her I watch'd the night away;  
In vain I told my piteous case,  
And smooth'd my dignity of face;  
In vain I cull'd the studied phrase,  
And sought hard words in beauty's praise.  
Her, not my charms nor sense could move,  
For folly is the food of love.

Each female scorns our serious make,  
"Each woman is at heart a rake."<sup>5</sup>  
Thus Owls in every age have said,  
Since our first parent-owl was made;  
Thus Pope and Swift, to prove their sense,  
Shall sing, some twenty ages hence;  
Then shall a man of little fame,  
One \*\*\*\*\* sing the same.

<sup>4</sup> My correspondent, about that time, had also been himself a little dipped in *Amatory Verse*, as *Little*, [T. Moore] calls it.

<sup>5</sup> Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is at heart a rake.

*Pope's Essay on the characters of Women.*



## PROSPECT OF THE FUTURE GLORY OF AMERICA:

Being the conclusion of an Oration, delivered at the public commencement at Yale-College, September 12, 1770.

— **A**ND see th' expected hour is on the wing,  
With every joy the flight of years can bring;  
The splendid scenes the Muse shall dare display,

And unborn ages view the ripen'd day.

Beneath a sacred grove's inspiring shade,  
When Night the world in pleasing glooms array'd,  
While the fair moon, that leads the heav'nly train,  
With varying brightness dyed the dusky plain,  
Entranced I sate; to solemn thought resign'd,  
Long visions rising in the raptur'd mind,  
Celestial music charm'd the listening dale,  
While these blest sounds my ravish'd ear assail.

"To views far distant and to scenes more bright,  
Along the vale of Time extend thy sight,  
Where hours and days and years from yon dim pole,  
Wave following wave in long succession roll,  
There see, in pomp for ages without end,  
The glories of the Western World ascend.

"See, this blest land in orient morn appears,  
Waked from the slumber of six thousand years,  
While clouds of darkness veil'd each cheering ray;  
To savage beasts and savage men, a prey.  
Fair Freedom now her ensigns bright displays,  
And peace and plenty bless the golden days.  
In radiant state th' imperial realm shall rise,  
Her splendor circling to the boundless skies;  
Of every Fair she boasts the assembled charms,  
The Queen of empires and the nurse of arms.

"See her bold heroes mark their glorious way,  
Arm'd for the fight and blazing on the day!  
Blood stains their steps, and o'er th' ensanguined plain,  
Mid warring thousands and mid thousands slain,  
Their eager swords unsated carnage blend,  
And ghastly deaths their raging course attend.  
Her dreaded power the subject world shall see,

And laurel'd conquest wait her high decree.

“And see her navies, rushing to the main,  
Catch the swift gales and sweep the wat'ry plain;  
Or led by commerce, at the merchant's door  
Unlade the treasures of the Asian shore;  
Or arm'd with thunder, on the guilty foe  
Rush big with death and aim th' unerring blow;  
Bid every realm, that hears the trump of fame,  
Quake at the distant terror of her name.

“For pleasing Arts behold her matchless charms,  
The first in letters, as the first in arms.  
See bolder genius quit the narrow shore,  
And realms of science, yet untraced, explore,  
Hiding in brightness of superior day,  
The fainting gleam of Europe's setting ray.

“Sublime the Muse shall lift her eagle wing;  
Of heavenly themes the sacred bards shall sing,  
Tell how the blest Redeemer, man to save,  
Thro' the deep mansions of the gloomy grave,  
Sought the low shades of night, then rising high  
Vanquish'd the powers of hell, and soar'd above the sky;  
Or paint the scenes of that funereal day,  
When earth's last fires shall mark their dreadful way,  
In solemn pomp th' eternal Judge descend,  
Doom the wide world and give to nature, end;  
Or ope heaven's glories to th' astonish'd eye,  
And bid their lays with lofty Milton vie;  
Or wake from nature's themes the moral song,  
And shine with Pope, with Thompson and with Young.

“This land her Swift and Addison shall view,  
The former honours equall'd by the new;  
Here shall some Shakspeare charm the rising age,  
And hold in magic chains the listening stage;  
A second Watts shall string the heavenly lyre,  
And other muses other bards inspire.

“Her Daughters too the happy land shall grace  
With powers of genius, as with charms of face;  
Blest with the softness of the female mind,

With fancy blooming and with taste refined,  
Some Rowe shall rise, and wrest with daring pen  
The pride of science from assuming men;  
While each bright line a polish'd beauty wears,  
For every muse and every grace are theirs.

"Nor shall these bounds her rising fame confine,  
With equal praise the sister arts shall shine.

"Behold some new Apelles, skill'd to trace  
The varied features of the virgin's face,  
Bid the gay landscape rise in rural charms,  
Or wake from dust the slumb'ring chief in arms,  
Bid art with nature hold a pleasing strife,  
And warm the pictured canvas into life.

"See heaven-born Music strike the trembling string,  
Devotion rising on the raptured wing.

"See the proud dome with lofty walls ascend,  
Wide gates unfold, stupendous arches bend,  
The spiry turrets, piercing to the skies,  
And all the grandeur of the palace rise.

"The patriot's voice shall Eloquence inspire  
With Roman splendor and Athenian fire,  
At freedom's call, teach manly breasts to glow,  
And prompt the tender tear o'er guiltless woe."

O, born to glory when these times prevail,  
Great nurse of learning, fair Yalensia,<sup>1</sup> hail!  
Within thy walls, beneath thy pleasing shade,  
We woo'd each Art, and won the Muse to aid.  
These scenes of bliss now closing on our view,  
Borne from thy seats, we breathe a last adieu.  
Long may'st thou reign, of every joy possess'd,  
Blest in thy teachers, in thy pupils blest;  
To distant years thy fame immortal grow,  
Thy spreading light to rising ages flow;  
Till Nature hear the great Archangel's call,  
Till the last flames involve the sinking ball;  
Then may thy sons ascend th' ethereal plains,  
And join seraphic songs, where bliss eternal reigns.

<sup>1</sup>The author at this time received the degree of Master of Arts in this University, where he had resided for the seven preceeding years.



## ON THE VANITY OF YOUTHFUL EXPECTATIONS.

### AN ELEGY.

December 1771.

**H**ENCE, gaudy Flattery, with thy siren song,  
Thy fading laurels and thy trump of praise,  
Thy magic glass, that cheats the wond'ring throng,  
And bids vain men grow vainer, as they gaze!

For what the gain, though nature have supplied  
Her keenest nerves, to taste the stings of pain?  
That fame how poor, that swells our baseless pride,  
And shews the heights, our steps must ne'er attain?

How vain those thoughts, that through creation rove,  
Returning fraught with images of woe;  
Those gifts how vain, that please not those we love,  
With grief oppress'd, how small the gain — to know!<sup>1</sup>

And oh, that fate, in life's sequester'd shade  
Had fix'd the limits of my silent way,  
Far from the scenes in gilded pomp array'd,  
Where hope and fame, but flatter, to betray.

The lark had call'd me at the birth of dawn,  
My cheerful toils and rural sports to share;  
Nor when mild evening glimmer'd on the lawn,  
Had sleep been frighted by the voice of care.

So the soft flocks in harmless pastime stray,  
Or sport in rapture on the flow'ry mead,  
Enjoy the beauties of the vernal day,  
And no sad prescience tells them they must bleed.

Then wild ambition ne'er had swell'd my heart,  
Nor had my steps pursued the road to fame;  
Then ne'er had Slander raised th' envenomed dart,  
Nor hung in vengeance o'er my hated name;

Nor dreams of bliss, that never must be mine,  
Urged the fond tear or raised the bursting sigh;

<sup>1</sup> Scire tuum nihil est. *Persius.*

Nor tend'rest pangs had bid my soul repine,  
Nor torture warn'd me, that my hopes must die.

Farewell, ye visions of the youthful breast,  
The boast of genius and the pride of praise,  
Gay pleasure's charms by fairy fancy dress'd,  
The patriot's honours and the poet's bays.

Vain Hope adieu! thou dear deluding cheat,  
Whose magic charm can burst the bands of pain;  
By thee decoy'd, we clasp the gay deceit,  
And hail the dawn of future bliss, in vain.

Come, Sadness, come, mild sister of Despair,  
The helpless sufferer's last support and friend,  
Lead to those scenes, that sooth the wretch's care,  
Where life's false joys, and life itself must end.

Well pleased I wander o'er the hallow'd ground,  
Where Death in horror holds his dread domain,  
When night sits gloomy in th' ethereal round,  
And swimming vapors cloud the dreary plain.

Ye Ghosts, the tenants of the evening skies,  
That glide obscure along the dusky vale,  
Enrobed in mists I see your forms arise;  
I hear your voices sounding in the gale!

Of life ye speak, and life's fantastic toys,  
How vain the wish, that grasps at things below,  
How disappointment lours on all our joys,  
And hope bequeaths the legacy of woe.

Ye too, perhaps, while youth supplied its beam,  
On fancy's pinions soaring to the sky,  
Fed your deluded thoughts, with many a dream  
Of love and fame and future scenes of joy.

Like yours, how soon our empty years shall fade,  
Past, like the vapors, that in clouds decay,

Past, like the forms that fleet along the shade —  
Ourselves as worthless and as vain as they!

Here the kind haven greets our weary sail,  
When the rude voyage of troubled life is o'er,  
Safe from the stormy blast, the faithless gale,  
The gulphs that threaten and the waves that roar.

The heart no more the pains of love shall share,  
Nor tort'ring grief the wayward mind enslave;  
Through toilworn years fatigued with restless care,  
Peace sought in vain, awaits us in the grave:

Nor peace alone. Death breaks the sullen gloom,  
That dims the portals of celestial day,  
Bids the free soul her nobler powers assume,  
And wing from woes her heaven directed way.



## ADVICE TO LADIES OF A CERTAIN AGE.

July 1771.

**Y**E ancient Maids,<sup>1</sup> who ne'er must prove  
The early joys of youth and love,  
Whose names grim Fate (to whom 'twas given,  
When marriages were made in heaven)  
Survey'd with unrelenting scowl,  
And struck them from the muster-roll;  
Or set you by, in dismal sort,  
For wintry bachelors to court;  
Or doom'd to lead your faded lives,  
Heirs to the joys of former wives;  
Attend! nor fear in state forlorn,  
To shun the pointing hand of scorn,  
Attend, if lonely age you dread,  
And wish to please, or wish to wed.

When beauties lose their gay appearance,  
And lovers fall from perseverance,  
When eyes grow dim and charms decay,  
And all your roses fade away,  
First know yourselves; lay by those airs,  
Which well might suit your former years,  
Nor ape in vain the childish mien,  
And airy follies of sixteen.

We pardon faults in youth's gay flow,  
While beauty prompts the cheek to glow,  
While every glance has power to warm,  
And every turn displays a charm,  
Nor view a spot in that fair face,  
Which smiles inimitable grace.

But who, unmoved with scorn, can see  
The grey coquette's affected glee,  
Her ambuscading tricks of art  
To catch the beau's unthinking heart,  
To check th' assuming fopling's vows,

<sup>1</sup> The author had interposed in vindication of some young ladies, who were injured, as he believed, by malicious slanders. He became in consequence implicated in the quarrel. The poem was written, (to use a mercantile phrase) to close the concern.

The bridling frown of wrinkled brows;  
Those haughty airs of face and mind,  
Departed beauty leaves behind.

Nor let your sullen temper show  
Spleen louring on the envious brow,  
The jealous glance of rival rage,  
The sourness and the rust of age.  
With graceful ease, avoid to wear  
The gloom of disappointed care:  
And oh, avoid the sland'rous tongue,  
By malice tuned, with venom hung,  
That blast of virtue and of fame,  
That herald to the court of shame;  
Less dire the croaking raven's throat,  
Though death's dire omens swell the note.

Contented tread the vale of years,  
Devoid of malice, guilt and fears;  
Let soft good humour, mildly gay,  
Gild the calm evening of your day,  
And virtue, cheerful and serene,  
In every word and act be seen.  
Virtue alone with lasting grace,  
Embalms the beauties of the face,  
Instructs the speaking eye to glow,  
Illumes the cheek and smooths the brow,  
Bids every look the heart engage,  
Nor fears the wane of wasting age.

Nor think these charms of face and air,  
The eye so bright, the form so fair,  
This light that on the surface plays,  
Each coxcomb fluttering round its blaze,  
Whose spell enchants the wits of beaux,  
The only charms, that heaven bestows.  
Within the mind a glory lies,  
O'erlook'd and dim to vulgar eyes;  
Immortal charms, the source of love,  
Which time and lengthen'd years improve,  
Which beam, with still increasing power,

Serene to life's declining hour;  
Then rise, released from earthly cares,  
To heaven, and shine above the stars.

Thus might I still these thoughts pursue,  
The counsel wise, and good, and true,  
In rhymes well meant and serious lay,  
While through the verse in sad array,  
Grave truths in moral garb succeed:  
Yet who would mend, for who would read?

But when the force of precept fails,  
A sad example oft prevails.  
Beyond the rules a sage exhibits,  
Thieves heed the arguments of gibbets,  
And for a villain's quick conversion,  
A pillory can outpreach a parson.

To thee, Eliza, first of all,  
But with no friendly voice I call.  
Advance with all thine airs sublime,  
Thou remnant left of ancient time!  
Poor mimic of thy former days,  
Vain shade of beauty, once in blaze!  
We view thee, must'ring forth to arms  
The veteran relics of thy charms;  
The artful leer, the rolling eye,  
The trip genteel, the heaving sigh,  
The labour'd smile, of force too weak,  
Low dimpling in th' autumnal cheek,  
The sad, funereal frown, that still  
Survives its power to wound or kill;  
Or from thy looks, with desperate rage,  
Chafing the sallow hue of age,  
And cursing dire with rueful faces,  
The repartees of looking-glasses.

Now at tea-table take thy station,  
Those shambles vile of reputation,  
Where butcher'd characters and stale  
Are day by day exposed for sale:  
Then raise the floodgates of thy tongue,



And be the peal of scandal rung;  
While malice tunes thy voice to rail,  
And whispering demons prompt the tale —  
Yet hold thy hand, restrain thy passion,  
Thou cankerworm of reputation;  
Bid slander, rage and envy cease,  
For one short interval of peace;  
Let other's faults and crimes alone,  
Survey thyself and view thine own;  
Search the dark caverns of thy mind,  
Or turn thine eyes and look behind:  
For there to meet thy trembling view,  
With ghastly form and grisly hue,  
And shrivel'd hand, that lifts sublime  
The wasting glass and scythe of Time,  
A phantom stands: his name is Age;  
Ill-nature following as his page.  
While bitter taunts and scoffs and jeers,  
And vexing cares and torturing fears,  
Contempt that lifts the haughty eye,  
And unblest solitude are nigh;  
While conscious pride no more sustains,  
Nor art conceals thine inward pains,  
And haggard vengeance haunts thy name,  
And guilt consigns thee o'er to shame,  
Avenging furies round thee wait,  
And e'en thy foes bewail thy fate.

But see, with gentler looks and air,  
Sophia comes. Ye youths beware!  
Her fancy paints her still in prime,  
Nor sees the moving hand of time;  
To all her imperfections blind,  
Hears lovers sigh in every wind,  
And thinks her fully ripen'd charms,  
Like Helen's, set the world in arms.

Oh, save it but from ridicule,  
How blest the state, to be a fool!  
The bedlam-king in triumph shares

The bliss of crowns, without the cares;  
He views with pride-elated mind,  
His robe of tatters trail behind;  
With strutting mien and lofty eye,  
He lifts his crabtree sceptre high;  
Of king's prerogative he raves,  
And rules in realms of fancied slaves.

In her soft brain, with madness warm,  
Thus airy throngs of lovers swarm.  
She takes her glass; before her eyes  
Imaginary beauties rise;  
Stranger till now, a vivid ray  
Illumes each glance and beams like day;  
Till furbish'd every charm anew,  
An angel steps abroad to view;  
She swells her pride, assumes her power,  
And bids the vassal world adore.

Indulge thy dream. The pictured joy  
No ruder breath should dare destroy;  
No tongue should hint, the lover's mind  
Was ne'er of virtuoso-kind,  
Through all antiquity to roam  
For what much fairer springs at home.  
No wish should blast thy proud design;  
The bliss of vanity be thine.  
But while the subject world obey,  
Obsequious to thy sovereign sway,  
Thy foes so feeble and so few,  
With slander what hadst thou to do?  
What demon bade thine anger rise?  
What demon glibb'd thy tongue with lies?  
What demon urged thee to provoke  
Avenging satire's deadly stroke?

Go, sink unnoticed and unseen,  
Forgot, as though thou ne'er hadst been.  
Oblivion's long projected shade  
In clouds hangs dismal o'er thy head.  
Fill the short circle of thy day,

Then fade from all the world away;  
 Nor leave one fainting trace behind,  
 Of all that flutter'd once and shined;  
 The vapoury meteor's dancing light  
 Deep sunk and quench'd in endless night.



## CHARACTERS.<sup>1</sup>

“**O** WEALTH, Wealth, Wealth! our being's end and aim!  
 Gold, houses, chattels, lands! whate'er thy name;  
 Thou, for whose sake advent'rous arts we try,  
 Defraud, extort, rob, plunder, toil and die;  
 Tempt instant fate in war's tremendous form,  
 Ride the salt wave and brave the bellowing storm:  
 Cheerful I follow where thy steps incline,  
 Explore the waste, or dive the dang'rous mine,  
 Lose my scorn'd life, or gain an envied store,  
 And either cease to be, or to be poor.”

So reason'd Harpax. Was this reasoning well?  
 Can wealth give merit? Curio, thou canst tell.

Why rears thy tower its trophied arch so high,  
 And lifts its Attic pillars to the sky,  
 Where gilded spires the painted roofs emblaze,  
 And streams of light revert the solar rays?  
 Why stretch thy lawns their flowery banks around,  
 Thy groves aspire with vernal honors crown'd,  
 Where the pure Naiads, sporting as they lave,  
 In smooth meanders lead the lucent wave?  
 Why swells thy breast with conscious joy supplied,  
 And pleased surveys the grand retreats of pride?  
 These point the glory round thy head that plays,  
 Forms all thy merit and secures thy praise.  
 What though no strains of raptured genius hung  
 In tuneful periods on thy flowing tongue,  
 Blest with no charms of figure or of face,  
 Commanding air, or soul-attracting grace;  
 Though cautious Nature, (niggard to dispense)  
 Dealt with spare hand the common boon of sense;  
 Each low defect thy splendid train conceal,  
 Thy pride can varnish and thine art can heal;  
 The form ungraceful, and the leaden eye,

<sup>1</sup> This poem is a fragment of a Moral Essay in the manner of Pope. Sundry other characters were inserted, chiefly of persons then in public life, and drawn with such traits and allusions, as would have at once directed the application. Some of them, as Pope expresses it,

“Have walk'd the world in credit to the grave,”  
 and all are now off the stage. No part of the Essay was ever before published.

Gay silks adorn and robes of pomp supply.  
 These are thy charms — and while these charms remain,  
 Penurious Nature spared her gifts in vain.  
 In every contest, bless'd with every prize,  
 Fear'd by the brave, and flatter'd by the wise,  
 These are the charms, whose uncontroll'd command  
 Gain'd the fair heart and won the virgin hand;  
 These charms obtain'd, in one successful hour,  
 Th' aspiring title and the robes of power,  
 Swell'd the full vote and o'er the throng prevail'd,  
 When sense and art and worth and wisdom fail'd.

Yet, Crito, you can fortune's sports deride,  
 And smile at fools, array'd in courtly pride,  
 Despise a D\*\*\* by wealth and power elate,  
 L\*\*\*'s glitt'ring coach and K\*\*\*'s chair of state;  
 To every ray of tinsel glory blind,  
 You mark for worth the merit of the mind.

Search then what worth in tow'ring genius lies,  
 What merits claim the witty and the wise.  
 In opening youth how bright Lothario shone;  
 Wit, learning, wisdom, every worth in one!  
 His blooming laurels graced the Muse's seat,  
 Where Science nursed him in her calm retreat;  
 Then starting brilliant on the patriot stage,  
 He beam'd, the day-star of the rising age.  
 Th' applauding croud in pleased attention hung,  
 While playful humour wanton'd on his tongue,  
 Or nobly rising in sublimer thought,  
 The weak were raptured and the wise were taught.  
 Yet led through life, he joins the lawless train,  
 Though reason checks, though Virtue calls in vain;  
 Whim, fancy, pleasure, pride, obstruct her sway,  
 And bear him devious, from her paths astray;  
 He hears her voice, but borne by passion strong,  
 Approves the right,<sup>2</sup> yet wanders in the wrong;  
 Pursues the blaze of prostituted fame,

<sup>2</sup> ————— Video meliora, proboque,

Deteriora sequor.

*Ovid. Metam. lib. 7, v. 20.*

While vanity precludes the sense of shame;  
In daring vice, in impious faction sways,  
The slave of lust, the pamper'd dupe of praise;  
By learning, taught to doubt and disbelieve,  
By reasoning, others and himself deceive;  
Tastes the foul streams, where sensual pleasures flow,  
Till age untimely stains his locks with snow;  
Too late repentant, sinks at last to rest,  
Of arts the scandal, and of fools the jest.



AN ELEGY, ON THE DEATH OF  
MR. BUCKINGHAM ST. JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

May 1771.

THE world now yields to night's returning sway,  
The deeper gloom leads on the solemn hour,  
And calls my steps, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
To roam in sadness on the sea-beat shore.

Now glide th' inconstant shadows o'er the plain,  
The broad moon swimming through the broken clouds;  
The gleam of waters brightens on the main,  
And anchor'd navies lift their wavering shrouds.

Deep silence reigns, save on the moory ground  
The long reed rustling to the passing gales,  
The noise of dashing waves and hollow sound  
Of rushing winds, that murmur through the sails.

Far hence, ye pleasures of a mind at ease,  
The smiling charm that rural scenes can yield,  
When spring, led jocund by the soft'ning breeze,  
Wakes the glad morn and robes the dewy field!

Far be the giddy raptures of the gay,  
The midnight joys licentious youth can share,  
While Ruin, smiling o'er her destined prey,  
In sweet allurements hides the deadly snare.

Mine be the music of the rolling wave,  
These moon-light shadows and surrounding gloom;  
Mine the lone haunts of contemplation grave,  
That lift the soul to scenes beyond the tomb.

For here, while midnight holds her silent reign,  
Creative fancy calls her airy throng,  
Soft melancholy wakes the soothing strain,  
And friendship prompts and grief inspires the song.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. St. John was one of the author's earliest and most intimate friends. For two years they had lodgings in the same chambers, during their residence, as graduates, at Yale-College. He was drowned in his passage from New-Haven to Norwalk, May 5th 1771. At the time of his death, he was one of the Tutors in that University.

As through these mournful glooms I stretch my sight,  
 Mid sounds of death, that bid the soul attend,  
 Mid empty forms and fleeting shapes of night,  
 Slowly I view a white-robed shade ascend,

That says, "I once was St. John!<sup>2</sup> from the bounds  
 Of deeps unknown beneath the dreary wave,  
 Where ever-restless floods, in nightly rounds,  
 Roll their dark surges o'er my wat'ry grave;

"From realms which, ne'er to mortal sight display'd,  
 The gates of dread eternity surround,  
 In night conceal'd and death's impervious shade,  
 My voice returns — attend the warning sound.

"O thou attend, who flush'd with early bloom,  
 In life's new spring and vernal sweetness gay,  
 Mindless of fate, that must thy branch entomb,  
 Spread'st thy green blossoms to the morning ray!

"With thee how late, how like, alas! to thee,  
 To mortal joys, by opening youth beguiled,  
 I stretch'd my airy wish, and follow'd free,  
 Where pleasure triumph'd and where fancy smiled.

"Then while fond hope her glitt'ring pinions spread,  
 Pointing to climes beyond th' Atlantic wave,  
 E'en then unnoticed o'er my destined head,  
 Hung death's dire form and seal'd me for the grave.

"How vain the thought, for many a joyous morn  
 To taste of rapture, unallay'd by woe;  
 At once from life and every pleasure torn,  
 From all I wish'd and all I loved below!

<sup>2</sup> The surname, St. John, was always pronounced by that family, both here and in England, not as two words, but as one, with the accent on the first syllable. The name of Lord Bolingbroke was Henry St. John. Pope thus addresses him,

"Awake my St. John! leave all meaner things"—  
*Essay on Man.*  
 ————— "If but a wreath of mine,  
 Oh all-accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine."  
*Epilogue to the Satires.*

"The faithless morning on our opening sails  
Smiled out serene and smooth'd our gliding way,  
While the gay vessel, fann'd by breathing gales,  
Play'd on the placid bosom of the sea.

"When lo, descending on the darkening wind,  
Burst the dire storm — and feeble to sustain  
"The rushing blasts in warring fury join'd,  
The frail skiff sinks beneath the surging main.

"And see, afar the oarless boat conveys  
The rescued sailors to the distant shore;  
Alone, of aid bereft, with one last gaze,  
I sunk in deeps, and sunk to rise no more.

"In that sad hour what fearful scenes arise,  
What pangs distress, what unknown fears dismay,  
When future worlds disclosing on our eyes,  
The trembling soul forsakes her kindred clay!

"Before the awful bar, th' almighty throne,  
In dread I've stood th' Eternal Judge to see;  
And fix'd in bliss, or doom'd to ceaseless moan,  
Have heard the long, the unreversed decree:

"Nor earth must know the rest." — Where art thou now,  
In youthful joys my partner and my friend?  
Of those blest hours thy fortune gave below,  
Of all our hopes, is this the fatal end?

Ah, what avail'd that energy of mind,  
The heights of science and of arts t' explore,  
That early led, where genius unconfined  
Spreads her glad feast and opes her classic store!

Ah what avail'd, in earthly bliss so frail,  
The fame gay-dawning on thy rising years!  
Ah what avail'd, — for what could then avail?  
Thy friend's deep sorrows or thy country's tears!

In pleasure's paths by vivid fancy led,  
Mid every hope, that blooming worth could raise.



The wings of death, with fatal horror spread,  
Blank'd the bright promise of thy future days.

So from the louring west the sable clouds  
Rush on the sun and dim his orient ray,  
And hateful night, in glooms untimely, shrouds  
Th' ascending glories of the vernal day.

Adieu, my friend, so dear in vain, adieu,  
Till some short days their fleeting courses roll;  
Soon shall our steps thine earlier fate pursue,  
Moved in the race and crowding to the goal.

Th' approaching hour shall see the sun no more  
Wheel his long course or spread his golden ray;  
Soon the vain dream of mortal life be o'er;  
The brightness dawning of celestial day.

Then join'd in bliss, as once in friendship join'd,  
May pitying heaven our purer spirits raise,  
Each crime atoned, each virtue well refined,  
To pass a blest eternity of praise.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON:

### AN IMITATION

Of sundry passages in the 13th and 14th chapters of Isaiah, and the 18th of the Revelations of St. John.

January 1774.

'T WAS now the sacred day of blest repose,  
From realms of darkness when the Saviour rose.  
In Patmos' isle, with light divine inspired,  
The loved Apostle from the world retired;  
Before his eyes eternal wonders roll,  
Celestial visions open on his soul,  
Unfolding skies the scenes of fate display,  
And heaven descending in the beams of day.  
He saw with joy the promised Church arise,  
Famed through the earth and favor'd from the skies.  
A starry crown<sup>1</sup> invests her radiant head,  
Around her form the solar glories spread;  
Her power, her grace, by circling worlds approved,  
By angels guarded and by heaven beloved;  
Till mystic Babel, with blaspheming pride,  
For idol forms th' Almighty arm defied.  
Then martyr'd blood the holy offering seal'd,  
And persecution dyed the carnaged field,  
Religion sunk in superstitious lore,  
And hallowed temples swam with sainted gore.  
But not in rest, till virtue's sons expire,  
Stern justice slumber'd, and avenging ire.  
The seer beheld till God's chastising hand  
Smote the proud foe and crush'd the guilty land:  
Then pious rapture triumph'd on his tongue,  
And inspiration breathed th' exulting song.  
"What sudden fall hath dimm'd thy boasted ray;  
Son of the morn!<sup>2</sup> bright Phosphor of the day!

<sup>1</sup> Revelations xii. 1. And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah xiv. 12, 13, &c. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—

For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God—I will be like the Most High.

How sunk, lost victim of th' unpitied grave,  
 Thy pride so vaunting and thine arm so brave!  
 Where now thy haughty boast? "Above the skies,  
 O'er the starr'd arch, my deathless fame shall rise,  
 To heaven's high walls my tow'ring steps ascend,  
 My throne be 'stablish'd and my power extend,  
 O'er the wide world to stretch my arm abroad,  
 A God in splendor and in might a God."

Broke is the rod of guilt, th' oppressor ceased,<sup>3</sup>  
 The glory wan, the golden city waste;  
 Eternal wrath, awaken'd o'er thy land,  
 Rends the weak sceptre from th' imperious hand;  
 Heav'n gives its captive sons a kind release,  
 And earth smiles joyous at the songs of peace.

Lo, at thy fall, in realms of night below,  
 Death hails thy entrance in the world of woe!<sup>4</sup>  
 See from their thrones along th' infernal shade,  
 Rise the dark spectres of the mighty dead;  
 Friends to thy sway and partners in thy crimes,  
 Kings once on earth and tyrants in their times!  
 "And art thou fall'n, (their looks of wonder crave)  
 Swept undistinguish'd to the vaulted grave?  
 O'er thy pale cheek funereal damps are spread,  
 And shrouds of sable wrap thee with the dead;  
 What awed the world oblivion's shadows hide,  
 And glad worms revel on the wrecks of pride."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Isaiah xiv. 4, 5. How is the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers.

Verse 6. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet: they break forth into singing.

<sup>4</sup> Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming, &c. Isaiah xiv. 9.

Had the author seen Lowth's observations in his lectures on the poetry of the Hebrews, he would probably have written this passage differently; but he had then no other guide than the English version, in which the sepulchral cavern in the original, being translated by the word, *hell*, confuses the whole description, and renders the subsequent mention of thrones, worms, &c. wholly incongruous. As he knew not how to correct the impropriety, he could only endeavour to avoid it.

<sup>5</sup> The worm is spread under thee and the worms cover thee. *Isaiah*, xiv, 11.

Nothing is more difficult than to express the bold images of oriental poetry in the style of modern verse. With the exception of Pope's Messiah, few attempts have been successful. See in what manner an eminent British poet has imitated this passage—



"Is this the power,<sup>6</sup> whose once tremendous eye  
Shook the wide earth, and dared th' avenging sky?  
Is this the power, that rose in boasted state,  
Proud judge of thrones and arbiter of fate;  
Opposing kingdoms from their sceptres hurl'd,  
And spread sad ruin o'er the vanquish'd world?

"Lo, closed thine eyes, that wont the heavens to brave,  
Exposed in death, and outcast from the grave!  
No splendid urn thine honor'd dust contains,  
No friendly turf conceals thy sad remains;  
For thee no marble lifts its tablet high,  
Where kings deceased in mournful glory lie;  
Stern fate avenging spurns thee from the blest,  
Nor decks the sods, where thy lone relics rest."

And see, Destruction from th' almighty hand,  
Sweeps her broad besom o'er thy guilty land;<sup>7</sup>  
Careering flames attend her wasting way,  
And rising darkness intercepts the day;  
The dim sun sinks in fearful glooms of night,  
The moon encrimson'd veils her trembling light:  
While through the o'erarching canopy of shade,  
An angel-form, in robes of blood array'd,  
Lifts his red arm, that bids the tempest rise,  
Wing'd with th' ethereal vengeance of the skies,  
And calls the cloudy winds, that all around  
Roll on the storm and rend the deluged ground,  
And, deep in vaults where central earthquakes sleep,  
Bursts the dark chambers of th' affrighted deep.

"For lo! Corruption fastens on thy breast,

"And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast."

*Mason, Ode on the fall of Babylon.*

<sup>6</sup> Isaiah, xiv. 16, to 20. Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,  
that did shake kingdoms, &c.?

All the kings of the nations lie in glory, every one in his own house [sepulchre.] But thou art cast out of the grave, like an abominable branch. Thou shall not be joined with them in burial, &c.

<sup>7</sup> Isaiah xiii. 6, 10, and xiv. 23. I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts.

The day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty.

For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.

Lo, heaven avenging pours the fiery tide,  
 Thy whelm'd walls sink, thy tottering turrets slide;  
 Thy glitt'ring domes sulphureous torrents lave,  
 And doom thy seat, a desert and a grave.

For there<sup>s</sup> no more shall gay assemblies meet,  
 Croud the rich mart or throng the spacious street;  
 No more the bridegroom's cheerful voice shall call  
 The viol, sprightly in the sounding hall;  
 No more the lamp shall yield her friendly light,  
 Gild thy lone roofs and sparkle through the night;  
 Each morn shall view thy desolated ground,  
 With falling domes and shatter'd spires around,  
 And clad in weeds, in wild confusion thrown,  
 The marble trophy and the sculptured stone.  
 No future age thy glories shall recall,  
 Thy turrets lift, or build the ruin'd wall.  
 Where the gilt palace pierced th' admiring skies,  
 The owl shall stun thee with funereal cries;  
 The baleful dragon through thy gardens rove,  
 And wolves usurp the consecrated grove.  
 No shepherd there the wand'ring flock shall spread,  
 Nor seek repose beneath the tented shed;  
 No stranger there with devious footstep stray,  
 Where Horror drear defends the fated way,  
 Eternal Ruin rears her standard wide,  
 And Vengeance triumphs o'er the realm of pride.

<sup>s</sup> Isaiah xiii. 19—22, and xiv. 11.—Revelations xviii. 21—23. Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the noise of thy viols.—Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited.—The light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom shall be heard no more in thee.—Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there: But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there.—And the wild beast of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces.

## AN ELEGY ON THE TIMES:

Composed at Boston, during the operation of the Port-Bill,<sup>1</sup>

August 1774.

**O**H Boston! late with every beauty crown'd,  
Where Commerce triumph'd on the fav'ring gales;  
And each pleased eye, that roved in prospect round,  
Hail'd thy bright spires and bless'd thy opening sails!

Thy splendid mart with rich profusion smiled,  
The gay throng crowded in thy spacious streets,  
From either Ind, thy cheerful stores were fill'd,  
Thy haven joyous with unnumber'd fleets.

For here, more fair than in their native vales,  
Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride;  
Glad ocean shone beneath the swelling sails,  
And wafted plenty on the bord'ring tide.

Alas how changed! the swelling sails no more  
Catch the soft airs and wanton in the sky:  
But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,  
And pointed thunders all access deny.

Where the bold cape its warning forehead rears,  
Where tyrant vengeance waved her fatal wand,  
Far from the sight each friendly vessel veers,  
And flies averse the interdicted strand.

Along thy fields, which late in beauty shone,  
With lowing herds and grassy vesture fair,  
Th' insulting tents of barb'rous troops are strown,  
And bloody standards stain the peaceful air.

Are these thy deeds, oh Britain? this the praise,  
That gilds the fading lustre of thy name,  
These the bold trophies of thy later days,  
That close the period of thine early fame?

<sup>1</sup> This vindictive Act of the British Parliament placed the town of Boston in a state of naval blockade, and by suppressing all commercial intercourse by sea, was designed to ruin its trade and prosperity.



Shall thy strong fleets, with awful sails unfurl'd,  
On freedom's shrine th' unhallow'd vengeance bend,  
And leave forlorn the desolated world,  
Crush'd every foe and ruin'd every friend?

And quench'd, alas, the soul-inspiring ray,  
Where virtue kindled and where genius soar'd;  
Or damp'd by darkness and the dismal sway  
Of senates venal and liveried lord?

There pride sits blazon'd on th' unmeaning brow,  
And o'er the scene thy factious nobles wait,  
Prompt the mix'd tumult of the noisy show,  
Guide the blind vote and rule the mock debate.

To these how vain, in weary woes forlorn,  
With abject fear the fond complaint to raise!  
Lift fruitless off'rings to the ear of scorn  
Of servile vows and well-dissembled praise!

Will the grim savage of the nightly fold  
Learn from their cries the blameless flock to spare?  
Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,  
Heed the duped vot'ry and the prostrate prayer?

With what pleased hope before the throne of pride,  
We rear'd our suppliant hands with filial awe,  
While loud Disdain with ruffian voice replied,  
And falsehood triumph'd in the garb of law?

While Peers enraptured hail th' unmanly wrong,  
See Ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame,  
Stretch the bribed hand and dart th' envenom'd tongue,  
To blast the laurels of a Franklin's<sup>2</sup> fame!

But will the Sage, whose philosophic soul  
Controll'd the lightning in its fierce career,

<sup>2</sup> See the proceedings in 1774, of the Lords in Council, on the Petition of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts to the King, praying for the removal of their Governors; and the virulent and abusive attack on the character of Dr. Franklin, who presented the Petition, by Alexander Wedderburn, (afterwards Lord Loughborough,) in his speech before their Lordships on the trial.

O'er heaven's dread vault bade harmless thunders roll,  
And taught the bolts ethereal where to steer;

Will he, while echoing to his just renown,  
The voice of kingdoms swells the loud applause,  
Heed the weak malice of a courtier's frown,  
Or dread the insolence of wrested laws?

Yet nought avail the virtues of the heart,  
The vengeful bolt no muse's laurels ward;  
From Britain's rage, like death's relentless dart,  
No worth can save us and no fame can guard.

O'er hallow'd bounds see dire oppression roll,  
Fair Freedom buried in the whelming flood;  
Nor charter'd rights her tyrant course control,  
Tho' seal'd by kings and witness'd in our blood.

In vain we hope from ministerial pride  
A hand to save us or a heart to bless:  
'Tis strength, our own, must stem the rushing tide,  
'Tis our own virtue must command success.

But oh my friends, the arm of blood restrain,  
(No rage intemp'rate aids the public weal;)  
Nor basely blend, too daring but in vain,  
Th' assassin's madness with the patriot's zeal.

Ours be the manly firmness of the sage,  
From shameless foes ungrateful wrongs to bear;  
Alike removed from baseness and from rage,  
The flames of faction and the chills of fear.

Repel the torrent of commercial<sup>3</sup> gain,  
That buys our ruin at a price so rare,  
And while we scorn Britannia's servile chain,  
Disdain the livery of her marts to wear.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the resolves for the non-importation, and non-consumption of British goods: first proposed by the Committee of correspondence in Boston, in the year 1774, and adopted in Congress at their session in the succeeding winter.

For shall the lust of fashion and of show,  
The curst idolatry of silks and lace,  
Bid our gay robes insult our country's woe,  
And welcome slavery in the glare of dress?

No — the rich produce of our fertile soil  
Shall clothe in neat array the cheerful train,  
While heaven-born virtues bless the sacred toil,  
And gild the humble vestures of the plain.

No foreign labor in the Asian field  
Shall weave her silks to deck the wanton age:  
But as in Rome, the furrow'd vale shall yield  
The cong'ring hero and paternal sage.

And ye, whose heaven in golden pomp to shine,  
And warmly press the dissipated round,  
Grace the ripe banquet with the charms of wine,  
And roll the thund'ring chariot o'er the ground;

For this, while guised in sycophantic smile,  
With heart regardless of your country's pain,  
Your flatt'ring falshoods feed the ears of guile,  
And barter freedom for the dreams of gain!

Are these the joys on vassal-realms that wait;  
In downs of ease and dalliance to repose,  
Quaff streams nectareous in the domes of state,  
And blaze in grandeur of imperial shows?

No — the hard hand, the tortured brow of care,  
The thatch-roof'd hamlet and defenceless shed,  
The tatter'd garb, that meets th' inclement air,  
The famish'd table and the matted bed —

These are their fate. In vain the arm of toil  
With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain,  
In vain glad summer warms the genial soil,  
And spring dissolves in softening showers in vain;



There savage power extends a dreary shade,  
And chill oppression, with her frost severe,  
Sheds a dire blast, that nips the rising blade,  
And robs th' expecting labors of the year.

So must we sink? and at the stern command,  
That bears the terror of a tyrant's word,  
Bend the weak knee and raise the suppliant hand;  
The scorn'd, dependant vassals of a lord?

The wintry ravage of the storm to meet,  
Brave the scorch'd vapor of th' autumnal air,  
Then pour the hard-earn'd harvest at his feet,  
And beg some pittance from our pains to share.

But not for this, by heaven and virtue led,  
From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,  
O'er pathless seas our injured fathers fled,  
And follow'd freedom on th' advent'rous tide;

Dared the wild horrors of the clime unknown,  
Th' insidious savage, and the crimson plain,  
To us bequeath'd the prize their woes had won,  
Nor deem'd they suffer'd, or they bled in vain.

And think'st thou, NORTH,<sup>4</sup> the sons of such a race,  
Whose beams of glory bless'd their purpled morn,  
Will shrink unnerved before a despot's face,  
Nor meet thy louting insolence with scorn?

Look through the circuit of th' extended shore,  
That checks the surges of th' Atlantic deep;  
What weak eye trembles at the frown of power,  
What torpid soul invites the bands of sleep?

What kindness warms each heav'n-illumined heart!  
What gen'rous gifts<sup>5</sup> the woes of want assuage,

<sup>4</sup> Lord North, prime minister of Great-Britain.

<sup>5</sup> Liberal contributions, from all the United Colonies, were made for supplying the necessities, and alleviating the distresses of the inhabitants of Boston, during the total suppression of the trade of that town.

And sympathetic tears of pity start,  
To aid the destined victims of thy rage!

No faction, clamorous with unhallow'd zeal,  
To wayward madness wakes th' impassion'd throng;  
No thoughtless furies sheath our breasts in steel,  
Or call the sword t' avenge th' oppressive wrong.

Fraternal bands with vows accordant join,  
One guardian genius, one pervading soul  
Nerves the bold arm, inspires the just design,  
Combines, enlivens, and illumines the whole.

Now meet the Fathers<sup>6</sup> of the western clime,  
Nor names more noble graced the rolls of fame,  
When Spartan firmness braved the wrecks of time,  
Or Latian virtue fann'd th' heroic flame.

Not deeper thought th' immortal sage inspired,  
On Solon's lips when Grecian senates hung;  
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fired,  
When genius thunder'd from th' Athenian<sup>7</sup> tongue.

And hopes thy pride to match the patriot strain,  
By the bribed slave in pension'd lists enroll'd;  
Or awe their councils by the voice prophane,  
That wakes to utt'rance at the call of gold?

Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,  
Where guilt is stranger to th' ingenuous heart,  
Or craft illude, where godlike science sheds  
The beams of knowledge and the gifts of art?

Go, raise thy hand, and with its magic power  
Pencil with night the sun's ascending ray,  
Bid the broad veil eclipse the noon-tide hour,  
And damps of Stygian darkness shroud the day;

Bid heaven's dread thunder at thy voice expire,  
Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves;

<sup>6</sup> The first Congress assembled at Philadelphia, in Sept. 1774.

<sup>7</sup> Demosthenes.

Then hope thy breath can quench th' immortal fire,  
And free souls pinion with the bonds of slaves.

Thou canst not hope! Attend the flight of days,  
View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age,  
Where Time's strong arm, that rules the mighty maze,  
Shifts the proud actors on this earthly stage.

Then tell us, NORTH: for thou art sure to know,  
For have not kings and fortune made thee great;  
Or lurks not wisdom in th' ennobled brow,  
And dwells no prescience in the robes of state?

Tell how the powers of luxury and pride  
Taint thy pure zephyrs with their baleful breath,  
How deep corruption spreads th' envenom'd tide,  
And whelms thy land in darkness and in death.

And tell how rapt by freedom's sacred flame,  
And fost'ring influence of propitious skies,  
This western world, the last recess of fame,  
Sees in her wilds a new-born empire rise —

A new-born empire, whose ascendant hour  
Defies its foes, assembled to destroy,  
And like Alcides,\* with its infant power  
Shall crush those serpents, who its rest annoy.

Then look through time, and with extended eye,  
Pierce the dim veil of fate's obscure domain:  
The morning dawns, th' effulgent star is nigh,  
And crimson glories deck our rising reign.

Behold, emerging from the cloud of days,  
Where rest the wonders of ascending fame,  
What heroes rise, immortal heirs of praise!  
What fields of death with conq'ring standards flame!

See our throng'd cities' warlike gates unfold;  
What towering armies stretch their banners wide,

\* Hercules, who as the ancient poets tell us, when an infant, strangled two serpents that attacked him in his cradle.



Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,  
Or far Altama's<sup>9</sup> silver waters glide!

Lo, from the groves, th' aspiring cliffs that shade,  
Descending pines the surging ocean brave,  
Rise in tall masts, the floating canvas spread,  
And rule the dread dominions of the wave!

Where the clear rivers pour their mazy tide,  
The smiling lawns in full luxuriance bloom;  
The harvest wantons in its golden pride,  
The flowery garden breathes a glad perfume.

Behold that coast, which seats of wealth surround,  
That haven, rich with many a flowing sail,  
Where friendly ships, from earth's remotest bound,  
Float on the cheerly pinions of the gale;

There Boston smiles, no more the sport of scorn,  
And meanly prison'd by thy fleets no more,  
And far as ocean's billowy tides are borne,  
Lifts her dread ensigns of imperial power.

So smile the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,  
Whose floods fair York and deep Albania lave,  
Or Philadelphia's happier clime surveys  
Her splendid seats in Delaware's lucid wave:

Or southward far extend thy wond'ring eyes,  
Where fertile streams the garden'd vales divide,  
And mid the peopled fields, distinguish'd rise  
Virginian towers and Charleston's spiry pride.

Genius of arts, of manners and of arms,  
See dress'd in glory and the bloom of grace,  
This virgin clime unfolds her brightest charms,  
And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace.

<sup>9</sup> "Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe."

*Goldsmith, Deserted Village.*

A river in the State of Georgia, commonly written Altamaha, from the name given it by the natives.

Hark, from the glades and every list'ning spray,  
What heaven-born muses wake the raptured song!  
The vocal groves attune the warbling lay,  
And echoing vales the rising strains prolong.

Through the vast series of descending years,  
That lose their currents in th' eternal wave,  
Till heaven's last trump shall rend th' affrighted spheres,  
And ope each empire's everlasting grave;

;Propitious skies the joyous field shall crown,  
And robe our vallies in perpetual prime,  
And ages blest of undisturb'd renown  
Arise in radiance o'er th' imperial clime.

And where is Britain? In the skirt of day,  
Where stormy Neptune rolls his utmost tide,  
Where suns oblique diffuse a feeble ray,  
And lonely streams the fated coasts divide,

Seest thou yon Isle, whose desert landscape yields  
The mournful traces of the fame she bore,  
Where matted thorns oppress th' uncultur'd fields,  
And piles of ruin load the dreary shore?

From those loved seats, the Virtues sad withdrew  
From fell Corruption's bold and venal hand;  
Reluctant Freedom waved her last adieu,  
And devastation swept the vassall'd land.

On her white cliffs, the pillars once of fame,  
Her melancholy Genius sits to wail,  
Drops the fond tear, and o'er her latest shame,  
Bids dark Oblivion draw th' eternal veil.





APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

### ADDITIONAL NOTES

TO

### VOLUME I.

*Note 1, to the engraved title page.*—The vignette on this page represents Apollo destroying the monstrous serpent, Python, with his arrows.—The story is told by Ovid in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Hunc Deus arcitenens—exhausta pene phæretra,  
Perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.

*Note 2, to page 66.*—As the gentleman who designed and furnished the engravings, has selected Abijah White, as the hero of this plate, it may perhaps gratify the reader to know something more, respecting him, than is stated in the short note on this page.

Previous to the session of the Massachusetts Legislature, in February 1774, a general effort was made by the Royalists, in every town in which their numbers were considerable, to procure resolves to be passed, and instructions to be given to the representatives, censuring the proceedings of the Whigs, threatening vengeance against Boston for the destruction of the Teas, and attempting to combine and support a formidable opposition to the measures of the country. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, one of the new Mandamus-Council, by his influence and harangues, at a town-meeting in Marshfield, obtained the adoption of a set of resolves, distinguished by their virulence, abuse and denunciations. Abijah White, on his arrival in Boston, published them in the newspapers. This was considered as the watchword of the party, and excited much alarm among the leaders of the whigs, who feared the effects of a combination, supported by all the legal authority of the province.

Fortunately the Marshfield address and resolves were composed in a most awkward and bombastic style, and were completely open to ridicule. A sarcastic and ironical answer immediately appeared, calculated to expose them to laughter and contempt. It concluded with an humble request, that the town of Marshfield would be graciously pleased to pass the following counter-resolve at their next town-meeting.

“Voted, that whereas Abijah White Esq. our high and mighty Representative, setting forth on his adventure, armed *Cap-a-pie*, with a great appurtenance of swords, cutlasses, pistols, Marshfield Resolves, and other warlike ammunition, hath very much dismayed, terrified and confounded the whole town of Boston and the Members of the General Court; and put all those people, who did not agree with him in sentiment, into the most violent fear of their lives; insomuch that it is expected that all, “who were acting, aiding and assisting, or con-



niving at the destruction of the 'Teas," and so had incurred our *express* resentment, are about to fly beyond the sea to avoid the danger of his prosecutions: We the inhabitants of the Town of Marshfield, not wishing the entire depopulation of the Province, do direct that the said Abijah White do *surcease* from all further proceedings."

This novel mode of attack caught the public attention. The humour took; poor Abijah was made the theme of innumerable squibs in the gazettes, and sunk under the burden of general ridicule.

*Note 3—On the origin of the words, Yankies, Indians, Whigs and Tories.*—When the Portuguese under Vasco de Gama made their first discoveries in the East, they found the country at which they arrived, was called by the natives Hindostan or the land of the Hindoos. These names the Europeans softened to the appellations, India and the Indies. The original design of Columbus was only to find a passage to India by sailing to the West; and when he reached the American Islands, he supposed that he had attained his object. The new-discovered lands were called the West-Indies, and the name of Indians was given to all the native inhabitants, not only of those Islands, but of the whole continent of America.

*Yankies.*—The first settlers of New-England were mostly emigrants from London and its vicinity, and exclusively styled themselves, The English. The Indians, in attempting to utter the word, *English*, with their broad guttural accent, gave it a sound, which would be nearly represented in this way, *Yaunghees*; the letter *g* being pronounced hard and approaching to the sound of *k* joined with a strong aspirate, like the Hebrew *Cheth*, or the Greek, *Chi*, and the *l* suppressed, as almost impossible to be distinctly heard in that combination. The Dutch settlers on the river Hudson and the adjacent country, during their long contest concerning the right of territory, adopted the name, and applied it in contempt to the inhabitants of New-England. The British of the lower class have since extended it to all the people of the United States.

This seems the most probable origin of the term. The pretended Indian tribe of Yankoos does not appear to have ever had an existence: as little can we believe in an etymological derivation of the word from ancient Scythia or Siberia, or that it was ever the name of a horde of savages in any part of the world.

*Tories and Whigs.*—The appellation of Tories was first given to the native Irish, who dwelt, or were driven, beyond the English pale, as it was called, and like the moss-troopers and outlaws on the borders of Scotland, for some centuries carried on a desultory and predatory war, against the British settlements in Dublin and the eastern and southern parts of Ireland. In the civil wars in the time of Charles the first, these clans adhered to the royal party and were finally attacked and subdued by Cromwell.

In England this name seems to have been first applied to that part of the army of Charles, who were distinguished by the appellation of Cavaliers. A number of young noblemen and gentlemen of the first families, who adhered to the king, formed themselves into volunteer troops of cavalry. They were not more famous for courage in the field, than notorious for their dissolute manners and intemperate riots. Singing catches and ballads was then the fashionable music of society. To every stanza in the old ballads was annexed a chorus, called the burden or wheel of the song, which usually consisted of a roll of unmeaning sounds, in which the whole company joined with the utmost vociferation. They had a favorite ballad suited to the times, and as much in vogue, as the *Ca ira* was afterwards in the French revolution. Its chorus was

"Sing tory rory, rantum scantum, tory rory row."

The word, Tories, soon came into use to denote a set of bacchanalian companions. *Cotton*, in his *Virgil Travesty*, often calls the Trojans at the court of Dido, Tories, and once, Tory-rories, according to this signification of the terms.

The word Whig originally meant a sour, astringent kind of crab-apple. The ancient proverbial comparison, "as sour as a Whig," is still in use among the vulgar. In ridicule of the short, clipped hair and penitential scowl of the puritans, who served in the army of Cromwell, the royalists called them Whigs, prick-ears and round-heads.

Whether these facts afford a full explanation of the origin of the terms must be left to the decision of the antiquarians, among whom it has long been a subject of dispute. Certain it is that they were never employed to designate political parties in England, until the period of the civil wars. The royalists who believed in the divine right, unlimited prerogatives and arbitrary power of kings, were then stigmatized by the name of Tories. Those who adhered to the Parliament, asserted the rights of the Commons, and carrying their zeal for liberty to the extreme of licentiousness and anarchy, finally brought their monarch to the scaffold, were in return contemptuously denominated Whigs. But as early as the commencement of the last century the terms had lost their original opprobrious meaning: and although the word, Tory, never became reputable, the name of Whig was assumed, as an honorable title, by the party opposed to arbitrary prerogative in the king, and to high-church principles in the hierarchy. The phrases now serve chiefly to distinguish the two great political parties, into which England has ever since been divided. In this sense they are used by Swift, Bolingbroke and their adversaries, in the time of Walpole, and more recently in the writings of Burke and some of the later English historians.

During the revolutionary war in America, the friends of liberty and Independence assumed the title of Whigs, and stigmatized, as Tories, all those who adhered to the king of England and advised

submission to the demands of the British parliament. In this sense the terms are used in M'Fingal and by all cotemporary writers on American politics. But since the acknowledgement of our Independence and the adoption of a constitutional form of government in the United States, these names have gradually fallen into disuse, are considered as expressions approaching towards vulgarity and almost banished from polite conversation. Parties have arisen upon new grounds and principles of policy, and are distinguished by new appellations.



As the following letters may serve to explain more fully the design of the author in his M'Fingal, the publisher has obtained his permission to insert them in an Appendix.

*Letter from the Marquis de Chastellux to the author of M'Fingal.*

PARIS, December 15th 1784.

SIR—

WHATEVER success your excellent Poem of M'FINGAL may have obtained and deserved, I can assure you that few persons have read it with more pleasure than myself. I believe that you have rifled every flower, which that kind of poetry could offer—which is not permitted to be only moderately agreeable. Homer was indulged to slumber when he wrote his Iliad and Odyssey; but it was forbidden him, on pain of becoming insupportable, to nod one moment when he composed his Batrachomyomachia. Burlesque poetry requires more than a gaiety always equal, always natural, always playful. It requires an interest, a design, in the work. It is necessary to decorate with pleasantry a cause good and popular in itself; it is necessary, that cause should be victorious, because the author is obliged to take a tone of superiority; it is also necessary that it should not be completely victorious, that he may give it a force and poignancy by rendering it useful. These, Sir, are the conditions prescribed for Burlesque Poetry, and these you have happily seized and perfectly complied with—nor do I hesitate to assure you that I prefer it to every work of the kind—even to Hudibras. But as I am not the only one of this opinion, and several persons in France would be extremely glad to have it in their possession, you would do me a real pleasure, if you would be pleased to send several copies to the care of Mons. Marbois, as it will be a great satisfaction to me, to spread the fame of the author of M'Fingal, and to give him that testimony of the sentiments, with which I am, &c.

*Extracts from the Author's Answer.*

HARTFORD, May 20th 1785.

SIR—

THOUGH I cannot but ascribe to your politeness some passages in the letter, with which you have favored me, I should do injustice to my own feelings, not to acknowledge myself highly honored by your attention and flattered by your good opinion. I should have been happy to have seen the rules, you so justly prescribe for burlesque poetry, before I composed M'Fingal; but am pleased to find you approve of my idea, that this kind of poetry, as well as the sublime, demands a regular plan and design. I own myself to have been disappointed in reading almost every poem of the sort, by its irregularity and deficiency in this view. The last canto of the Lutrim

concludes in a manner very unsatisfactory to the reader. The poet gets rid of his story in a very singular way, by desiring his patron to finish it. Garth, his English imitator, ends his *Dispensary* by sending his hero to the Elysian fields to consult the goddess Hygeia, who gravely advises him to go home and apply by petition to the Secretary of State. The fourth book of Pope's *Dunciad* has scarcely any connection with the former parts, either in manner or design. Indeed all these poems seem to have been intended merely as vehicles for ridicule and satire; and when those topics are exhausted, the work is of course at an end. Writers of such transcendent merit can easily sustain the highest poetical reputation, even in the neglect of the arts of composition, and the formal rules of criticism, which may perhaps sometimes check and impede the most daring flights of imagination.

[After a few more critical remarks, the writer proceeds in the following manner.]

In obedience to your request, signified to me by our mutual friend, Colonel ———, I will now state without reserve the plan and design, upon which the poem of M'Fingal was constructed. It was written merely with a political view, at the instigation of some leading members of the first Congress, who urged me to compose a satirical poem on the events of the campaign in the year 1775. My design was to give, in a poetical manner, a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the characters and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history would probably record or display: and with as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagancies of my countrymen, as well as of their enemies. I determined to describe every subject in the manner it struck my own imagination, and without confining myself to a perpetual effort at wit, drollery and humour, indulge every variety of manner, as my subject varied, and insert all the ridicule, satire, sense, sprightliness and elevation, of which I was master. In a word, I hoped to write a burlesque poem, which your Boileau would not have condemned, with those of Scarron and Dassouci, "*aux plaisans du Pont-neuf*."

To throw this design into a regular poetical form, I introduced M'Fingal, a fictitious hero, who is the general representative of the party, whom we styled Tories, in New-England. The scenes in which he is engaged, the town-meeting, the mobs, the liberty-pole, the secret cabal in the cellar, the operation of tarring and feathering, &c. were acted in almost every town. His exertions in favor of Great-Britain are regularly completed by his flight to Boston, to which event every incident in the poem tends: in the course of which, all the transactions of the war, previous to the period of his flight, are naturally introduced in narration. The subsequent events are shown in the customary and ancient poetical way in a vision; in which I availed myself of the claims of the Scotch Highlanders, to the gift of prophecy by second-sight, as a novel kind of machinery, peculiarly appropriate to

the subject, and exactly suited to a Poem, which from its nature must in every part be a parody of the serious Epic. In the style, I have preferred the high burlesque to the low, (which is the style of Hudibras) not only as more agreeable to my own taste, but as it readily admits a transition to the grave, elevated or sublime: a transition which is often made with the greatest ease and gracefulness, in the satirical poems of Pope and Despreaux.\*\*\*

## EXTRACTS.

The following extracts might perhaps have been inserted, with strict propriety, in the Memoir which accompanies these volumes, as shewing the estimation in which the subject of that memoir was held by his friends and contemporaries. The publisher inserts them here, as throwing some light upon the biography, and also as furnishing an amusing reflection upon the statement of the Quarterly Review, that the Author of M'Fingal, is "one Mr. Fingal," who as they gravely assure us "is no descendant of the hero of Ossian."

"Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,  
Ascending bards begin th' immortal song:  
Let glowing friendship wake the cheerful lyre,  
Blest to commend, and pleased to catch the fire.  
Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given!  
To fill with worth the part assign'd by heaven;  
Distinguish'd actors on life's busy stage,  
Loved by mankind, and useful to the age;  
While science round them twines her vernal bays,  
And sense directs, and genius fires their lays."

*President Dwight's letter to Col. Humphreys.*

"With keen-eyed glance through nature far to pierce,  
With all the powers and every charm of verse,  
Each science opening in his ample mind,  
His fancy glowing and his taste refined,  
See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand  
Hurls the keen darts of satire thro' the land.  
Pride, knavery, dulness feel his mortal stings,  
And listening virtue triumphs while he sings;  
Britain's foil'd sons, victorious now no more,  
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,  
Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain,  
The world shall learn them in his deathless strain."

*Barlow's Vision of Columbus.*

"Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius! why  
See'st thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie?  
And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame?"



'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame—  
 To you, my dearest friends! the task belongs  
 To rouse your country with heroic songs."

*Humphreys' Future Glory of America.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"And found my Trumbull at New-Haven;  
 Than whom, more humour never man did  
 Possess—nor lives a soul more candid—  
 But who, unsung, would know hereafter  
 The repartees, and peals of laughter,  
 Or how much glee those laughters yield one,  
 Maugre the system Chesterfieldian!"

*Humphreys' Miscellanies.*

———"Lo! Trumbull wakes the lyre,  
 With all the fervour of poetic fire;  
 Superior Poet! in whose classic strain  
 In bright accordance wit and fancy reign;  
 Whose powers of genius in their ample range  
 Comprise each subject and each tuneful change,  
 Each charm of melody to Phœbus dear,  
 The grave, the gay, the tender and severe."

*Richard Alsop.*







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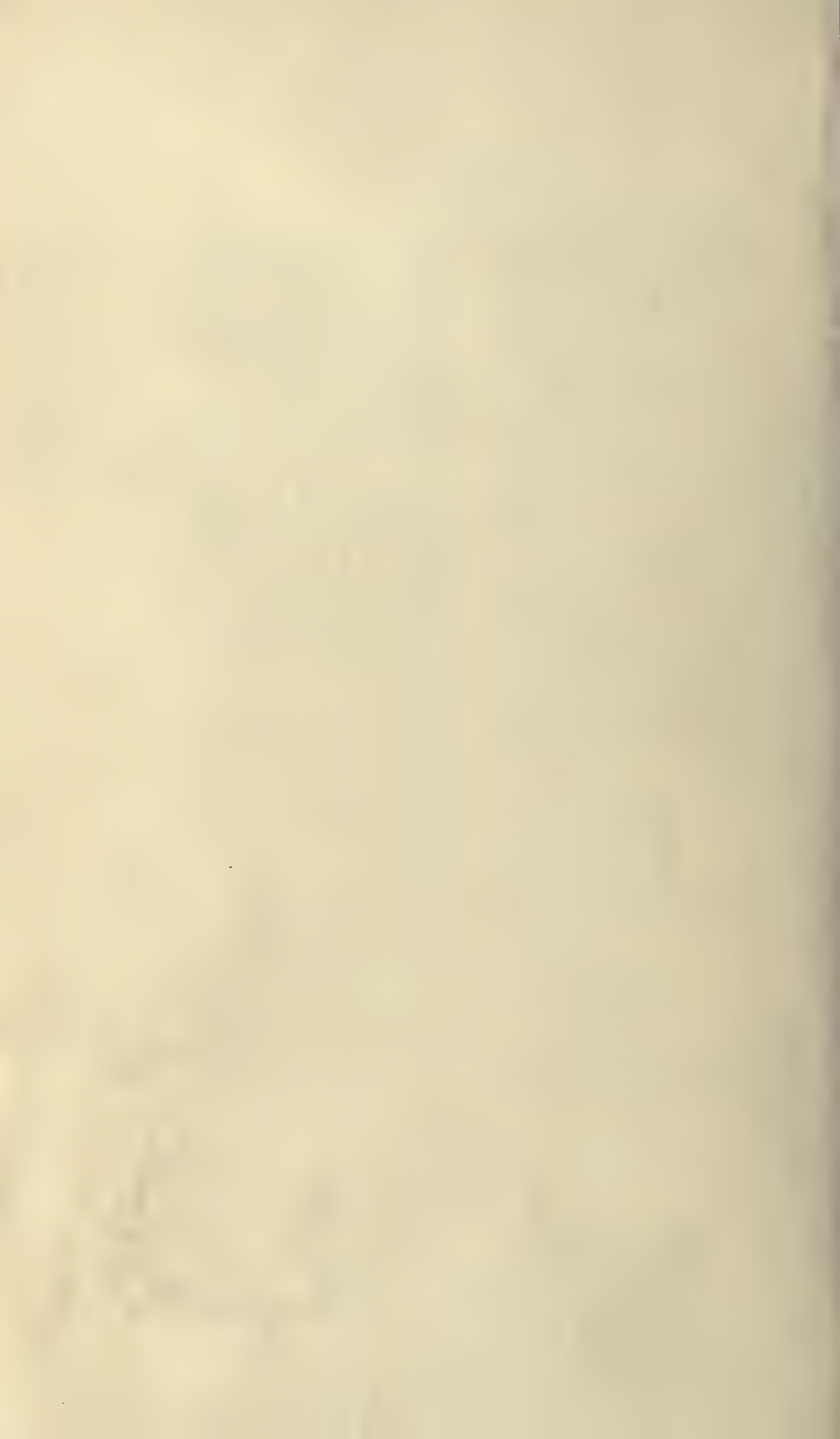


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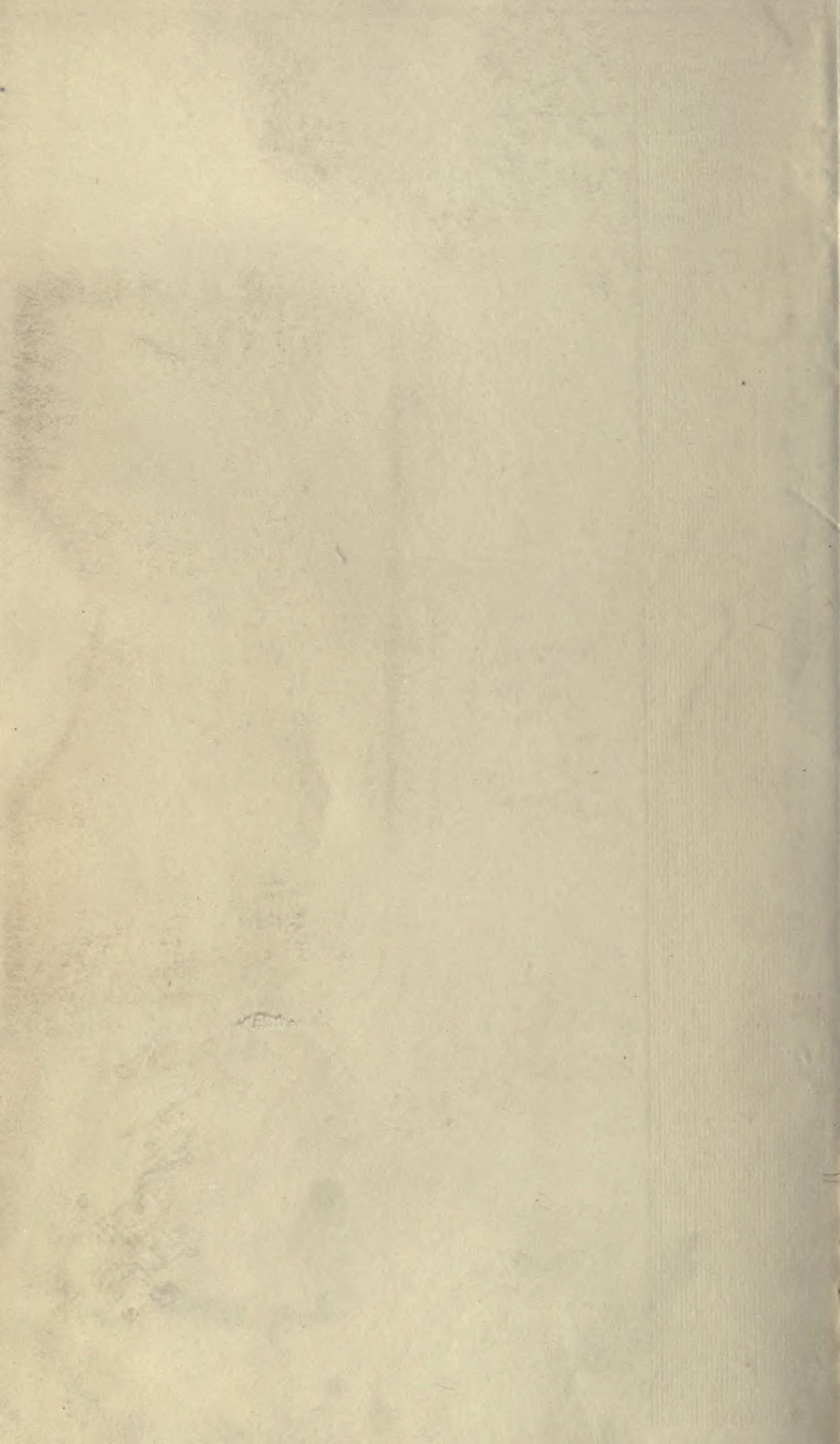
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